



A MODERN COLUMBUS

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A MODERN COLUMBUS

by

S. P. B. MAIS

*Illustrated from photographs
taken by the author*

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WITH
DEEP GRATITUDE
AND
AFFECTION
TO
TWO OF AMERICA'S YOUNGEST AND
GRANDEST CITIZENS
MARGARET CUTHBERT
DIRECTOR OF TALKS, N.B.C.
AND
JOHN ROYAL (who sent her)
VICE-PRESIDENT, N B.C.
WITHOUT WHOSE GUIDANCE AND COMPANIONSHIP
I SHOULD HAVE SEEN A VERY
DIFFERENT AMERICA

“The grass is always greener on the other side of
the fence.”

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ABSTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF CHRIS-	
TOPHER COLUMBUS	xi
ABSTRACT OF THE LOG OF THE R M.S.	
<i>BERENGARIA</i>	xiii
PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE	I
CHAPTER	
I. VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY	55
II. FLORIDA	87
III. NEW ORLEANS	111
IV. TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO	137
V. NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA	161
VI. CALIFORNIA	181
VII. THE PACIFIC COAST	203
VIII. MINNEAPOLIS	229
IX. CHICAGO	255
X. EASTWARD HO!	285
XI. NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON	303
XII. NEW YORK	327
XIII. EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA	347
APPENDIX	367
BIBLIOGRAPHY	395
ABSTRACT OF THE LOG OF THE R M.S.	
<i>MAJESTIC</i>	397
INDEX	399

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A MODERN COLUMBUS	<i>Frontispiece, facing title page</i>	
NEW YORK, DOWN TOWN, WALL STREET }	FACING PAGE	20
NEW YORK, VIEW FROM THE HUDSON }		
MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA }		61
JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA, THE FERRY }		
WASHINGTON, D.C., THE CAPITOL		66
KENTUCKY, THE KENTUCKY RIVER }		71
KENTUCKY, THE HARRODSBURG STOCKADE }		
FLORIDA, CROCODILES IN ST. AUGUSTINE }		90
FLORIDA, THE FERRY AT JACKSONVILLE }		
NEW ORLEANS, A COURTYARD		114
LOUISIANA, SUGAR-CUTTING		123
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE		140
TEXAS, RANDOLPH FIELD AIRPORT		144
SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, INDIAN GIRLS AT SCHOOL }		151
SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, LA FONDA HOTEL }		
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, MAIZE DRYING }		164
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, INDIAN PUEBLO }		
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, RUINED CHURCH }		166
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, INDIAN PUEBLO }		
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, THREE INDIANS }		168
TAOS, NEW MEXICO, PUEBLO MOUNTAIN }		
SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, SNOW }		170
THE GRAND CANYON }		
ARIZONA, THE ROOSEVELT DAM		174
ARIZONA, THE ROOSEVELT DAM }		176
ARIZONA, SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN }		
NEW MEXICO, DESERT }		178
ARIZONA, A MORMON TEMPLE }		

A MODERN COLUMBUS

	FACING PAGE
HOLLYWOOD BOWL, ARMISTICE DAY, 1933	184
SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA, REDWOOD TREES	206
CHICAGO, MICHIGAN AVENUE	258
NIAGARA FALLS }	288
NIAGARA RIVER }	
HARVARD, MASSACHUSETTS, THE CHAPEL	306
NEW YORK, VIEW FROM TOP OF RADIO CITY	330
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1934	350

ABSTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Friday, 3rd of August 1492

WE DEPARTED on Friday, the 3rd of August, in the year 1492, from the bar of Saltes, at 8 o'clock, and proceeded with a strong sea-breeze until sunset, towards the south, for 60 miles, equal to 15 leagues; afterwards S.W. and W.S.W., which was the course for the Canaries.

Thursday, 11th of October 1492

The course was W.S.W. and there was more sea than there had been during the whole of the voyage. They saw sand-pipers, and a green reed near the ship. Those of the caravel *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, and they took up another small pole which appeared to have been worked with iron; also another bit of cane, a land-plant, and a small board. The crew of the caravel *Niña* also saw signs of land, and a small branch covered with berries. Every one breathed afresh and rejoiced at these signs. The run until sunset was 26 leagues. . . .

The land was first seen by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana. But the Admiral, at ten in the previous night, being on the castle of the poop, saw a light, though it was so uncertain that he could not affirm it was land.

. . . The Admiral made certain that land was

A MODERN COLUMBUS

close. When they said the *Salve*, which all the sailors were accustomed to sing in their way, the Admiral asked and admonished the men to keep a good look-out on the forecastle, and to watch well for land; and to him who should first cry out that he saw land, he would give a silk doublet, besides the rewards promised by the Sovereigns, which were 10,000 maravedis to him who should first see it. At two hours after midnight the land was sighted at a distance of two leagues. They shortened sail, and lay under the mainsail without bonnets. The vessels were hove to, waiting for daylight; and on Friday they arrived at a small island of the Lucayos called, in the language of the Indians, *Guanahani*. Presently they saw naked people. . . .

Having landed, they saw trees very green, and much water, and fruits of diverse kinds. The Admiral . . . took possession of the said island for the King and for the Queen, his Lords.

ABSTRACT OF LOG OF THE CUNARD R.M.S. "BERENGARIA"

(CAPTAIN E. T. BRITTEN, R.D., R.N.R.)

SOUTHAMPTON (via CHERBOURG) TO NEW YORK

Date 1933	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Miles	Remarks
Sept. Sat. 23	—	—	—	At 11.15 a.m. B.S.T. left Company's Berth (South- ampton)
" "	—	—	—	At 1.53 p.m. B.S.T. Nab Tower abeam
" "	To Cherbourg		66	At 5.17 p.m. B.S.T. Cher- bourg (arr.) Nab Tower to Cherbourg 3 hrs. 24 mins. Average Speed—19.41 knots
" "	—	—	—	At 9.50 p.m. B.S.T. Cher- bourg B abeam (dep.)
Sun 24	49 56	10 04	330	Strong breeze, rough sea, heavy W.N.W. swell, fine, clear
Mon. 25	49 14	24 27	560	Moderate breeze and sea, N.W. swell, overcast, clear
Tues. 26	46 43	38 25	581	Moderate breeze, mod con- fused swell and sea, over- cast, clear
Wed. 27	42 55	50 40	569	Fresh breeze, rough sea, N'y swell, cloudy, clear, sh'rs
Thur. 28	41 23	63 26	574	Moderate breeze and sea, cloudy, clear
Fri. 29	To Amb. C.L.V.		477	Arrived Ambrose Channel Light Vessel 8.57 a.m. E.S.T.
			3091	Average Speed—22.54 knots

Cherbourg to Ambrose Channel Lightship—5 days 17 hours
7 minutes

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I DID NOT want to go to America. It was a long way from home. It meant crossing a great ocean. I knew nothing about it. I was engaged in a work that struck me as more important than anything I could be called upon to tackle in America. It was going to cost me a great deal more than I could possibly afford.

For months I tried to make the B.B.C. realise that I was the wrong person for the job which they had selected for me.

Surely, I argued, it does not follow that because the public listened to my broadcast talks about an island that they and I both know well I am therefore a fit and right person to interpret a continent about which most Englishmen are entirely ignorant.

Ignotum pro magnifico, said Tacitus. But he forgot to add that our exaggeration of the unknown is always on the sinister side, and when friends came up to me and said, "Oh! you're going to America. What fun that will be," I smiled wanly and thought of my dismal forebodings, of earthquakes, heat waves, tidal waves, of being frozen to death, drowned, shot, poisoned, run over or even lynched. My chances of getting out of America alive, to judge from my dreams, apprehensions and certain newspaper cuttings, seemed remote.

Such life as remained to me was surely, I thought,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

better dedicated to my work among the unemployed. But even that illusion was shattered. "You can scarcely pretend that a short absence of four months is going to make any difference to the unemployed," said my more candid critics; "they will still be here when you come back."

Alas, yes. There was no doubt about that. Only in the first flush of enthusiasm I did regard even the very small part I was playing in the formation of occupational clubs for the unemployed as useful enough not to be broken into.

I was led to believe that the unbiased report of an ordinary observer wandering through the United States might do much to help to cement a friendly relationship between the two peoples. I had been called the Ambassador of the English Countryside. I was now to be regarded as the Ambassador of the English People.

It struck me as an extremely responsible position for one so ignorant, but there was really no help for it after this. I had to go, filled with misgivings as I was. A wholly unnecessary warning was given me not to enlarge upon political issues. I found that quite easy.

The major issue was settled for me. That did not lessen my worries about the minor fears. It only left me more time to think about them. I have never liked the sea. The English Channel is only twenty-one miles across, but it has the capacity to

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

make me feel that I would rather forgo the delights of ski-ing in Switzerland altogether than risk a bad crossing. The thought of 3,000 miles of ocean frankly terrified me. If an hour on the sea could make me so unutterably miserable, what would happen to me after six days?

It was little comfort to be reminded of the size of the transatlantic liners. What about the size of the mid-Atlantic waves? An American publisher attempted to make me see reason thus:

"You know what it feels like in a bungalow on the South Coast in a high wind?" I nodded. I had a vague idea that one would be rocked to sleep, and said so.

"Exactly," he said. "Now think how exiguous is the hold on the earth of a tiny bungalow, and compare it to the firm hold that a ship of 56,000 tons will have on the sea. The wind will blow no more fiercely in mid-Atlantic than it does on the coast of Cornwall. You will find that if it does blow it will only rock you to sleep. I have crossed the Atlantic ninety-seven times, and I have never known the motion at its worst to be more noticeable than it is in a bungalow on the South Coast in a high wind."

That seemed to me logical.

Then I read a book called *Brazilian Adventure* by a young man called Peter Fleming. And here I discovered that it was practically impossible for passengers to see the Atlantic at all. Apparently crossing

A MODERN COLUMBUS

the ocean in the *Berengaria* or *Majestic* was like staying in Dorchester House or Claridge's. You just ate wonderful food, slept a great deal, bathed in *marble-sided baths*, played *squash-rackets*, danced, skated, rode electric horses, attended film shows and never had time to realise whether the world outside was composed of water, air or earth.

I was slightly consoled by that, and began to think that all the men and women of my acquaintance who had been to America were perhaps not built on the heroic scale after all. I went away to a remote village to think it all out.

Foolishly I went to the sea-side; there I was reminded all and every day of the power of the waves. I watched with considerable alarm the movement of what seemed quite large ships on quite small waves. The more I thought about my proposed voyage the less I liked it.

My love for trees, fields, hills, ploughland, country lanes, field-paths, churches and inns became violently intensified. Added to my fear of sea-sickness came a quite dreadful feeling of nostalgia. I could hardly bear the thought of being deprived of my birth-right. I had always looked out on green land, heard birds singing, walked or run over the Downs.

A week of looking out on nothing but water would, I felt, be so monotonous that I should be strongly tempted to throw myself overboard through sheer boredom. I am no bridge-player. I could not settle

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

down to reading. Work had so sadly interrupted my keeping abreast of what was going on that I had almost lost the taste for books. Certainly there was more work to be done, but I was quite sure that the rocking was not going to be conducive to creative thinking. I was quite right.

But by this time things had gone too far for me to retreat.

I sat more or less stupefied at a luncheon-party in a very jolly house in Buckingham Gate and watched in a sort of semi-conscious haze Mr. William Hard, who is to the United States what Vernon Bartlett is to us, draw up an itinerary for me on the back of an envelope in a moment of time. It was then that I gleaned for the first time the American's amazing zest for travel.

"Coming to America?" he said. "That's grand. You'll just love it. Where are you going?"

I shook my head. "Oh—just anywhere. Everywhere. You suggest a few places."

Like lightning he took up his cue. "Got a bit of paper?" he asked.

I shook my head again. I never have any of the things that people want. My pockets always bulge, but never with the things that people ask for, never with matches, pencil, corkscrew, knife, scissors, string or pieces of paper.

"It's all right," he said, producing a small envelope. "This'll do."

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And then, very swiftly, he drew a map of the United States.

I have never met an Englishman who could draw a reasonably accurate map of Great Britain, but Mr. Hard drew America as quickly and easily as a conjurer produces rabbits.

"You'll start, of course, where we all started—in Virginia. You know Jamestown, of course."

I murmured something about Captain John Smith and Pocohontas. Luckily he wasn't listening.

"That's the old civilisation. There the tempo is sedate and slow. You'll love that."

I agreed. But how was he to know how much I love a slow tempo?

"From there," he continued, "you'll go south to Florida, Palm Beach, Miami, the playground of millionaires."

I thought of earthquakes, and said nothing.

"Then New Orleans, New Mexico, cowboys—you'll ride with them—Arizona and the desert. You'll have to fly that. You must go to Colorado. You must see the Grand Canyon. And so westward to Los Angeles and Hollywood."

He gave the impression that he was outlining a morning's walk round Dorking. He lightly drew his pencil from Atlantic to Pacific in about one-fifth of a second. I've no idea how far it is, but I think he must have been underestimating it. It all seemed so

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

easy. But he gave me no time to tell him of my attitude towards horses and aeroplanes.

"Then we'll go north. San Francisco, the most enchanting city in the world, the great ports—Portland and Seattle."

It had, you notice, become "we" by this time. His excitement was much greater than mine. I was trying to learn how to pronounce Seattle correctly. Mr. Hard pronounced it often. He seemed to have some grievance, something about the boundary line. But he quickly forgot that in his insistence that I should not miss Yellowstone Park, which I gather is to America what Whipsnade is to England. Perhaps a little larger. It takes you some weeks to ride through it, and the mildest animal you meet is the grizzly bear.

"And while you're there you must go to Kansas City and make acquaintance with the Middle West." He then jerked his pencil north again to Dakota and Minnesota, where I gathered that I should need skis. The thought then crossed my mind: How does one pack for America? One week in the tropics among the negroes, the next in the frozen north. Probably one skis in riding-breeches and flying helmet in order to be ready for all modes of transport. America is not only vast, but obviously a country of quick changes.

The pencil travelled on. "Milwaukee comes next. Here you'll see a completely German community. Then Chicago, the most wonderful city in the States.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And so to the great industrial centres, Pittsburgh and Detroit, and from there to New England, to Boston, the centre of the old culture."

Here at last I felt on safe ground and began a catalogue of names: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman. I hoped that some of them were right.

He wasn't listening. "And so at last you'll come to the grandest city of all, New York. Oh, boy! I'd like to see your face when you first set eyes on those sky-scrapers. It's the most exhilarating city in the whole world. You don't need champagne there. The air *is* champagne. It makes you feel that you want to knock the whole world down. And," he finished triumphantly, digging the point of his pencil into one tiny spot in the mighty city, "you ought to end your tour, and give your last talk, on the very top of the Empire State Building."

He leaned back and surveyed the map that he had drawn and the trip he had outlined in less than five minutes. I refrained from asking the height of this building. I felt that if ever I got as far as that I should be beyond astonishment.

"Well," he said, looking up at me with eyes aglow.

"It sounds a tremendous adventure," I said.

"It is a tremendous adventure," he replied. "And you'll love it. You'll love every minute of it."

"Quite likely," I answered. "But what's the purpose of it? Not solely my enjoyment, surely?"

Mr. Hard smiled. "What is needed more than

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

anything else in the world to-day is that the ordinary man-in-the-street in one country should understand and sympathise with the man-in-the-street in another. This is most of all necessary in America and England. Your people and mine have the overwhelming advantage of speaking the same language. This ought to go a long way towards making us see eye to eye with one another, but we badly need someone to knit us more closely together by describing each to the other on the radio. And that's where you come in."

"You really think that an ordinary man's quick, frightened, and probably inaccurate impressions of what he sees on a lightning tour like this are going to increase understanding and foster friendship between the races?" I asked.

"Indeed I do," came his answer, almost curt in its decisiveness.

I was now committed beyond reprieve. I booked my berth. I bought a wardrobe trunk. I discovered that it was going to prove by far the most costly trip of my life. I ran hastily up and down the country-side taking a last hasty look at all things lovely, as a superstitious man touches door-knobs and lamp-posts.

I walked through Dovedale and loitered round Downside and said good-bye to all the familiar loved things. I played my last game of cricket on the village green, and on Friday, 22nd September left my home

A MODERN COLUMBUS

in a state of utter dejection, slightly relieved by the receipt of the following letter just as I was leaving the house:

Hemel Hempstead

DEAR MR. MAIS,

After having read your article in the *Radio Times* describing your forthcoming tour of the U.S.A. in which we are keenly interested, we have a great desire to accompany you. We are both Public School boys aged $17\frac{1}{2}$ and 18. We are well read and have a good all-round education; both physically fit and pretty useful fellows. We are sure we could be helpful to you in some way or other and are willing to do anything to pay our expenses.

We are ready at any time and are waiting for your reply.

Hoping you can use us,

C. G. M.

K. E. S.

The wardrobe trunks filled the Victoria taxi-driver with dismay, but at last I set out for Waterloo with one on top and one projecting dangerously from the side of the cab.

I spent the night at the Langham.

I was at Waterloo by 7.45 the next morning and found the station filled with wardrobe trunks. There was a third-class boat-train on Platform 5 and a first-class train on No. 6. Three Press photographers compelled me to smile upon them out of the carriage window, and at 8.18 we set out.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

It was a grey cold morning without any heat in the carriage, and breakfast was long in coming. My spirits sank lower than ever. They were not improved by driving rain and sleet at Southampton and signs of a south-east wind. The *Berengaria* didn't look as big as I should have liked.

Even my state-cabin seemed a little confined in view of the fact that it was to be my home for six days.

After performing the two essentials of booking seats at table and reserving deck-chairs, there was nothing left to do but to stand vacantly on the promenade deck and watch the people below on shore waving farewell.

Some shouted, some adopted semaphore signals, one man waved an umbrella in one hand and a handkerchief in the other.

The agony was prolonged, because it takes a long time for the ship, pulled by two tiny tugs, to back out and swing round. About an hour after leaving we still seemed to be waving to sodden handkerchiefs in the rain. We left Southampton about 11.15. We were due at Cherbourg at 4.30. But it was too rough for the tender to come out. The *Empress of Britain* had forestalled us by getting into the harbour, though she left Southampton after us.

For an hour or two we anchored outside, then very slowly entered the harbour.

I took my last fill of green fields.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

At the staff captain's table where I sat was an elderly American lady who spent her time alternately at Pangbourne and New Jersey, a pleasant little man in pince-nez from Sanderstead who tactlessly said that he was always an evil mascot on these transatlantic trips and that on his last voyage the ship practically broke in half, a heavy-weight boxer, and a lovely blonde who kept on telling us that she had left her husband in Cambridge, rather regretfully as if he were an absorbing novel that she had been forced to leave behind half-read.

I occupied the time of waiting at Cherbourg in answering the many telegrams and letters of good wishes that I had received from listeners.

I attended a boat-drill and tried to remember that the strings should be tied tightly, "should the necessity arise".

I watched the beautiful white *Empress of Britain* steam out in the gathering darkness into the rising west wind. I took stock of my fellow-passengers who trod the decks, or lay back in deck-chairs.

There were two or three young film stars and actors, Leslie Banks, Colin Clive and Sally Blane and others, and a large number of Americans going home from the holidays, amazingly full of vitality.

After dinner, where the choice of good food was bewildering, the band played in the lounge and there was dancing till midnight.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

A crazy woman created a diversion by trying to strip in front of the people in the Palm Court. Nobody seemed surprised. It was very little different from a cabaret turn.

One of the many things for which I was not prepared was the putting back of the clocks one hour every night on the voyage.

To prolong the hours of night was for me, who could not get any sleep, an added agony. I disliked my first night intensely. Things creaked and cracked interminably. The ship rolled and pitched. There were bangs and rattles. I did not think that time could pass so slowly. At 7.30 I rang for my steward.

His comment was "Sea like the Mediterranean. Wind just right."

I looked out, and to my astonishment it was not so rough as I had thought. I dressed and went on the promenade deck, where I lunched on chicken and boiled potato. I clung pretty tight to my deck-chair that day.

The sea got a good deal rougher, and I began to feel how utterly cut off we were from all the world. I read J. B. Priestley's *Wonder Hero*, and it says a great deal for its quality of entertainment that it kept my mind off the rolling sea. Equinoctial gales, however short, are unpleasant. I remained giddy. By a great effort I managed to dress for dinner and had a little melon, chicken and coffee. I also had half a bottle of champagne. The ship creaked and rolled

A MODERN COLUMBUS

and the palms in the Palm Court swished about savagely. I found even dancing difficult, and it was tactless of the band to play "Stormy Weather". They played it twice.

I stayed up till midnight, and then spent a second sleepless night full of fears and very giddy. A woman groaning near by didn't help matters. It was by a huge effort that I refrained from calling the steward till 7.30.

It was by an equally huge effort that I got up, shaved, and went on deck. It was too grey and cold to walk. Then suddenly it got calm and it stayed calm.

I breakfasted on melon and haddock.

A certain quiver of apprehension passed through me as I saw three stormy petrels, "Mother Carey's chickens", the first birds I had seen. Surely they were indicative of rough weather to come.

But it was bliss to be able to play *teni-koits*, to ride on the electric horse, to paddle the bicycle, and to read. I was now in the middle of Walpole's *Vanessa*.

I had a good lunch of melon, trout, chicken and an ice with a bottle of Guinness, and slept on the promenade-deck till teatime. Two ships passed, a French three-masted schooner fully rigged and an American red-funnelled passenger boat. In the afternoon there was a horse-racing gamble followed by a film, and both were well patronised. Then to my dismay the sea got quite suddenly rough

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

again (I had been right about the stormy petrels) and after walking a mile round the deck in a quarter of an hour, I sat down to write some letters.

At 6.15 I was startled to hear the hoot of the steamer. We had run into a fog. The strange thing about this fog was that it was accompanied by a high wind. It grew quickly rough, but in spite of that we had a gala dinner-dance with caps and streamers and so on. The band as usual played extremely well. I danced till midnight, but in spite of the exercise again failed to get any sleep at all. I know nothing in life that passes more slowly than the hours of a sleepless night.

I visualised every sort of fear. Again I thought the sea was much rougher than it turned out to be. The time of waiting for the steward to bring me tea at 7.30 was agonising.

When he did arrive his comment, "Dirty weather," was not reassuring.

At 8 o'clock, feeling very giddy, I got up with an effort, shaved, and wandered round a desolate promenade-deck. I breakfasted in my cabin and at 10 o'clock went up to the promenade-deck and found the sea calmer. The decks were wet with the humid heat of the south wind, but within an hour the wind had gone round again.

I played ping-pong, rode on a bicycle and the electric horse. I filled in my declaration forms, looked through some American time-tables and read

A MODERN COLUMBUS

an American article attacking our way of speaking English. After lunch I tried to sleep and so missed some good boxing. At 4.35 I attended another film.

At 6.30 there was a general parade round the decks to see the really golden sun setting in the west. The sky was turquoise, the sense of desolation intense.

By virtue of taking a large glass of whisky after a night's dancing I managed to get some sleep on this fourth night of the voyage, and was delighted on getting up on the fifth day to find the sea calm.

I still felt giddy and half stunned, but much less sick. The weather report for our first two days was "sea rough". Tuesday's sea was described as "moderate with confused swell".

I saw four steam-trawlers and the same number of stormy petrels. The sun came out later and I took photographs.

There was a fashion parade up and down the decks to celebrate the return of the sun. After the usual film I came out to see an absolutely first-rate sunset. The sky was grey-black in the east, but overhead it was pearly-rose pink, the sun a flood of pure gold.

On Thursday there was a great deal of sun.

At 3.30 a radio telegram arrived couched in these terms:

Columbus was met by Indians stop We will try to make our greetings more enthusiastic and cordial stop

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

Everybody anxious make your stay happy stop Our
representatives will meet you quarantine stop

ROYAL NATBROADCAST

I saw a very good but tactless film of Devon
lanes which filled me with nostalgia for the green
fields of home

I had a swim at 7 o'clock and then had to
pack, because all the heavy trunks had to be ready
by 10 p.m.

At 8 o'clock or so the fog-horn began and our
chance of being in quarantine by 10 o'clock lessened.

I was suddenly seized with a considerable sense
of regret at having to leave our home so soon. I
had, you noticed, suffered that sea-change of which
Shakespeare speaks. Mysteriously and quite uncon-
sciously I had become a different man. I was no
longer insular.

Next day I got up at 8.30 and saw first a motor-
boat, then a black-funnelled liner, then the hills of
New Jersey, then a low sandy shore northward,
then a red lightship, "Relief". This was Ambrose
Point. Soon came Sandy Hook and Coney Island
with large gasworks, and the first sky-scraper, the
Half Moon Hotel.

Then came Staten Island, all country houses
among trees, and a sort of Plymouth Hoe on the
right, and a tiny island with a farm on it.

At three minutes past 10 o'clock, three minutes

A MODERN COLUMBUS

late in 3,091 miles, we anchored off Quarantine and waited fearfully for our inspection by the immigration officers, who have the reputation of being very unpleasant. First we made a bold rush up the Palm Court steps, were asked our names by one official, and then took our places in a sort of musical-chairs game. My man was unexpectedly pleasant and let me through easily.

Then I was led to the sun-deck to be photographed many times and interviewed as the ship gently wound her way towards the pearly grey sky-scrapers emerging from the mist.

It was like the gradual crescendo of mighty music.

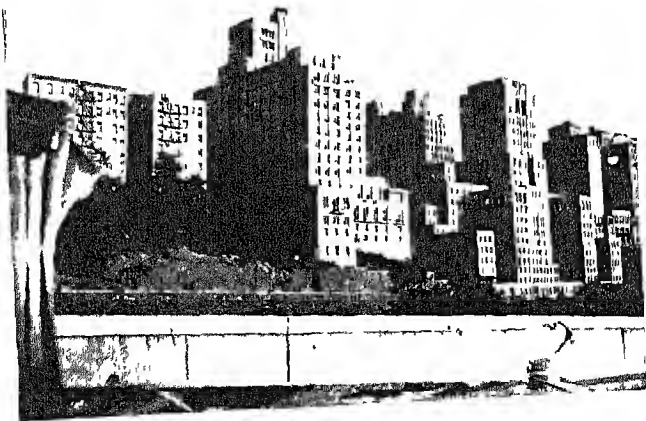
At last the sun shone on New York in full glory. The green statue of Liberty facing England was left behind and the grandeur of New York in crisp air and morning sun burst on us. Two enormous red butterflies flew over the ship.

We passed the low-lying Governor's Island, and then I noticed that the Hudson has about sixty great wharves for ships. A Mississippi paddle boat and countless ferries pushed strongly against the tide.

I was struck by the cleanliness, dignity and simplicity of the sky-scrapers. Only one advertisement spoilt the untouched stone. As we turned into Dock 52 an enormous crowd cheered us mightily and the 16th Infantry band started playing.



NEW YORK
Down Town, Wall Street



NEW YORK
View from the Hudson

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I lunched on board, tipped boots 5s., deck steward 10s., cabin steward £1, stewardess £1, head waiter 10s., library steward 5s., and writing steward 10s. Then I disembarked and began to claim my luggage.

A genial customs officer let me through without inspection and put the precious passing-out ticket on it. I had visions of our own customs officers at Dover and Folkestone, none of whom have I ever been tempted to greet as "Brother". The New York customs officer first called me "Brother" and then "Boy".

A porter bustled the great cases down an incline. Two taxis took my gear to the Devon Hotel, 70 West Fifty-fifth Street, first passing a Jew quarter of old clothes shops, then Broadway, the street that runs for 150 miles from the Aquarium through the heart of the city up the Hudson River as far as Albany. Broadway gave me my first insight into the main problem of America. No two passers-by seemed to be of the same race. Here passed Jews, Turks, Indians, Negroes, Germans, Irish, French, Chinese, Japanese, and Norwegians, all citizens of this strangely exciting city.

My first impression of New York was of a city in which there are no deaf and dumb, no cripples and no old people. Everybody seemed to be young and electrically alive. New York is very like Paris in its straight streets, but far handsomer because it is

A MODERN COLUMBUS

built on granite. It has the further advantage of being on the sea. Puffs of white steam rise all the time out of the streets and from the roofs of the sky-scrapers, some of which have houses built right on the top, called penthouses.

I was taken first through Central Park, a wild, green park full of children on roller-skates and in prams, and of granite rocks, with clean sky-scrapers on both sides. Then we drove along Riverside Drive with the Hudson below and New Jersey hills and trees on the farther side, spanned by the George Washington Suspension Bridge. We turned into Harlem, a vast quarter of negroes who sat on benches in the sun. Here the policemen were negroes and all the storekeepers and passers-by were coloured. Again all the children were dashing up and down the sidewalks on roller-skates

I dined at a speak-easy, Chcz Robert, and had a spring chicken, clam cocktails, whisky, chianti and ices.

Then I saw "One Sunday Afternoon", a play that had run for eight months. It was so tedious that I came out almost at once, and after one look at crowded Broadway went back to bath and bed.

On Saturday, still feeling as if I were on the sea, I went to the National Broadcasting Company's office on Fifth Avenue and listened to a great many people talking a great deal. I met Mr. Aylesworth,

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

the President, who seemed to have been impressed and sadly misinformed by an English M.P. about the functions of the British Broadcasting Corporation. He seemed surprised at my lack of reverence for M.P.s.

I met Mr. John Royal, a genial and friendly man with a palatial office, who seemed bent on my seeing everything in America that was worth seeing, regardless of the time at my disposal. "You must go to the Mammoth Caves," he said.

I made a great mistake in having breakfast *à la carte*. For honeydew melon, haddock in cream, eggs and bacon and marmalade I had to pay 4 dollars 75 cents. For lunch I found in Windsor Garden a good meal for 35 cents, including coffee.

After lunch I took a steamer right round the island. It cost a dollar, and everybody ate pea-nuts. The most remarkable thing that I noticed was the contrast between the wooden shacks built by the unemployed who live on the river bank and the granite homes of the millionaires just above them.

Every quay was filled with fishermen. There were canocs and motor-boats darting up and down the Hudson and many people bathing, in spite of notices forbidding it. It is forty miles round Manhattan Island, and it took us three hours.

To my surprise the *Berengaria* looked infinitely shrunk after my first day of immensities.

I dined at the Meadowbrook, and then saw "Ann

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Vickers" at the Radio City Music Hall, a hall that holds 6,000 people and has four performances a day.

On Sunday 1st October, I drove out through Bronx Valley Parkway, a succession of pleasant suburbs half-hidden among trees with leaves of burnished gold. Then came more trees and great lakes in the open country, a land of stone walls, white wooden houses with green shutters, and red barns under the trees, with men in their shirt-sleeves sitting in arm-chairs on the verandas.

At Milton I visited Miss Margaret Cuthbert, the Director of Talks, in her cottage (a delightful place, with snakes and mosquito nets) and was plied with drinks of "old-fashioned" and applejack, both new to me. Applejack is usually known as bottled lightning. We lunched at the Red Barn, waited on by two negroes, and ate odd but delicious food.

Then I was taken out to Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson and so home by way of the Stuyvesant Drive. Crickets, katydids and bull-frogs chirped and sang all the way. There were thousands of cars on the road all speeding at a rate unknown in England.

We had dinner at the Riviera, a dinner-dance club overlooking the Hudson River near the George Washington Bridge, and across the water I saw for the first time the sky-scrapers of New York lit up at night.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I called on Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and found in him a quick and illuminating help on my journey. Just as I was on the point of leaving him there was a sudden tropical storm and I had my first experience of really violent rain. Dr. Butler said quite quickly, "I think it's beginning to rain. Perhaps you'd like a taxi." And even the taxi was nearly submerged. Certainly America is the land of quick contrasts.

One of the oddest things I saw that day was the brushes of foxes flying from the handle-bars of motor-cycles.

Monday 2nd October was a clear, cloudless, crisp and lovely day. I was taken to the top of the Radio City Building to have my photograph taken, and found there a praying mantis about six inches long, eating twigs off the trees at 840 feet high. The lift takes half a minute to climb eighty stories.

I lunched at the Brevoort Hotel, sitting out of doors on the street, as one does in Paris—a rich lunch of Blue Point oysters, blue-fish and blueberries, and then went through Holland Tunnel, which is very white and clean, and round New Jersey by George Washington Bridge. I had dinner at the "Voisin" with Mr. Royal and was taken on by him to the Music Box Theatre to see an intimate satiric revue "As Thousands Cheer". The music was tuneful and the chorus-girls were lovely.

A woman threw herself out of the window of the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

nineteenth floor of Hotel Gotham in my street on Tuesday 3rd October.

I travelled on the subway—dirty, quick, efficient, noisy and cheap. The cost is one nickel anywhere.

After lunch I went to the baseball World's Series, New York Giants *v.* Washington Senators. There was a packed audience of 50,000 shouting men and practically no women. One man had been waiting for three weeks to get in. The game is not unlike rounders. They pay the players 7,000 dollars a year. Men sitting by me were drinking neat whisky openly in the hot sun. Seats cost 6½ dollars each.

Ernest La Prade of N.B.C. took me to Pennsylvania station to catch the 5.30 for Washington, a 4½ hour journey of 225 miles, the fare 12 dollars 50 cents. I found the Pullman cosy but cold. The dinner at 1 dollar 50 cents was a marvel of cheapness, and included soup, duckling and cherry pie, with all sorts of salad. The Pullman car attendants and porters were all negroes. It was an odd sensation to be brushed down on leaving the train.

At Washington I drove to Stoneleigh Court, Connecticut Avenue, and was met by Mr. Callaghan of the N.B.C. Everywhere I saw the N.R.A. blue eagle with the motto "We Do Our Part"; it was in all shop windows and on every automobile and lorry.

It was at this stage that I began really to feel lost. At the N.B.C. offices in New York no one seemed

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

to know what I had come for, and I kept on being put in charge of fresh people, each of whom asked me what I was doing in America. I had to repeat my reply so often that I came to wish that I had had it printed.

But at Washington I expected everything to be smoothed out by Mr. William Hard, who had sketched out my itinerary and given me to understand that he was really my guardian.

He had, in fact, asked me to stay with him in Washington, and because of his invitation I had left England earlier than was otherwise necessary.

Most unfortunately his wife fell ill and he was unable to have me. Also I found that he had withdrawn from broadcasting and devoted himself to lecturing and journalism. So in Washington I was left high and dry, not knowing what method of approach to adopt in my talks. The slightly dazed giddy feeling that accompanied me in the New York streets on first landing returned. I felt very much alone.

I got into touch with John Royal who had shown me such kindness in New York, and he instantly appointed his Director of Talks, Miss Margaret Cuthbert, as my guide round the United States. Without her I doubt if I should have given a single talk. She arranged everything, from hotel accommodation and time-tables to interviews and the stations where I was to broadcast.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

After all, time was the perplexing factor. I had not only to travel at least 1,000 miles from one broadcasting station to the next, but I had to pick out the high spots, visit them, assimilate what I could of the peculiar characteristics of each State that I visited, prepare my talk, condense vast incoherent material into about 3,000 words, rehearse it, give it, recover from the effort, and then immediately set out again to discover another country, all within a week. I will not deny that it was by far the most exhausting task I have ever had to tackle, and I gave Margaret Cuthbert an extremely trying time. Each week was a crescendo of irritability on my part till the talk was given.

Very soon we developed a regular routine. The broadcast talks were all given on Fridays. But in order that it should be always 9.30 in London it had to be given at all sorts of other times during my tour, but never later than 4.30 (Eastern standard time) nor earlier than 1.30 p.m. (Pacific standard time). This meant that I could not afford to gather material after Wednesday. So from Saturday to Wednesday was one mad rush. I devoted the whole of Thursday in each week to sorting out what I had gleaned and condensing it to the right length. I spent the whole of Friday morning rehearsing and re-writing and trying to put a final polish on my script. By the time that I reached the studio I was never in a fit condition to meet any human being.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I was unbearably truculent, looking for something to complain about and always finding it.

No two studios, for instance, possessed similar microphones.

I had to speak into instruments that hung like spiders in mid-air, and into others that were placed at oblique angles, right angles, and every sort of angle all over the room.

At Lexington, where I gave my first talk, a studio had to be rigged up especially in my hotel bedroom. There was no broadcasting station. The same thing happened at Santa Fé. In most places the station was not owned by the N.B.C., but only loaned by the local broadcasting companies. So my announcer on every occasion was different and entirely in the dark about my mission.

These announcers had one very odd thing in common beyond their deep, musical, easily heard voices. They were all young, all very good-looking, and all married within the last year or two, with very smart looking wives, and babies newly born.

I heard more talk about infants during my tour round the States than in the whole of the rest of my life.

I was invariably rude to these announcers in my anxiety to make sure that every possible precaution had been taken to ensure the communication and transmission being as perfect as possible. Every time I started to the second at the half hour, and

A MODERN COLUMBUS

from the American response quite obviously my voice was never anything but clear. But at home things were not going so well.

On more than one occasion no contact was established until I had got well under way, and during the latter part of the tour the atmospherics got steadily worse.

Only my most faithful partisans on the British side can claim to have heard me on every occasion. Had they not exercised exceptional patience they must have switched me off.

I hope this book will make amends and make clear to them what I really was saying. But rumours of lack of distinctness at home were not the only rumours that crept back to me. After three weeks or so I was staggered to hear from home that I was painting a far too much rose-coloured picture of the States.

What about all this tremendous catastrophe to the N.R.A. that I was supposed to be witnessing as soon as I arrived? What about all the misery, depression and murder that the papers were continually reporting?

Well, I was reporting too. And I reported what I saw, not what I expected to see.

And what I was seeing filled me with a deep admiration and love both for the American scene and the American people.

For instance, no one had told me about the climate;

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

and here was I basking under eternally blue skies nearly everywhere I went.

No one had told about the beauty of the places; and here was I wandering in a world of palms, with heavily scented oleander and hibiscus, realising for the first time that a jungle is as exquisitely beautiful as it is exciting, and that a prairie is not an arid, monotonous waste, but a fairyland of different plants of astonishing colour and beauty.

And finally I was discovering the people. I had no idea that people could be so consistently kind, happy, hospitable and genuinely friendly. I liked everything about them.

I found that I actually preferred their speech to that of many of my own countrymen.

They indulged in no clichés; they said what they meant. Their images were as graphic as the images of the Elizabethans, their repartee quick and full of humour.

I found America, in spite of its depression, a land of laughing men and women whom nothing could depress for long.

I found everything about them refreshing, their complete lack of fear, their complete absence of self-consciousness, their readiness to talk, and their insatiable curiosity. Everywhere I would see men reading *Foreign Affairs*, and when they discovered that I was English they invariably wanted the latest news of Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

When I said that I had never been to Moscow they would say in tones of real astonishment, "Why, it's only just round the corner from England."

I was immensely struck by their courtesy. Everyone in America is polite.

The taxi-drivers, to whom I never gave more nor less than a dime, never failed to thank me quite genuinely. I have still to receive any word of thanks from any taxi-driver for tips since I came home.

Everyone in America realises the value of comfort. It is the land of neat gadgets. The trains are air-conditioned and free from draughts. Every hotel, house and store all over the country is centrally heated and provided, in the hot weather, with electric fans. On nearly every train I boarded there were observation cars where I sat out of doors admiring the quickly changing view as if in a movie.

When I want to post a letter in Paris I find very great difficulty in finding a post-box. Usually I find myself trying to push them into fire-boxes.

When I wanted to post a letter in America all I had to do was to go outside my bedroom door and drop it through a slit into a jolly looking chute where I watched it fluttering down into the bowels of the earth.

When I wanted a meal quickly all I had to do was to go round the corner to the nearest cafeteria, fill up my tray with the choicest food all piping hot and

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

go away and eat it, without the trouble of choosing from a menu or waiting for slow service.

When I boarded a bus or subway I never had to worry about the fare. However long or short a distance I went the fare was always a nickel.

The Americans have achieved perfection in comfort and convenience in every direction. They get into a taxi before telling the driver where to go, and they do not get out until they have paid him. There is no standing about as we do, arguing both before you start and after you get to your destination.

You check all your baggage from one hotel in one town to your hotel in the next. You never see it or worry about it at all. It disappears mysteriously from your bedroom in one hotel, and when you arrive at your next bedroom there it is waiting for you.

Whenever I wanted to listen to the radio in taxi or hotel bedroom, all I had to do was to turn it on. And I had the choice of 600 stations, all of which seemed to function practically all day and night.

I discovered that advertising on the radio is no more offensive than advertising in a newspaper. In fact, I found the leaven of wireless advertising as artistic and entertaining as I found the leaven of advertising in the Press.

There are newspapers where the advertisements are even more alluring to me than the editorial matter.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And most advertisers by radio in the States know perfectly well that their chances of adding to their customers depend upon the calibre of the entertainment that they present, and certainly not upon a repetition of the virtues of the goods they have to sell.

Pepsodent is remembered chiefly because it is responsible for giving the public its most popular radio feature, the back-chat between Amos and Andy, two Chicago young men, who present every day a skilfully constructed, simple, human story of pathos and humour among the coloured people

I started with a definite prejudice against the American system of advertising by radio, but I became entirely converted to it, for it means that listeners can demand and get the best of everything at no cost to themselves beyond the cost of the radio sets, which in America are both cheap and efficient.

There was always dance music being played, and brilliantly played, somewhere, and I prefer dance music to any other form of wireless entertainment because it helps me to work. I can always write easily to a dance band. I can't write at all if anyone is talking or if classical music is being played.

I heard very few talks on the radio. I certainly listened in to President Roosevelt, who has easily the most attractive voice I have ever heard on the wireless. He is a superb broadcaster, by which

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I suppose that I mean that he is entirely natural, entirely sincere, and has something of first-rate importance to say.

Enormous sums of money are earned by public favourites among radio stars. They far outrun film stars both in their popularity and in their income. Even announcers are paid very highly by the advertising firms.

There are two quite different sorts of programmes. The Broadcast Companies sell the greater part of their air-time to the advertisers who make their own programmes. The remainder of the day is arranged for by the companies under the general heading of sustaining programmes, for which speakers and singers are engaged and, oddly enough, not paid at all.

It is quite true that some of the less well-known companies sell time-space to advertisers who don't know how to use it, and waste half their quarter hour in recapitulating the name and address of the commodity they are trying to sell.

It is true that I did not find all the back-chat and cross-talk comedians as attractive as Amos and Andy, but, generally speaking, American humour is far funnier than ours.

There is, for instance, no comparison between the *New Yorker* which is always brilliantly if caustically witty, and our own too stolid *Punch*, so delightfully hit off by the *New Yorker* as "Paunch".

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Of course the fact that there is no redress for libel in America makes it easier for the Press and Stage to be amusing.

The revue "As Thousands Cheer", for instance, caused us all to rock in our seats with laughter because of its absolute lack of reverence in its dealing with public characters. Gandhi, Aimée Macpherson, ex-President Hoover, Noel Coward, and John Rockefeller, senior, are all dealt with as Byron dealt with his contemporaries. I found it vastly amusing. I found the gossip writers in the Press much less amusing. In their effort to be entertaining they more often succeed in being vulgar and inaccurate.

The Press in America indulges in headlines that both in their size and phraseology strike us at first as odd. Inversion in the order of words seems unnecessary until you find that the sub-editor has to fit an exact number of letters into a line.

But the news seemed to me to be well collected and to cover a vast area. Whatever America is it is not parochial.

I did not like the way in which my own interviews were handled.

I dislike being interviewed, and only allowed interviews under pressure to please the N.B.C., who wanted Press publicity. The Press in America, being antagonistic to the broadcasting interests, report as little as possible of radio activities. But

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

apparently I was regarded as news, and in most cities had to submit to the same fusillade of questions about my mission and how I liked America and so on. If I had been accurately reported I shouldn't have cared, but the most glaring example of wilful inaccuracy was perpetrated at Seattle, where a reporter finding me in bed, announced the fact, on no authority, that my illness was due to too much Californian sun. But even the reporters, if inaccurate, were as kindly as all the rest of their countrymen.

The papers that I liked most were the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New York Times* and *New York Herald-Tribune*, the Sunday editions of which contain some of the best informed book criticisms that I have ever read. These Sunday editions consist of ten supplements, and the one that is most popular is the one that I found myself completely unable to appreciate. This is the comic supplement, beloved apparently of the whole nation, but not, to me, like the *New Yorker* or *Esquire*, witty.

A weekly magazine published in Chicago called *Time* has an immense vogue and sets out to give reports from all foreign lands, but so far as Great Britain is concerned it limits its news almost solely to the movements of the Royal Family, and could hardly be called a worthy rival of the weekly edition of *The Times* which was really my only authoritative source for what was going on at home in my absence.

There is a section of the Press that goes out of its

A MODERN COLUMBUS

way to be anti-British, but its virulence defeats its object, and few people whom I have met are hoodwinked by it.

But none the less I often heard the complaint, "Why do you Britishers dislike us so much?"

My reply usually ran on these lines:

"You are wrong. The Englishman does not dislike the American. He is completely ignorant about him. He builds up a picture of him based partly from what you send us over from Hollywood, and partly from sensational stories of gangsters and kidnappers. He does not take kindly to your way of speaking, though I find it invigorating and indeed more pleasant to listen to than our brand of English; and sometimes he has been unfortunate in the type of American he has met in England. If he were to come over here and see you in your own home, he would like you as much as I do."

There is no question about the average American's attitude to the Englishman. He may find our way of speaking slightly effeminate, or "sissy", as he calls it, and our manner a little chilling and aloof, but he has a great respect for our national character. Those Americans who can claim relationship with English families are so proud of the fact that they harp on it almost too insistently.

The leaven of British blood may not be the preponderating leaven in sheer weight, but it is undeniably the strongest influence in the United States,

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

making as it does for stability of the constitution and freedom of the individual.

The admixture of other blood makes for excitability, grace, charm, smartness in dress and enthusiasm for the Arts, but it is the English element in America which will be predominant in welding the States into a united commonwealth.

I had been led to expect a people frenzied in search of the dollar, dead to the call of religion. Instead, I found a people who have faced up to a sudden poverty after a spell of sudden wealth with a most commendable stoicism.

It is far less easy for those who have got rich quickly to accommodate themselves to poverty than it is for a race like ours who have never known a gold rush.

Instead of finding the churches empty I found them full. I attended every type of service in every type of denomination, and everywhere I found genuine devotion on the part of the people and well-informed sermons from the pulpit.

The churches of America appeal equally to the comfortably off and to the needy, to youth and old age. The services are cheerful and the congregations never, as ours too often are, listless.

I found the same healthy attitude to things artistic as to things spiritual.

I had always imagined that rich Americans came over to Europe to buy our great masters because

A MODERN COLUMBUS

they had none of their own. I didn't realise at all that these masterpieces were being bought with the sole purpose of giving joy to the whole nation and inspiration to the creative genius.

Few of the great pictures in America hang in private houses. They are nearly all presented by public-spirited citizens to the art galleries of their native cities. I went round art galleries everywhere, and I found so much that was first rate that I now realise that there is no need at all for the United States citizen to come over to Europe for Art's sake. He has enough of his own to make him the envy of the rest of the world. And the happy result of this collecting has been to incite American youth to paint for itself.

The work of Rockwell Kent, George Biddle and Elbert Burr is sufficient proof of the vigour of modern American art.

I had been led to expect the standard of American scholarship to be low, too much attempted, too little achieved.

Never was there a more foolish error. Think for one moment of the reputation of the Mayo brothers in surgery, of Doctor Milliken in the field of cosmic rays, of Doctor Langmuir in radio work, of Doctor Coolidge and Doctor Whitney in chemical research, and of Livingston Lowes, the author of *The Road to Xanadu*, the most significant piece of literary criticism of our generation.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

I know perfectly well that enthusiasm by itself is no substitute for a first-rate functioning brain, but without enthusiasm even the first-rate brain will fail to do itself justice, and the lesser intellects fade out.

But in the United States there is enthusiasm everywhere, and that explains why education is in such a healthy state. They are not afraid of trying experiments, and experiments, however risky, never fail to stimulate interest.

I visited as many universities and schools as possible, and everywhere I was struck by the genuine desire for knowledge. I had been led to expect a sad lack of discipline. Wherever I went the conduct of the boys and girls was exemplary. They obviously liked their work. Their reading was done for pleasure.

Whether it is wise for boys and girls to have to go off after lectures and games at a university to earn money by washing dishes and waiting in restaurants to pay their college fees is arguable. It is undoubtedly exhausting to the body, but it gives a sense of monetary values which I at any rate lacked when I was an undergraduate.

I certainly give a tip to a cloak-room attendant more gladly when I learn that it will help him to pass his Laws Finals, than I do to a cloak-room attendant in a London theatre who only glowers at me and extorts it as a right.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

I like the American attitude towards its games. I had been led to expect a nation given to gladiatorial spectacles of bloody encounters between professionals. It was not until I saw the game for myself that I realised that American football is confined entirely to amateurs, in fact to undergraduates, and that is just a better sort of Rugger, better in that the tackling is more certain, the kicking more accurate, and the passing seldom fumbled.

Immense and fashionable crowds watch these games, applauding wildly. The gate money goes to pay for other college activities.

Baseball, on the other hand, is a professional game and played with the same proficiency. Players seem quite unable to drop catches. The enthusiasm of the spectators is as fascinating to watch as the game itself.

When the ball is hit out of the ground there is a wild mêlée, as there is in Westminster School on Pancake Day, while the crowd fights for its possession. If anyone threw it back into the ground he would probably be torn limb from limb. No wonder American visitors find cricket strangely tedious.

John Royal once said to me, "You know, I was at the Oval for a Test Match when a ball was slogged mightily into the air, and a fellow on the boundary ran and ran and ran, and by stretching out his left hand just managed to get to it on the very line. It was the grandest catch I ever saw in my life, and I

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

threw my hat up in the air and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Attaboy! Attaboy!' And then I realised that the man on my right was still sitting down, and very quietly patting his hands together and saying in a whisper, 'Well played, my man, well played.' You know, after all, it was *his* country not mine. Don't you ever let yourselves get excited in your country? Cricket would *go* over here. The crowd would see to that."

Since I came home I have been longing to hear some of this full-throated, delirious jeering and cheering that does so much to make American games so thrilling.

I had no idea before how much difference the audience makes.

I had been led to expect innumerable accidents on the road from a race of careless, foolhardy motorists. They are neither careless nor foolhardy. They have a far better road-sense than we have. I saw only two accidents, and was only once in any serious danger myself during the whole of my trip.

They drive very fast, but in complete safety.

The only thing that is really wrong with the United States is the reign of terror of the kidnapper.

Gangsters seem to be mainly occupied in killing each other, which is an excellent thing. But there are apparently still 300,000 (is it?) to die.

Kidnappers are in a different category. They put

A MODERN COLUMBUS

themselves completely outside the human pale. It is their pleasure to steal small children from wealthy homes, hold them up for ransom, and frequently murder them.

That the kidnappers of young Hart at San José should have been dragged by an infuriated people from jail and lynched is understandable when we realise not only the law's delays, but up till now the law's inability to bring murderers to justice.

It looks as if, under the Roosevelt régime, the power of the terrorist is on the wane, but I found enough people still under the spell of the hold-up and kidnapping terror to convince me that the campaign against these fiends has got to be ruthless and unrelenting.

The public conscience is at last awake, and it looks as if no bribing or terrorising of witness, police or jury will much longer be of any avail.

Two can play at the game of tear-gas bombs and machine-guns, and it is pleasant to see the forces of law and order determined to be better armed than the forces of lawlessness and disorder.

You can, however, gauge the lengths to which this crime wave has gone by the fact that no one any longer thinks of drawing up at the hitch-hiker's signal. Kindly as the American is he draws the line at giving a lift to a man who may recompense his Christian act by hitting him on the head and making off with his car.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

But this is about the only blot on the American 'scutcheon, and in this connexion it is worth remembering how little a time ago it is since the days of Billy the Kid, when stakes were claimed and rights held at the point of the pistol.

The miracle is not the fact that lawlessness still prevails, but the speed with which the United States are settling down. There is the problem of the rapidly rising negro, usually a lazy, smiling fellow happy enough on his water-melon and fishing, but in the city excitable and apt to be fractious, not wholly able to use his rights of citizenship. There is the problem (not so acute) of the dwindling Indians, now aloof and impoverished in their reservations, weaving their blankets, moulding their pottery, painting their pictures, and minding their sheep, a picturesque but pathetic sight.

Among the lesser and easily remediable ills that America allows is the spoliation of the landscape by hideous bill-boards and litter. Where the English tripper leaves dirty paper the American leaves his wrecked car. I saw derelict cars all over the States, as dismal a sight as the advertisements enticing the passer-by by misspelling.

"Eats" is, I think, a weak word for dinner. I see no excuse for "Bar-B-Q". Nor am I fascinated by "thru" as a spelling for "through", or "mite" for "might". "Come Rite Inn" only drives me straight out. This is surely no sign of vigour, but just laziness,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

like the American habit of throwing accents all over the place.

"Address" is accented on the first syllable, so is "Detroit", so is "record". "Advertisement" is accented on the third syllable, and it may have been the result of listening to some such (to us) mispronunciation as this that led the Lancashire member of an audience at a lecture that I gave in Blackpool to ask: "Is the Americans as aristocratic as wot we is?"

But how refreshing it is to hear a sympathetic and surprised "She don't answer" from a soft-voiced friendly telephone girl in place of the abrupt "No reply." How much warmer is the gratitude expressed in "Thanks a lot" than in "Thanks very much." "A whale of a time" is surely far more expressive than "ripping" or "topping", and "I'm telling you" is as delightful a way of emphasising my own point of view as "You're telling me" is effective as a reminder that I don't think much of yours. There is a fine ring about "gotten" that our abbreviated "got" sadly lacks. "A swell joint" is a vivid description of a pleasant house, and "on the up and up" is more vigorous than "getting better". "Scram" is a good word for "Get away".

It is odd how little swearing there is in the United States. Is it that swearing means a lack of vocabulary or a colourless one? Perhaps a young race has no need to swear because it is always inventing

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

new expressive phrases. "Jeez" and "nerts" are the lowest terms used for surprise and abuse.

I got little chance of seeing how America is tackling the unemployment problem. There is, of course, no insurance benefit, so many of the 12,000,000 unemployed are dependent on charity.

In each city there is a Community Chest, a sort of common pool for all charitable donations and bequests that is split up as necessity arises.

Everywhere the unemployed build themselves shacks of wood on derelict ground, on the banks of rivers and so on, that are little better than dog-kennels.

But they take pride even in these. Below Riverside Drive, New York, there is a shack colony with a large notice-board: "Camp Thomas Paine. World War Veterans. Visitors Welcome", and here they have built for themselves a tiny park among the weed-covered dumps.

I saw no unemployed men standing at the corners of the streets.

Only in New York did emaciated-looking men dart from the kerbs whenever there was a traffic block and try to make the people in the taxis buy their wares. One very ill-looking man offered me a gardenia and told me that he was dying of sleepy sickness. The gardenia certainly was.

I was occasionally accosted by the pan-handler, the man who tells a tall tale in order to get a short

A MODERN COLUMBUS

drink, but he has always been with us. One taxi-driver, an Italian, told me that at 5 o'clock any morning self-respecting men may be seen rushing to the trash-cans on Park Avenue to try to find scraps to stave off starvation.

He was the only man I met on my travels who was really antagonistic to America.

"If I could have my choice," he said, "between the good health I have in New York and being without legs, arms, or my eyes in my home in Milan, I'd rather be limbless, legless and blind in Italy."

He told me that he had to send 5 dollars back to his mother in Italy every week, that he spent 7 dollars on rent, and earned (if he was lucky) 17 dollars working all day and nearly all night. He was, like all taxi-drivers, porters, conductors and workers that I met in the States, cultured and well read. I talked to taxi-drivers all over the States and found many of them quoting Latin, Greek and French authors. It was a refreshing change to me to know that everyone I talked to, whether waiter, shop-assistant, or chambermaid, would be a good conversationalist, genuinely interested in all phases of life, and more often than not a university graduate.

I expected to see a good deal of drunkenness, both before and after Prohibition was repealed. I saw no single instance of drunkenness throughout the whole of my tour.

The truth is that the American's favourite drink

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

is iced water, and a very good drink it is. I find it very difficult to take any interest in the tepid, colourless stuff that passes for drinking water in England. In truth, I find many things at home very drab by contrast with the States. Our shops lack the glitter and lustre of Fifth Avenue shops. We seem to lack the art of window-dressing just as our women lack the capacity of the American girl to look smart.

I have never seen such consistently well turned out women. They attracted me both by their instinctive good taste and their complete lack of self-consciousness. They are quiet, self-possessed, and perfectly poised.

Unlike us in so many other respects, the Americans differ from us most of all in their attitude to taxation.

They have not forgotten, though most of us have, the original reason for their cutting loose from England. It was the proposed tax on tea that caused the Boston Tea Party of 1773. America has never since that date looked on taxation with pleasure. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading them that we pay a licence for our radio sets without having a pistol held at our heads. And yet they are willing to be taxed to pay for schemes to put the unemployed back into employment again.

You have got to be pretty quick to keep up with the present rate of change in America.

And so far as I can judge this *volte face* is solely due to the courage and personality of one man.

President Roosevelt is one of the greatest of all

A MODERN COLUMBUS

presidents because he is the voice of the new nation. "*E pluribus unum*" is the motto painted on the walls of Congress.

Its youthfulness enables it to carry out experiments in government, the very thought of which appals the old world. Its sky-scrapers are evidence of its faith in itself.

These sky-scrapers, remember, are not confined to New York, but are to be seen in every city rising out of the prairie.

They do not build to last. They are just as fully prepared to tear down as to build, but the quality of their architecture is not on that account slipshod or ephemeral.

Their railway stations are as lofty as cathedrals and they are spotlessly clean. The trains usually run on a lower level, and the station itself is just a vast, warm vestibule full of shops. Their city churches are nobly built, and the domestic architecture, particularly in the South and in New England, is both solid and picturesque.

The wooden cabins of the negroes and the poorer houses on the outskirts of the towns are flimsy, untidy and lack paint, but the country houses, with their glittering white fronts and green shutters, are invariably attractive.

I cannot pretend that the impressions that I formed are anything but sketchy. Think for a moment of my task, setting off every Saturday on a

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

trek of 1,000 or 1,500 miles, spending Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in a frenzied rush all over a State to reach all the high spots, knowing perfectly well that if I made one mistake I should get no story at all, condensing and selecting all through Thursday and Friday up till the very moment of broadcasting, and after it was all over conscious only of having missed the essence of every place.

I got so exhausted that by the time I reached Los Angeles I felt that it would be only a miracle if I stayed the course.

I was most of all exhausted by the too hearty people who rushed at me and made it evident that the only thing worth seeing in America was what they had to show me. In self-defence I had to refuse all invitations to see anything that was pressed upon me.

And most unluckily for me Mr. Hard had chosen my itinerary the wrong way round.

I ought to have visited the North country in October and left the warm South for December. Then I should have been warm all the time, whereas by going round the South first I ran from tropical heat into arctic cold. I stood the heat all right, but the intense cold at Schenectady nearly finished me.

As a matter of fact, I got off very lightly in the way of disease and accident. I had to have a tiny operation on my thumb, I had to have my ear

A MODERN COLUMBUS

attended to, and I caught about three ferocious colds, but exhaustion was my main trouble.

My last two broadcasts were given, but only just given. But now that I'm home I'm aching to go back. I want to travel more leisurely to have time to fold my legs and talk, to loiter and see.

But even during my much too hurried tour I had time to realise that America is an ideal country for the holiday-maker. One anonymous critic over here said: "His American talks have taught me that I do not really care a brass farthing what Arizona looks like," to which I can only say that atmospherics must have completely nullified my message, for Arizona probably better repays a visit than any other single place in the entire world.

The whole object of this book is to make you want to visit the places I visited, and more particularly the Grand Canyon and Arizona, where the mountains rise red out of a sea of yellow desert.

I imagine that the Grand Canyon is somewhat easily the finest sight in the whole world.

But one very good reason why you should visit the United States is that you there see the whole world, every type of scenery from jungle to pole, every type of man, and encounter every known type of climate.

It is, as I said, the ideal land for the holiday-maker, exciting, invigorating, healthy, beautiful, full of variety, intensely and unendingly interesting from every possible standpoint.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

But there is an even more important reason why English people should visit it now.

It is impossible to be indifferent to the fate of the United States. The fact that we both speak the same language is an amazing unifier

I felt far nearer home when I was seven thousand miles away at Seattle than I have ever felt in Normandy, which is less than seventy miles from my house.

America is in the throes of a revolution. They look to us for encouragement in establishing a stable constitution and building up their democracy on solid lines. If you believe that the English tradition is of any value to the world you will take a hand in this revolution and make a personal visit to the United States to wish them God speed.

They pay us the compliment of coming to see us whenever they can afford the fare.

It is high time that we repaid the compliment.

They have much to show us that we can see nowhere else—the largest lakes in the world, the most majestic mountains, vast forests of redwood trees, a painted desert that looks like the finest sunset you ever saw turned upside down, the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, mighty prairies, the trails of Spanish priests, gold-seekers, Indian warriors, French soldiers, lovely Creole girls paddling their pirogue canoes up the bayous of Louisiana, African negroes working in cotton-fields and on tobacco plantations, Red Indians leading cattle in the desert,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

old ladies who look as if they had stepped out of "Cranford" stepping into luxurious acroplanes to fly 3,000 miles at half an hour's notice to spend the week-end with their grandchildren, bathing in mid-winter under a tropical sun in Pacific or Atlantic Ocean, cowboys in ten-gallon Stetsons rounding up herds of cattle. Here you will see a desert glowing with yellow cactus and Texan blue bonnets, a whole valley lit up with the magic colour of the blue morning glory and green alfalfa, the flash past of countless pinon jays as blue as kingfishers, or Kentucky cardinals, and tanagers as scarlet as any robed priests. You will hear the mocking bird sing a lovelier melody than any nightingale, try to follow the flight of the tiny long-beaked humming bird, the fastest thing in all the world, and listen to the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will. You will encounter snakes and bears and alligators and mountain lions and chipmunks and wild-cats and skunks.

There is as little limit to the variety of animal and plant life as there is to the food that you eat.

You will discover that the great romantic names of Potomac, Mississippi and Rio Grande are even more romantic in reality than they were in your dreams.

But you will go to America primarily to see a brave new nation in the making, and to wish them prosperity because you realise how much the future peace and progress of man depends on their winning through.

I. VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

His Excellency the American Ambassador, the Rt. Hon. Robert W Bingham, introduces the series of talks to be given by Mr. S. P. B. Mais in the United States, broadcast there by the National Broadcasting Company and here by the B.B.C.

IN UNDERTAKING this work Mr. Mais has been called "The Modern Columbus", because his purpose is, in a sense, to re-discover America and to interpret it both to his countrymen and to our own. It is the first time in the history of broadcasting that such an effort has been made, in which a national of one country will visit another country, study its people, and try to interpret them to his own nationals.

When I first learned of this plan some months ago I was impressed with its importance and its possibilities. Our civilisation has been built upon the family and the home, and it is a thrilling thought that, in effect, Mr. Mais will speak from American homes to British homes, from the fireside there to the fireside here. As I understand it, his theme will begin at Jamestown, the site of the first permanent English settlement on the continent of America. I am sure Mr. Mais will have seen there the memorial to the famous Captain John Smith, and the lovely statue of the Indian princess Pocahontas, whose romantic story has caught the imagination of the world. From Jamestown, our observer will follow the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

tide of Western migration, which, in the end, made of the United States an inter-continental nation, bounded on the one side by the Atlantic Ocean and on the other by the Pacific Ocean. You will forgive me if I am elated over the fact that his first talk will come from Lexington, in my own State of Kentucky. But I think this is also a happy thought, because Kentucky was the result of the first movement of our people towards the West—the first permanent settlement west of the Alleghanies, and the first State to be admitted into the Union, after the original thirteen colonies had been welded into a Union.

From Kentucky, he will go to Florida, and to New Orleans, that vivid, colourful city, where the Spanish and the French have left their imprint, and then to San Antonio, in Texas. I can never think of San Antonio without recalling the proud epitaph which marks the last resting-place of the heroic defenders of the Alamo, who died to the last man.¹ That epitaph reads: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none." And then he will go across the plains and the mountains to Arizona, which all the world knows contains the Grand Canyon, that natural phenomenon, unique and indescribable in its majestic beauty. Then on to San Francisco, a great city, nobly placed on the shores of the Pacific. And then north to Oregon, where he will turn again towards the Atlantic,

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

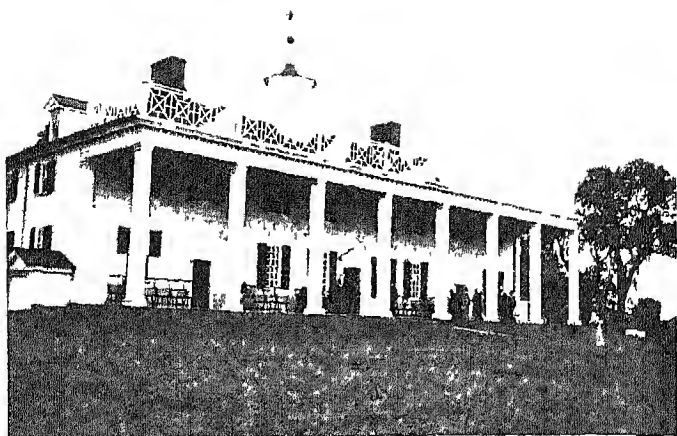
stopping at Minneapolis, one of the shining new cities of the West. From Chicago, he will doubtless tell you of the industrial development in that great metropolis, but he will tell you, too, I hope, of its development as one of the great centres of art and of music—indeed of culture—throughout the world. He will speak from Pittsburgh, too, that city which is the very epitome of the Age of Steel. Then he will speak from Boston, the home of the oldest of American Universities, founded by the Englishman John Harvard, and a city of culture nowhere else more highly developed; and finally, from the city of New York, greatest metropolis of our country.

- I believe this series of talks will tend to promote that understanding between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States, which is of *paramount importance in the world to-day*. For that reason I heartily commend Mr. Mais to my own countrymen. I am sure he will be given every opportunity to pursue his investigations, and I am equally certain he will describe what he experiences and learns in the United States with insight and with understanding.

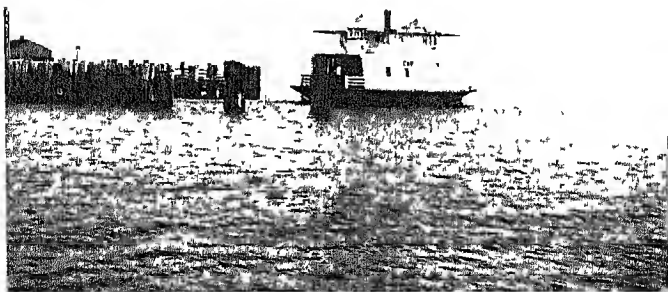
NOTE

1. The fortified mission house of the Alamo was defended by less than 200 Texans, with no rescuers on the way. On 5th March, 1836, the building was carried by assault and every defender was massacred, almost every Texan within having been already killed or wounded before the Mexicans reached them. Among the slain were Davy Crockett and the notorious Bowie of hunting-knife fame

A Declaration of Independence had been drawn up, 2nd March, by fifty-five Texans, whose average age was under 38. Sam Houston, who in the autumn was to become President of the new State, defeated the Mexicans in a battle in which the American warcry was "Remember the Alamo"—JAMES TRUSLOVE ADAMS, *The Epic of America*



MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA
George Washington's Home



JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA
The Ferry

I. VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

Friday, October 13th, 1933

GOOD EVENING! I am deeply grateful to His Excellency, the American Ambassador, for the high compliment he has paid us in introducing this series.

His courtesy and kindness are characteristic of the courtesy and kindness that I have everywhere met since I landed in Judge Bingham's country.

I see that I am being described as a "Modern Columbus", but beyond the fact that Columbus landed in the New World on this day, the second Friday of October, which in 1492 fell on the 12th, and not the 13th, as it does this year, I can't see any resemblance, so that is all I propose to say about Columbus.

I landed last week at Jamestown in Virginia. It was on the 13th May, 1607, that the earliest permanent settlers disembarked from three British ships, *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed*, and *Discovery*, in the James River after a five months' journey across the Atlantic. This small band of 105 men, led by Captain John Smith, formed the nucleus of one of the greatest nations in the world. To me, therefore, Jamestown was the obvious starting-point from which to make my discovery of America.

As I stood on the deserted jetty, the wood of which had been bleached grey by a semi-tropical sun, I

A MODERN COLUMBUS

felt like Gulliver cast up on Brobdingnag, for above me circled three chicken-hawks about the size of eagles, and around me fluttered deep red butterflies with a wing-span about as big as that of a swallow. There were also some extremely sinister-looking enlargements of wasps. It was like looking on the world through a powerful magnifying glass.

The scene upon which I looked was, like the weather, superb. If it were only on account of the climate, I would urge those of you who have the time, and can afford the fare,¹ to take the next boat out and join me. No one had ever told me about this American climate. Since I have landed the sun has shone on me out of a cloudless sky for practically the whole of every day until yesterday, and there has always been a gentle breeze to temper the heat. And the odd thing is that the people seem to regard this as normal. I wonder how many of you who are listening to me now are sitting huddled over the fire. Here it is a glorious summer afternoon.

Then the scenery. I had expected the James River to be a narrow creek, in a more or less impenetrable jungle. Instead, I found myself looking across a tidal yellow water, about a couple of miles wide, fringed with trees on either shore, and absolutely deserted, except for one solitary white ferry, crossing from Norfolk, bearing the name "Captain John Smith".² A thin white bird stood statue-like on a wooden pile, some little way out from a green

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

sloping lawn on the waterside. On this lawn stood two monuments of bronze on granite plinths, one of John Smith, weather-beaten, fierce, and swash-buckling, the other of the young Indian girl Pocahontas, with arms outstretched towards him. She it was, you remember, who saved his life, married John Rolfe, and died at Gravesend at the age of 22. There were no houses in sight at all, just this lawn and these monuments under the trees.

But as I landed I heard a mighty voice and thunderous cheers! Instantly I felt like Gulliver on Brobdingnag again. Somewhere a radio was calling, telling me and all the world exactly how things were going in the championship of the World's Series ball game, between New York Giants and Washington Senators. I listened a while, and then passed on to the lawn, where the Colonists held their first Communion. Here the silence was only broken by the lapping of the water against the stones, and the incessant chirruping, if that's what you call it, of the crickets. A bee about the size of a bat settled in a scarlet tobacco flower, mosquitoes attacked me in battalions, and there was a strange, heavy, sweet and rather sickly smell.

In spite of being beset on all sides by Indians, seeing his men die of exposure, fever and privation, John Smith said of this spot, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for Man's habitation."

I passed on up the hedgeless road, with occasional

A MODERN COLUMBUS

fields of large green-leafed Indian corn, some still growing, some recently cut and gathered into stooks, and everywhere trees. Here and there in the clearing, standing under the trees, I saw white wooden houses, with green shutters, netted verandas, and sometimes a coloured and sometimes a white occupant swinging idly in rocking-chair or hammock. None of these houses had fences. They gave straight on to the forest or the road, where stood a semi-cylindrical tin box on a wooden post bearing the house-owner's name. This is for letters. The road seemed to be given up solely to motor-traffic, except for an occasional farm wagon, drawn by mules, and dusty, large-wheeled horse-buggies. I met no one on foot, except a coloured man here and there coming from the fields, and a few young hitch-hikers³ beckoning for lifts from passing motorists, to take them a little farther on their journey to nowhere.

After six miles I saw in front of me, under the trees, a group of handsome, pale-brick buildings, and two teams of young girls, one lot in green tunics and the other in yellow, playing hockey. There were also several young men carrying books, sauntering to and from lectures.

I had arrived at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, the second oldest college in America. The main building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

As I wandered over the campus and through the library, I was struck not only by the grace and beauty of the architecture, but even more by the grace and beauty of the fair-haired girls.

In the Duke of Gloucester Street, just beyond, coloured children with big red and yellow bows in their hair were playing up and down the steps of the stores, and I saw a cluster of white roses in a garden. Each historic building from the Bruton Church to the Powder Horn and the Raleigh Tavern, stands under trees, and is surrounded by smooth greens. This ancient capital of Colonial Virginia has just been entirely restored through the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller.

At the Williamsburg Inn I discovered another excellent reason why you should follow in my footsteps.

America, far more than France, has discovered the art of good feeding. I have never eaten such appetising or such variety of food as I am getting over here—honey dew melon, Blue Point oysters, terrapin, brook trout, Long Island duckling, Virginia ham, corn on the cob, salads, ice cream, and such coffee as is unknown in England.

I crossed the narrow neck of the peninsula to the Blue Bay of Yorktown, the scene of Lord Cornwallis's surrender to Lafayette in 1781,⁴ which marked the final victory of the Colonists in their struggle for independence. And then after marvelling at the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

sight of a woebegone young man staring at me from behind the bars of the local jail, I drove through the country of the Old Dominion. All the way to Washington, at every creek and crossing, I was reminded by iron notices of the Civil War. Here it was Stonewall Jackson, and Sheridan's Raid, and there it was Grant and Lee.

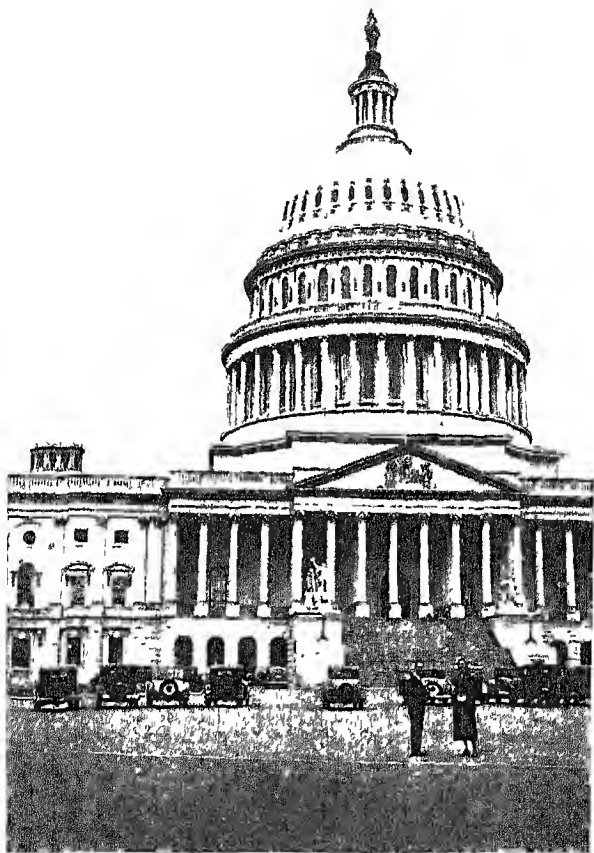
The surface of the roads was perfect, the speed of the car, like the cost of its hire—over a shilling a mile—hair-raising, the scenery richly wooded, with any number of swamps.

By the roadside under the trees were tourist camps, white wooden houses, petrol stations and barbecues.⁵

So I came by way of Richmond, the home of Edgar Allen Poe, Fredericksburg, Washington's boyhood home, and lazy, sleepy Alexandria, to the Potomac River, and, looking across it, saw the white flood-lit dome of the Capitol, and the immense, inspiring column that is Washington's monument.

That was my introduction to the city of boulevards, America's seat of government.

During my stay in Washington I had the very great honour of meeting the President of the United States, whose friendly greeting and quick smile will remain with me as one of the proudest and most cherished memories of my life.⁶ I visited George Washington's home on Mount Vernon,⁷ in the grounds of which he lies buried. Every ship that



WASHINGTON, D.C.
The Capitol

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

passes along the Potomac River below dips its flag in his honour. The house is kept exactly as he left it. It is thronged with visitors throughout the year.

I was much moved by the simple majesty of the white marble tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Arlington Park, the home of Robert E. Lee. I also visited the Folgar Shakespeare Library, which contains all the most coveted Shakespeariana in the world, the Lincoln Memorial, with its vast statue of Lincoln, the new Cathedral, and a game of baseball, which provides the spectator with a never-ending succession of thrills in watching fleetness of foot and accuracy in pitching and throwing.

But I remember Washington,⁸ not only for its shady parks, full of grey squirrels and pigeons, long avenues, fine houses, and majestic public buildings, nearly all of which seem to be of pure marble, but also because of my initiation into the cafeteria.

There are many things we could with advantage copy from this enlightened country, not least the cafeteria.⁹

This is a sort of *café*, where you pick up a tray, a knife, spoon, fork and napkin, and then join a queue at a counter, put your tray on a slide, and help yourself as you pass along to orange juice, puffed rice, eggs, rolls, coffee, marmalade or whatever it is you eat for breakfast, and when you reach the end of the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

counter the girl checks your loaded tray with lightning calculation, says "thirty cents", or whatever it is, you take your tray and eat your breakfast hot at a table, the whole time in getting your food being about thirty seconds. It is just like helping yourself at a sideboard where everything is hot, and there is endless variety.

I left Washington by night train, my first experience of an American Pullman. The train was air-conditioned, which meant that the temperature was just right and that there were no draughts. It was all made of steel. Its walls were hung with coloured prints; there was the usual excellent variety of food, and the bed in the sleeper was large and comfortable. If you wish to be extravagant, you may have a drawing-room to yourself, but for the ordinary Pullman fare you can use the observation car, listen to the radio, write letters, and even telephone. At night your seat is turned into a bed, and the upper part of the compartment forms an upper berth. Curtains are drawn between you and the main aisle, and the only inconvenience is the small amount of space left for undressing.

A fourteen-hour journey brought me to Lexington, Kentucky, the centre of the Blue Grass Country. In this town, which was the home of Henry Clay¹⁰ and of Abraham Lincoln's wife, you can still see the place where the slaves were auctioned. It is now famous for the breeding of race-horses, and I have

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

spent many happy hours this week wandering from one thoroughbred stable to another. What lovely names these farms have: Far Away, Green Tree, Idle Hour, Dixiana. I must have seen scores of foals of famous sires, and those whose fame was already won, notably the sixteen-year-old golden chestnut "Man-o'-War" who won twenty races and 250,000 dollars.

These farms stand in undulating soft country, very like southern England, with private gallops, paddocks with high white fences and palatial stables. The blue grass is not blue at all at this time of the year, but it is a perfect green. And in the fields, which are bordered with stone walls, browse South-down and Cheviot sheep and Hereford Shorthorns. Here Hampshire hogs run free. It is all very happy-looking and home-like. The handsome old colonial houses are fronted with imposing white columns, and inside them I found English furniture, Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Chippendale. Even the place-names are mainly English: Manchester, London, Middlesboro', Richmond, Falmouth, Oxford and Carlisle. The only differences are the barns hung with drying russet leaves of Burley tobacco, the fields of Indian corn, and the coloured people in their bright clothes. It is certainly fitting that this should be the State where they run the greatest horse-race in America—the Kentucky "Derby". They also ride to hounds. On every side I got a

A MODERN COLUMBUS

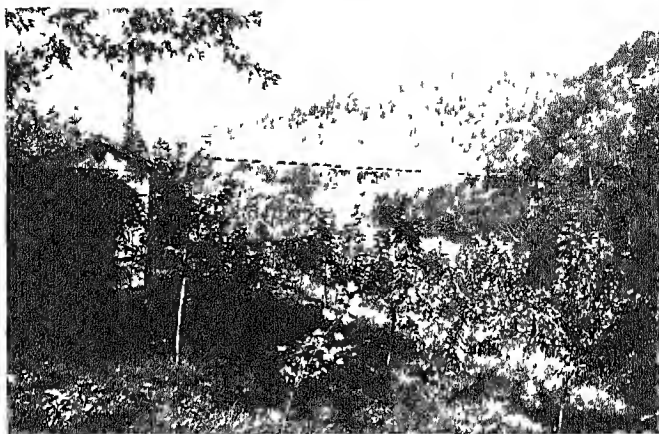
sense of spacious ease, reckless gaiety, gallant gentlemen and fair ladies.

But there is another side to Kentucky. Its beauty and richness were only won after a great struggle. This is the land of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine", and Kentucky's great hero is Daniel Boone of the coon-skin cap, the lonely frontiersman who in 1769 blazed a trail on his own account, and having won through from North Carolina to the summit of the Cumberland Gap, was rewarded by the sight of the lovely fertile valleys of the Blue Grass Country.

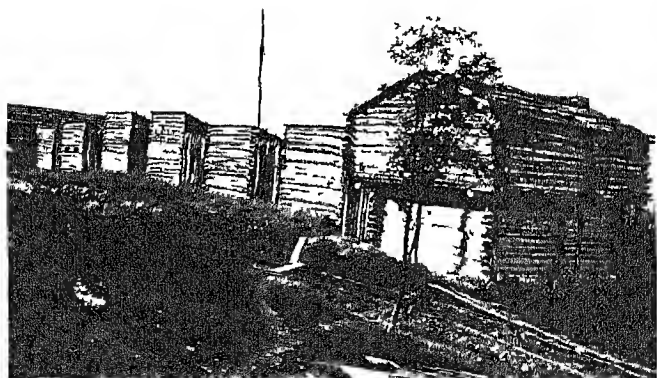
Some who followed in his footsteps were not so lucky, and got lost in the mountains, where their descendants, the purest Saxons in America, still live in what are known as the feud counties.

One of the most interesting places in Kentucky is Berea College, lying among 5,000 acres of forests up in the hills, which provides for 2,500 sons and daughters of these impoverished mountain folk a first-rate university education. Tuition is free, and they earn their board and lodging by working ten hours a week at any labour they choose. I was shown the coverlets known as "Kivvers" woven by the girls, and the furniture made by the boys. These are sold to the general public.

After being waited on by these boys and girls at table (it would be a good thing if we adopted this principle) I attended an English class, and was struck by the ease and naturalness with which one



KENTUCKY
The Kentucky River



KENTUCKY
The Harrodsburg Stockade

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

boy described his experiences as a hobo, and a girl described her life in her mountain home.

They were all very eager to compare pronunciations with me, and decided that I was incapable of pronouncing "butter" and "low" correctly. Their pronunciation, on the other hand, struck me as unusually correct.

If I had my time over again, I should certainly choose Berea for my university. A sight that I shall not quickly forget was that of a group of twenty girls in cornflower-blue tunics playing in the quickly fading light among the trees under the hills.

The first white settlement in Kentucky was in 1774 at Harrodsburg, and I saw there the reconstruction of the first wooden stockade ever built in this State against the Indians. The wooden spiked fence rises about twenty feet above the ground and protects a square enclosure of half a dozen log cabins and block-houses. It was so exactly like a scene out of *Treasure Island* that I kept on looking round for Long John Silver. It is amazing to think that it was occupied as recently as 160 years ago. Just outside the Fort is a memorial to George Rogers Clark, who floated down the Ohio from Pittsburg in 1777, with 180 men, and captured Illinois from the British.

Kentucky certainly specialised in brave pioneers, who delighted in taking on whole nations single-handed. General John Morgan was one and Hogan

A MODERN COLUMBUS

another. And it is always to be remembered that this is the birth-place of Abraham Lincoln.

What you probably know best about Kentucky is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and "My Old Kentucky Home". I have heard few people sing "My Old Kentucky Home". At this moment everyone here is singing quite another sort of song. It is called "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" I wish I had time to sing it to you.¹¹

I seem to be telling you very little of my impressions. What have I discovered up to now?

That the Americans are most courteous and hospitable; that they have a very much better road-sense than we have; that their women are beautiful, walk superbly, and are invariably well groomed; that everyone under twenty roller-skates in the streets, and that everyone over twenty wants to; that the whole place is electrically alive, bursting with energy and full of immense potentialities; that they will give almost anything to be amused, have an odd liking for roasting themselves alive indoors, and a whole-hearted dislike for adverbs, prepositions and certain letters of the alphabet.

I cannot think that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would altogether approve of their pronunciation of Florida, Carolina and Squirrel, but as Will Rogers says that the trouble with Britishers is that they haven't the slightest idea how to speak English, their pronunciation is probably right.

Good night!

NOTES

1. General reductions in the fares between Great Britain and Ireland and the United States are announced by the Transatlantic shipping companies.

It is expected that the improvement in the value of sterling will assist the development of tourist travel from Great Britain to the U.S.A. and Canada. The pound sterling, worth at this time last year only 3 dollars 40 cents, now buys 5 dollars 10 cents. Hotel and other expenses the other side of the Atlantic have been considerably reduced. Visitors will obtain exceptionally good value for English money.

The White Star Company announce a reduction of 10 per cent. in their rates of all classes of bookings in Great Britain and Ireland

Majestic: First class £44; tourist class £24 5s., third class £17.

Olympic: First class £42 5s.; tourist class £24 5s.; third class £17.

The *Georgic* and *Britannic*: Cabin class £31 15s.; tourist class £22, third class £16 10s.

Laurentic: Cabin class: £28 15s.; tourist class £21 15s.; third class £16 10s.

Rates for the higher accommodation are similarly reduced, and a first-class room with private bath on *Majestic*, which previously cost £53 5s., can now be obtained for £48 10s.

The White Star Line have arranged a number of their sailings during the seasonal period, on a quick-return basis, enabling a visit to New York, and other cities to be made in less than three weeks.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

A new phasc of the cruising idca is being developed by the Cunard Company by linking up an unusual series of short holidays in the United States and Canada with their regular Atlantic services. Ranging from five days to three weeks, the diversity of the trips is astonishing. There is a nine days' aeroplanc tour from New York, costing no more than £33; a cross-Continent tour from New York to the Pacific Coast, taking in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Hollywood, and returning by the Grand Canyon and Niagara, occupying three weeks; and there is a five-days' itinerary of the "high lights" of New York. New areas as far as tours are concerned, are the oil and cotton fields, and the textile districts. The favourable exchange rate means that holidays in the United States have never been so cheap. As an illustration, a holiday-maker leaving in the *Aquania* or *Berengaria* could stay for five days in New York, and return to this country in little over a fortnight, and the entire holiday, including hotel accommodation, sightseeing trips and return tourist ocean fare would cost him little over £50.

All classes of ocean travel on the North Atlantic by Canadian Pacific liners benefit by this reduction in fares. The reduction is effective upon both the present "off-scason" schedule of fares, and the forthcoming slightly higher scale of fares for the summer scason.

For example, the former minimum first-class fare of £48 10s. for westbound passage by the *Empress of Britain* to Canada is now reduced to £44 for the "off season" and summer fare first class by the *Empress of Britain* is reduced from £50 15s. to £46 5s. minimum.

Other *Empress of Britain* westbound fares are reduced in proportion: tourist class, former "off-season" minimum of £26 10s. coming down to £24 5s., and third

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

class, £18 15s. being reduced to £17. In summer these fares will be. tourist, £25 10s., instead of the former £28 5s. and third class £17, instead of £18 15s.

Reduction of rates by the *Empress of Australia* makes the present minimum fare first class £31 10s., instead of £34 10s, tourist fare £21 15s, instead of £23 15s., and third class, £16 10s., instead of £18 5s

These reduced tourist and third-class rates apply to the Canadian Pacific *Duchess* liners as well as to the *Empress of Australia*. The present cabin-class fare on *Duchess* ships is reduced from £32 15s. to £30.

For the summer season the first-class fare by *Empress of Australia* will be £33, instead of £36 5s Cabin-class fare by *Duchess* ships of the Canadian Pacific fleet will be £31 10s., instead of £34 10s.

Cabin-class fares by Canadian Pacific *Mont* liners will be for the present £26 5s, instead of £28 15s., and in summer £27 15s. instead of £30 5s.

Tourist-class fare by *Mont* ships will be, now, £21, instead of £23, and in summer £22 instead of £24 5s. Third-class *Mont* liner fares west bound will be £16, instead of £17 15s at present, and this rate will be unchanged for the summer season.

The United States lines and the American Merchant lines have announced a 10 per cent reduction on all rates from Southampton and Cork to New York, also effective from to-morrow.—*Sunday Times*, 25th March, 1934.

2. The Newport-News James River Bridge, across the mouth of James River, is 25,271 feet in length

From the engineering standpoint, the construction of this bridge was without parallel. It is built on concrete piles 24 inches square, some of which are 115 feet

A MODERN COLUMBUS

in length and weigh 35 tons, a length and weight hitherto unattained in bridge piling. The work on this bridge was begun on the 7th of January 1928, and it was opened for traffic on the 17th of the following November.

More than 100,000 barrels of cement, over 100 miles of reinforcing metal, and 26 miles of thirty-inch steel "I" beams were used in the construction

3. Hitch-hikers are men usually young and well-dressed, sometimes girls also well-dressed, who walk slowly along the high roads of all the States, and hold up their hands at the approach of all cars going their way, hoping for a lift. They seldom look down-and-out like our tramps, more like undergraduates or mill-hands. Their objective is anywhere but the place that they have left.

Usually they carry their belongings in a very small brown paper parcel.

They no longer succeed in getting lifts as a general rule owing to the fact that some of them have taken advantage of the kindness of their helpers by beating them on the head, throwing them out of the car and making off with it.

4. Mr. Stonaker of Pueblo, Colorado casts doubt on this.

"O.K. by me. I surrender to you by telling you that I enjoyed your first radio talk from Louisville.

"But I was taught in school that Lord Cornwallis surrendered to somebody and it was not Lafayette."

5. Barbecues are wayside sandwich-bars, with glaring signs "Bar-B-Q", "Eats", "Hot Dog" (sausage between long rolls), where they sell sandwiches made from hot pig.

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

The food is always fresh, palatable and cheap, and everybody patronises them

You do not have to enter the bar. An attendant brings out your sandwich and places it on a tray which he temporarily fixes to the window of your car.

You can often get food at the gas filling stations. I was much struck by the fact that whenever we pulled up for petrol the attendant automatically cleaned the wind-screen, and filled the radiator as an act of courtesy.

6. When President Roosevelt took office on 4th March 1933 not even his most enthusiastic and loyal backers could have foreseen the miracle that he has wrought within so short a time.

Everybody told me before I went to America that he would have crashed before I got there.

I had only to meet him to realise that the likelihood of his crashing is small. The courage with which he faced the physical disability of infantile paralysis which overtook him at the age of 42 and made him quite helpless on his feet is of the same rare order with which he has tackled the problems of his crippled country.

He is always accessible, entirely friendly, completely determined—a born leader of men.

He has restored the national morale and taught his fellow countrymen the duties of citizenship. When I saw him first he was holding one of his Press Conferences. All the newspaper men surged round his desk, standing over him while he gave out items of news and then submitted to their questions.

I saw detectives passing to and fro in the garden behind his window, and two men smoking cigars stood behind him in the room.

But his manner was familiar, his eyes twinkling with

A MODERN COLUMBUS

humour, the lines of his mouth set when he had to rap out a concise "Ycs" or "No." He is one of the most reassuring people whom I have ever met and certainly one of the friendliest.

My conversation with him ran mainly on Scotland, the shooting of grouse, and the state of the United States' Ambassador's health.

But I was with him long enough to be won completely over to his side.

He seems to have no personal pride or prejudice. He is simply the voice of the American people, determined to win out of a very bad hole.

I have heard him broadcast. In fact, once having heard him I never missed any of his speeches. He says more in less time, in a clearer, more concise way than any other speaker I know. He looks good. He sounds good. He is good. And his people undoubtedly believe in him whole-heartedly.

He is not under any illusion that he can cope with his problems single-handed.

He has depleted the universities of all their leading professors in economics, agriculture and other branches of research in order to keep by his side in Washington the leading experts in every subject that he is called upon to handle.

But he is the voice. He knows how to present his case to the nation so that they will listen and accept his rulings. And there is a ring of sincerity about certain of his sentences that is Cromwellian.

Nobody who has met him could fail to wish him well.

In all cinemas his voice is greeted with obvious pleasure. Nearly everyone listens when he talks on the radio, and the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen hold him in reverence for his fearless tackling of

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

a fearful problem. They like a man who is not afraid to try the wildest experiments; if he brings them off he will take his place in their affections with George Washington.

7. The Mount Vernon property was purchased for the nation largely owing to the efforts of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, and to-day both the grounds and the mansion itself are preserved as far as possible in exactly the state they were in when the first President and his wife lived there.

The foundation walls of this graceful building are of stone and brick; the framework is of oak; the sheathing Virginia pine, treated to resemble stone; and the whole is surmounted by a roof of red cypress shingles.

Two short colonnades, one on either side of the main structure, connect it with several frame-buildings housing the kitchen, laundry, spinning-house, and so on.

Throughout the interior great care has been taken in the restoration: for instance the wallpaper in the bedroom in which the President died in 1799 is a careful copy of the original pattern.

There is something very homely about this room. The simplicity of the furnishings, the plain white quilt on the slender columned four-poster bed, the arm-chair (that belonged to his mother) brightly upholstered, the simple hardwood chairs, all contrast with the austere beauty of the furnishings of the other living-rooms.

One comes upon this homely touch quite unexpectedly in the family dining-room, for beside the ornate fireplace, with its iron fireback bearing the Fairfax coat of arms, stands the plain wooden high chair provided by Mrs. Washington for her little granddaughter Nelly Custis.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

A specimen of Nelly Custis's needlework is to be found in a tambour frame in Mrs Washington's sitting-room, while her harpsichord and Washington's flute are to be seen in the music-room.

The greater part of Washington's library is now housed in the Boston Athenaeum, but a few scattered volumes have been collected and placed on the original shelves. It was here in the mansion library, that I came upon *several rubbings of brasses of the Washingtons in England.*

As was the custom in the President's day, his room was closed after his death, and the widow chose for her own an attic room on the third floor, because from its window she could see the tomb in the grounds where her husband's body lay.

There are numerous relics that have been collected together—four of Washington's swords, a chair presented to him by Lafayette, the shotgun he sometimes used, his military chest, and a cup "Presented to General Washington by Agricultural Society of South Carolina as a premium for raising the largest Jackass 1790."

Despite the fact that Mount Vernon is virtually a museum, it contains so much of the spirit of the past and is being so well tended that I could not help but feel that it is a happy house—a living house.

It is thronged with visitors throughout the year, and is to America what Malmaison and Versailles are to France.

8. Washington is easily the best-planned city in the States and probably in the world

All its avenues converge like the spokes of a wheel on the Capitol, which forms the hub or axle.

Its Union Station is a magnificent building made

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

entirely of granite rocks with Roman triumphal arches.

The Washington monument is like a larger Cleopatra's needle. Lifts go up 500 feet, and then you get out and wander round looking through the windows down on the wide, winding Potomac River, across to General Robert E. Lee's home at Arlington, while below lies the network of the white glittering city.

Arlington is interesting because it is the burial-ground of all the great national heroes who fell in the various wars. There is a huge granite mausoleum containing the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the battle of Bull Run. At Arlington Mansion lived Martha Custis, the young widow who married George Washington. It was one of her descendants who married Robert E. Lee.

There is a glistening white Roman amphitheatre in the grounds, and just outside it a very simple, square block of marble, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who fell in the Great War, guarded always by a sentinel.

This stands on a hill overlooking the Potomac and Washington. The other outstanding memorial in Washington is the huge temple containing the statue of Abraham Lincoln and tablets containing the Gettysburg and Second Inaugural Addresses.

The union of the States is expressed in a colonnade of thirty-six columns, and on the wall above the colonnade are inscribed the names of the forty-eight States of the Union to-day.

The columns are forty-four feet high, and the largest of their kind in the world.

In Rock Creek Churchyard there is a very striking bronze statue of St. Gaudens, a mysterious veiled figure sitting with hand on chin, entitled "Peace of God".

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Among the other imposing buildings is the Library of Congress, the largest in America, containing 4,500,000 books and a famous collection of manuscripts. This is a very highly decorated building, full of marble of all colours and carvings everywhere. The reading-room resembles that at the British Museum, except that it is much loftier.

The Folgar Shakespeare Library has a more pleasing exterior by reason of its simplicity.

There are many art galleries, the most famous being the Corcoran and the Freer, where there is a good collection of Whistlers. The National Museum is at Washington, and there are several universities.

The White House bears some faint resemblance to Carlton House Terrace. It is two-storied, with a four-pillared portico. The Capitol has a vast dome in the centre like St. Paul's on a much grander scale and is flanked by Government buildings.

The inauguration of the Presidents of the United States takes place upon the grand portico which is 160 feet wide and has twenty-four columns.

Events in the life of Columbus are illustrated in the great bronze door panels.

In the Rotunda are fine paintings of the Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Resignation of Washington as Commander-in-Chief and the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia.

A hall is devoted entirely to statuary of notable men and women of every State.

In the Hall of Representatives the seats are arranged in concentric half moons under the Speaker's raised desk. It bears some resemblance to the Senate Chamber on the other side of the Capitol. The President of the

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

Senate is always the Vice-President of the United States. Next comes the Supreme Court Chamber, the only court where the black silk gowns of the English judiciary are worn. And near by are all the executive departments—the Treasury, War, Navy, Post Office, Agriculture and the rest, all occupying vast and most imposing modern buildings.

The National Cathedral, where Woodrow Wilson is buried, is not yet finished, but it will certainly rank among the great cathedrals of the world.

The domestic architecture of Washington is also extremely attractive. Many houses stand in their own grounds among the trees. All are spacious, and particularly those of the foreign embassies.

9. Mr. Janmouille, of Watermael, Belgium, points out my ignorance of London:

"Re your first talk from the New World. Have you never been in Leicester Square? You could find a 'Snacketeria' there in full swing. Lest you might ignore it, there have been Cafeterias in operation in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and Kew Gardens for at least one year. These, however, are only serving tea-time commodities."

10. Henry Clay, statesman and orator, was born in Virginia in 1777 and died in Washington in 1852

At the age of 22 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention in Kentucky; at 34 he was Speaker to the House of Representatives.

He did much to promote the war with Great Britain in 1812, and became Secretary of State in President John Quincy Adams's Cabinet.

His oratory was of a perfervid, passionate, imperious

A MODERN COLUMBUS

type, rather than logical. In private his nobility of heart and unfailing courtesy made him one of the great popular heroes of his day.

His name is mainly known to Englishmen by the very excellent and expensive cigar called after him, just as our King Edward is now probably remembered most vividly by the younger generation in the United States by reason of the very popular brand of cheap cigar that is called after him.

Margaret Cuthbert made her first flight in an aeroplane advertising the King Edward cigar while I looked on from the aerodrome at Jacksonville, Florida.

11. Here is a song from Kentucky

THE SWAPPING SONG

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I kept upon a shelf.

*Wing wong waddle,
To my jack-straw straddle,
To my John faw saddle,
To my long ways home.*

The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,
I had to go to London to buy me a wife.
The lanes were so long and the streets were so narrow
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,
Down came the wheelbarrow, little wife and all.
Swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
Then I rode from cross to cross,
Swapped my horse and got me a mare,
Then I rode from fare to fare.
Swapped my mare and got me a mule,
Then I rode like a dag-gone fool.
Swapped my mule and got me a cow,
In that trade I just learned how.

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY

Swapped my cow and got me a calf,
In that trade I lost just half.
Swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
Then I rode myself to sleep.
Swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
Oh, what a pretty thing I had then!
Swapped my hen and got me a rat,
Put it on the haystack away from the cat.
Swapped my cat and got me a mole,
Dag-gone thing ran straight to its hole!

II. FLORIDA

II. FLORIDA

20th October, 1933.

GOOD EVENING! Before leaving Kentucky I drove 400 miles to see the Mammoth Cave. That's the sort of distance Americans do drive in a day to see things.

"Mammoth" is the right word.

You can, if you feel like it, walk for 150 miles underground on five different levels, and during that time you will pass eight cataracts, three rivers, two lakes, and one sea.

As the usual limit of a walk for an American is about 150 yards, I don't suppose that many people have walked the whole length; and as in any case, like all mad dogs and most Englishmen, I prefer walking in the mid-day sun, I contented myself with a route tactfully described in the guide-book as suitable for cripples, the aged, and those pressed for time. This was a short stroll of about four miles, the longest and certainly the strangest walk I have yet taken in America.

Clothed in convicts' overalls and with miners' lamps in our hands we descended into the black depths, and crossed the rivers of Styx and Lethe, looked down the Bottomless Pit, and were rowed with bowed heads along the green Echo River with the dripping, clammy vaults of limestone close above us, and ghostly sounds ringing through the endless

A MODERN COLUMBUS

hollow caverns. Even the drips made a grisly echo. We were then 360 feet below the surface.

We wandered through vast halls so lofty that I couldn't see the roof even when the guide threw a flare on to a shelf to illuminate it. I squeezed through long sinuous, snake-like passages well-named "Fat Man's Misery", as narrow as our stone stiles in Derbyshire, and scrambled up from the bowels of the earth on a corkscrew ladder where I was made to realise the full meaning of not having room to breathe, and why people get claustrophobia.

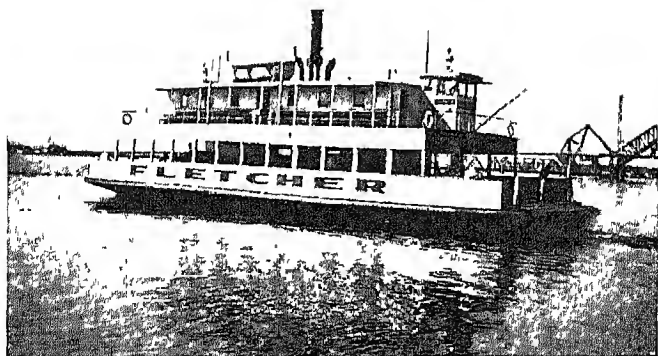
But what impressed me even more than having to squeeze my way along these narrow paths was the sight of wicked-looking toadstools, light brown crickets which hopped but made no noise, and white transparent crawfish,¹ born without eyes, which darted away in the water as we approached. The temperature was almost oppressively high.²

On the way back from this trip we ran out of petrol in the middle of a forest, and the other occupant³ of the car seemed uncertain whether we were more likely to be hugged by a bear or attacked by a wild-cat. There I learnt the full meaning of the words "forest stillness". I haven't often wished for more noise over here, but I did then.

On the other hand, during my 1,000-mile train journey the next day through Georgia⁴ I had enough noise to last me the rest of my life. This was a very different train from the "George Washington".



FLORIDA
Crocodiles in St. Augustine



FLORIDA
The Ferry at Jacksonville

FLORIDA

All through the night a child screamed, the engine played alternately on its bells and its hooter, chains clanged—golly! how they jolt when they start and stop, these trains—my next-door neighbour snored, and, finally, *that ghastly siren, which has to be heard to be believed*, roused me to look out at a village hut on fire.

I spent the next day gazing under grey skies on a vivid red and mauve clay soil with a never-ending succession of cotton-fields, the plant looking very like white rose bushes, tall pine trees from which the turpentine oozed into tin cans, bright green-leaved sugar-cane, and tall pecan trees.⁶ What few houses there were, were all grey, wooden, one-roomed cabins, raised on bricks some four feet from the ground.

Every time the train stopped I made a dash for air by descending on to the side of the line, only to be driven back by hosts of mosquitoes.

At each one of these wayside stations a coloured girl in a pink cotton frock and large golden ear-rings would be sauntering along the track, and two or three coloured boys in enormous floppy straw hats, bright blue shirts and dark blue mechanics' overalls would be lolling about on trolleys. Nobody seemed to have any work to do.

The train was more or less empty except for one man, who, by a happy coincidence, came from Derbyshire.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

We whiled away the time talking of our respective homes until at 8.45, after a journey of twenty-two hours, I crossed the Swanee River, and stepped into an entirely new world at Jacksonville, Florida.

My first impression was of a magnificent railroad station, almost comparable with that at Washington.

Then I emerged into a brilliantly lit city of fine sky-scrapers. In the middle stood a park of palm-trees, wild olives, and oaks, under which rested men in white shirt-sleeves, and girls in light summer frocks. Overhead a mocking bird was singing a song indistinguishable from that of a nightingale.⁶

In a few minutes I was looking down on this park from the window of a luxurious hotel bedroom, with fans going over my head, trying to keep cool. Remember that this was about 9 o'clock on an October night. It was my first experience of the tropics, and for a few hours I felt as if I had been shut up in an overheated greenhouse.

But on the following morning I was taken by the manager of the hotel (there's courtesy for you) to a very handsome store and entirely refitted. In a few minutes I was convinced how extremely unsuitable even the thinnest of English clothes are for Florida.

Very quickly I discarded my English vest, shirt, socks and suit, and stood once more in comfort, and probably for the first time in my life well-dressed, in a six-guinea suit. The sun came out, a breeze got up, and I felt completely acclimatised.

FLORIDA

I was then presented by the Mayor of the city with a bathing-dress (I hope the Mayors of Blackpool and Brighton are taking notes on this) and driven along a glorious highway over thirty feet wide, lined with palm-trees, tall pines, and oaks festooned with the graceful fleece of grey Spanish moss, which looks like an old man's silky beard; past swamps in which were growing Canna lilies and golden-rod, to Jacksonville's beach, which is surely one of the grandest bathing-beaches in the world. It is thirty miles long and 650 feet wide, and entirely composed of fawn-coloured sand as hard as concrete. Cars were dashing up and down at such a furious speed that I needed no further proof that it was as good as Daytona.

The sight of the grey Atlantic gave me a quick pang of homesickness, but I felt better after bathing in its warm surf. It was the warmest water I have ever bathed in.

Tiny sandpipers ran quickly along the edge of the waves, a white crane stepped delicately past, and a fish-hawk with grey underwing flew overhead with a good-sized fish held in its claws looking like the under-carriage of a Zeppelin.

There were stucco and wooden houses along the sand-dunes, palm-trees and feathery sea-oats, but we did not get the full tropical effect until we drove on through the jungle towards St. Augustine, when an alligator darted across the road just in front of the car.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

We stopped and took its photograph while the driver fanned it with a palm-leaf.

A small boy passing on a bicycle almost fell off in his excitement, and after saying, "Gee whiz. You folks stopping around? I'll go get a gun and shoot him," disappeared like a streak into the blue.

He was as near Huckleberry Finn as doesn't matter. I keep on meeting Huck Finn at every turn.

I am still uncertain whether alligators are as common here as rabbits are with us, but this one certainly showed a desire to fight, and hissed venomously out of his huge, fleshy mouth.

The 'gator's method is to spring past you and flick you with its tail as it goes by. This breaks your leg, then he bites and rolls over and over, biting all the time.

As its speed is greater than that of a galloping horse I felt glad that this one decided to be lazy.

Within five minutes of leaving the alligator we passed an open car filled with men with guns looking for other game to kill.

There are bears, deer, panther, rattlesnakes and all sorts of amusing things hidden in the thick palmetto scrub, but we saw nothing more ferocious than wood-doves and Marsh tackies, small wild horses left by the Spaniards.

All the same, the notices that trespassers would be prosecuted seemed unnecessary.

FLORIDA

Mile after mile we passed nothing but palmetto-scrub-covered sand-dunes on the ocean side of us, and more low-lying impenetrable swamps on the land side.

Suddenly in the distance I caught sight of the spires of St. Augustine. Seen over the flat green jungle they looked to me just like the spires of Oxford.

St. Augustine is one of the most interesting towns in America,⁷ for it was here that the Spaniard Ponce de Leon landed in 1513, and the day being the Feast of Flowers he named the land of his discovery Florida. Fifty-two years later, on 28th August, 1565, another Spaniard, Menéndez, also landed here, and established the first permanent settlement in the United States. Soon afterwards it was looted and burnt by Sir Francis Drake. The whole State of Florida was bought by the United States in 1821 from Spain for 5,000,000 dollars.

There is a grey square sixteenth-century Spanish fort, the only medieval fort in America, of a stone called coquina, which is made of thousands of small shells. This fort, which guards the mouth of the river, is of the kind I associate with Beau Geste, all quadrangle, dungeon, and high broad parapet looking out on a land of palms.

On the sea-wall below, coloured men and women sat pulling fish out of the river as fast as they could throw a line.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

I sauntered among streets as narrow as the street of Clovelly, and every other white house displayed notices claiming itself as the oldest house in the United States. One, the Spanish Inn, claimed the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott as client or owner, I forget which.

I contented myself with inspecting a couple of these "oldest" houses and was amazed to find both filled with museum pieces that had nothing to do with St. Augustine, and little but age to recommend them.

But I wished at their wells, stood under their banana trees, and accepted money-leaves to make me rich.

Everywhere grew the scarlet hibiscus, which all Hawaiian girls use to decorate their hair, and lovely pink oleander. One glistening white convent with brilliant red shutters was covered with purple and yellow creeper.

Under the shade of the Market Square, where slaves used to be sold, coloured men lay lazily watching white men throw horse-shoes about twenty yards over an upright iron post. I felt as if I were in Spain, Minorca, or Morocco; anywhere but America.

Porpoises rolled in and out of the estuary and shrimp boats sailed to and fro.

On the south side of the river I saw an alligator and ostrich farm with 6,000 alligators, varying in

FLORIDA

weight and age from those weighing a few ounces at a week old to monsters 1,000 years old weighing 1,000 pounds. The young ones are lively, wasp-like in colour, and croak; the middle-aged hiss; and the old ones lie, with jaws wide open, as still as logs of wood. Apparently they only breathe twice in twenty-four hours, or is it years?⁸

They were only separated from me by a tiny fence about three feet high, and the guide told me that if he failed to keep them supplied with water they would be out in a flash.

Even as he spoke a few took ungainly but distinctly menacing efforts to reach him, but after a step or two sank down exhausted. "They know my voice," he said.

I saw as many rattlesnakes as I want to see, and a man curing the skin of one about twelve feet long. I was warned not to offer pearls to the ostriches; I photographed a giant black and scarlet spider in the heart of his web; I caught a chameleon and watched it turn blue as it ran over my suit, and then went on along an absolutely deserted coast road with the roar of the breakers on one side and the stillness of the jungle on the other, to Daytona Beach where Sir Malcolm Campbell makes his speed records.

This is a place of gay hotels and fine holiday homes with a lagoon as well as the sea, and on three sides has tropical jungle. But otherwise it reminded

A MODERN COLUMBUS

me partly of the south shore, Blackpool, and partly of the coast of Cumberland near Seascale.

Some distance farther down the Atlantic coast lie Palm Beach and Miami, where money has been prodigally lavished to beautify artificially what was already beautiful naturally.

Those who can afford it spend their winters basking in Miami's sunshine.

The road that runs north from Miami—known as U.S.1.—is one of the finest in the world, and extends up the coast for 2,500 miles.

I drove up this road on my return journey to Jacksonville. Part of it runs along the old Spanish Trail, the oldest highway in America.

I did this at night, and had the luck to strike a quite amazing sunset. After the sun had descended into its bath of pure gold a massive dark-grey blanket of cloud tinged with flame unfolded itself to the south, and over the black ocean rose vast high pillars of cloud of snowy whiteness. The sky overhead turned slowly from turquoise blue to blush rose and then imperceptibly to scarlet, picking up the colour of the hibiscus flower. Darkness fell quickly, and the sky became studded with stars of a peculiar brightness. There was an intermittent spark here and there of fireflies among the thick trees like the eyes of watching animals, a long line of *creme de menthe* green lights from railroad signals, sweeping arclights scanning the skies for aeroplanes and the sea for ships,

FLORIDA

twinkling red lights warning us of railroad crossings, and a yellow boomerang notice to warn us of a coming curve. Occasionally giant buses hurtled past in a blaze of red and green lights, and once half a dozen huge black forms swung slowly over our heads out to sea.

"Pelicans," explained our driver.

In the very loneliest parts of the jungle groups of coloured boys would be standing by the roadside, and very occasionally we would pass a pair of lovers wandering along with arms round each other's waists.

And so at length we came back to Jacksonville, and the view of it, seen across the St. John's River by night with the lights of its sky-scrapers reflected in the water, impressed me even more than my first view of it seen from the station.

Jacksonville is the kind of city I like best, for it is not only busy but beautiful, and proves that industrial efficiency can go hand in hand with loveliness.

It is both a great seaport and an ideal holiday resort, as I discovered the next morning when I was taken in a boat up and down the water-front.

First I saw the industrial quarter, the boats laden with grape-fruit bound for Liverpool, the Clyde passenger steamers bound for New York, clipper-ships from the South, and craft of every kind from rowing-boats, in which coloured men sat fishing, to

A MODERN COLUMBUS

white steam ferry-boats and grey grim revenue cutters of the United States Navy.

On the surface of the black water floated thousands of isolated mauve hyacinths, a never-ending garden of flowers that die as they reach the salt water.

Below the Dixie Highway Bridge that spans the river lies the residential quarter, where large country houses, of every type of Spanish, English and American architecture, of stucco, of timber and of stone, stand on raised banks under the shadow of huge palms and pines fronting spacious smooth lawns that stretch down to the water's edge. The river here is almost four miles broad and makes a perfect lagoon for sailing yachts and landing scaplanes. It is tree-fringed in every direction as far as the eye can see.

They certainly know how to live, these Floridians.

Before I came to Florida I had been struck by the number of people who were suffering from extremely bad coughs due to living in overheated houses. During my week in Florida I have only heard one cough, and that came from the thousand-year-old alligator.

I didn't know what good food was until I came to the United States, and the farther south I go the better it seems to get.

Last night I dined in a tiny log hut at Mayport near the river mouth where the first French Huguenots under Jean Ribaut landed in 1562, and my

FLORIDA

hostess, who had, it is true, graduated in domestic science at the University of Georgia, produced the most delicate assortment of vegetables that I can remember, notably avocado pear with citrus, sweet potatoes with raisins and marshmallows, and hominy, a huskless Indian corn.

And they certainly are good-lookers. The more I see of these Southern girls the more I wonder what they do with the ugly ones.

Now what have I learnt about America this week?

That they never use a knife where a fork will do⁹—I find that I am reduced to spreading my butter and guava jelly with a spoon; that they never swear;¹⁰ that they call the letter Z “zee”, they pronounce Miami “Myammer”, and Cincinnati “Cin-cinatter”; that ticket-collectors don’t bother to keep on punching your railroad ticket, but just take it from you at the start, and that’s that; that until I arrived they had never seen an Englishman who didn’t smoke, or eat Worcester sauce with everything; that their inability to say “yes” is due to nervous exhaustion in hot weather; that you can’t get a meal at a country hotel after eight o’clock; that they just don’t know the meaning of the word “noise”; that they love anything strange; that they like heavy candelabra; that they don’t know the meaning of fear; that they are accustomed to travel not only vast distances in the flesh—all of them seem to cover

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Europe at least once a year—but also travel vast distances in the mind.

I listened to some boys and girls in the local high school letting themselves go about Lycidas and Longfellow. Everyone I meet manages to combine a splendid local patriotism with a well-informed and well-balanced attitude towards international politics.

Near Miami there is a town called Brighton, and it lies between the towns of Arcadia and Utopia.

That Florida should contain not only Brighton but Arcadia and Utopia seems too rich a share of good things for any one State, but I have certainly seen nothing more Arcadian than these bird-haunted, riotously coloured, richly scented glades of orange groves and royal palms, of magnolias and bougain-villæa.

I have never been nearer Utopia than in this happy, smiling, prosperous city of Jacksonville, and it has the added merit of sharing with my own town of Brighton the faculty to produce a sun that always shines and a breeze that always blows.

Good night!

NOTES

1. I bought one of these crawfish (or do you call them crayfish?) home with me. As I was doubtful whether it would stand the journey alive I had to have it preserved in alcohol

2 The Mammoth Cave is not an isolated specimen. The whole country-side is undermined with passages and caves, many of which in former times were worked for saltpetre. Some of these caves are of great interest on account of the prehistoric remains that have been discovered in them—though, oddly enough, few traces of human occupation have been found in the Mammoth Cave itself.

A Mr. McLean bought the cave for forty dollars in 1811, but since then it has passed through a number of hands.

There are four recognised tours, each with a fascinating title—(1) Echo River, Pits and Domes, (2) Olive's Bower, Star Chamber and Gothic Avenue; (3) from the Star Chamber to Violet City; and (4) to the Maelstrom and Hovey's Cathedral. During the course of each tour the guides stage a display for the benefit of visitors—such as playing a tune on a row of stalactites of unequal length, or arranging elaborate and surprising lighting effects

There is a "Church" where the saltpetre miners used to hold services, and a strangely shaped stalagmite, "The Old Arm Chair", where Jenny Lind sat and sang a song. A colony of consumptives formed a "village" there in 1843. The doctors of the time thought that the even temperature and pure air (they are proud of the pure air in the cave) might produce a cure.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

These poor creatures actually tried to make trees and shrubs grow in the eternal darkness round their huts. But the trees did not grow and the cures never materialised.

3. I was really taken aback by the genuine terror of the young woman with whom I was left alone in the car.

Her husband went off to find a gas station, and he was away nearly an hour

By this time his wife was quite certain that he had been shot, and when I suggested the simple plan of stopping a passing car either to ask for petrol or a lift she was nearly petrified with fright.

"They'll either shoot you for trying to hold them up," she said, "or, seeing that we are defenceless, will hold us up."

I believe she was already beginning to hide her rings and money under the seat when a young mechanic came back with a tin of petrol and filled up for us

4. Georgia is probably mainly known to us by the song "Marching through Georgia."

It was the last of the English colonies to be founded in America and was called after George II. It was founded by General Oglethorpe as a refuge for poor debtors.

It was in Georgia that Cranford Long administered the first anaesthetic, that the first state university was founded, and the first college for girls, Wesleyan, in Macon, was started in 1836.

It was from Savannah that the first steamship sailed across the Atlantic.

But what I liked best about Georgia are its "crackers". I certainly met a good one.

FLORIDA

5. Pecan is a small nut sold usually by boys and men in five-cent paper bags all along the roads and on the football grounds.

Every mile or so in the Southern States are wooden stalls full of the most appetising fresh fruit and nuts.

6. In the country of Audubon I naturally expected to find great interest in birds and great variety.

I first heard the mocking bird in the trees below my bedroom window in Jacksonville, Florida, and I mistook it at once for the nightingale. It sings with equal sweetness and it sings at night. I am told that at times its notes are harsh and unmusical. Whenever I heard it, it was in tuneful mood. It is a grey bird about ten-and-a-half inches long with a long tail tipped with white.

The bird that I learnt to recognise most quickly and love most was the blue pinon jay. Its blue is electric, its tail is usually tipped with white. Its note is a two-syllable whistle or discordant scream. It is very destructive.

One of the best-known birds in America is the whip-poor-will, which has long bristles, a black chin, and chestnut and black barred wing feathers. The whip-poor-will keeps on whistling throughout moonlight nights. It does indeed sound like "whip-poor-will."

One of the loveliest of American birds is the Kentucky or Florida cardinal, a beautifully plumaged bird of complete scarlet and with a lovely warble.

The scarlet tanager is equally brilliant of hue, with a song like that of a robin.

The humming birds hang with whirring wings suspended before a blossom, then dart their long bills into

A MODERN COLUMBUS

the flowers. They have a furious temper and throw themselves like a bullet at intruders. They twitter and squeak very excitedly and fly very fast.

The commonest bird is the chicken-hawk, which resembles a giant buzzard.

At night I saw many pelicans flying overhead, and there were wild duck everywhere.

7 St. Augustine was old before the Spaniards came. There are a number of mounds in the vicinity made from the bones and shells thrown out from the homes of a prehistoric people, the largest covering an area of about thirty acres with an average height of twenty feet. Shell implements have been recovered that are considered to be at least 6,000 years old.

When the white man first came there was a large Red Indian village here, and a member of Sir John Hawkins' expedition that visited the spot in 1565 wrote:

"The homes of the Indians are not many together for in one house an hundred of them do lodge. They being more like a great barn and in strength not inferior to ours, for they have stanchcons and rafters of whole trees and are covered with palmetto leaves; having no place divided but one small room for their king and queen."

In 1564 three Huguenot ships entered the natural harbour, and the commander, Rene de Laudonniere, subsequently wrote:

"I pray God continually for the great love I have found in these savages."

The descendants of these Indians are a few roving Seminoles.

FLORIDA

The early history of St. Augustine is full of wars and massacres. The settlement was attacked by French, English and Indians in turn over a long period, and the river came to be called "Matanzas", which is "The River of Blood". Later, pirates continually harassed the coast, and it was not until 1825 that an expedition of the United States Navy under Commodore David Porter put down this latter menace for ever.

Something of the grim history of Fort Marion can be guessed from the following extract from a statement made by a resident of the city in 1932:

"My father, John Capo, a soldier in the Spanish army, stationed at Fort San Marco, broke through the sealed door of the secret dungeon in 1833. In this dungeon he found a large cage made of iron bands; in this cage were the bones of three humans, a clay pipe, a sole of a shoe, and an empty bottle which had no doubt contained water."

To-day this horrible dungeon (it is twenty feet long and seven feet high) is lighted by electricity and ventilated by an electric fan, yet only a limited number of visitors are allowed in at a time for fear of suffocating them.

8. These alligator farms are springing up all over the place owing to the fact that the wild alligators of Florida have been hunted almost to extinction.

The ostriches at St. Augustine are about six to eight feet high and weigh some 300 pounds, and they are fed on grass and grain, with an addition of stones, bits of iron and glass to help digestion. These birds often live to the age of 70, and lay about ten or twelve eggs in a season. The nest is a hole scraped in the sand.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

9. First they cut their meat up into small slices as if they were carving it up for a dog. Then they carefully lay their knife aside, put the fork in the right hand and manipulate all their food with the one hand.

It looks to me very awkward, but they regard our method as not only awkward but unnecessary

10. The only approach to an oath that I heard was "Well, I'll be hornswoggled."

This absence of swearing would seem to indicate that oaths are a sign of a stagnant, unimaginative meagre vocabulary, and that a new race inventing fresh words and phrases all the time have no need to have recourse to oaths.

One of the ways by which the American recognises and lampoons the Englishman is by his oaths.

11. THE FLORIDA BOOM

In 1925 everybody was speculating in real estate in Florida. I saw some of the results of this boom; isolated, derelict, pretentious stone gateposts leading straight into a swamp in the jungle.

Everywhere among the sand-dunes I saw old notice boards reserving this plot and that, but so far as I could see most of the promised land was either filled with palmetto-scrub or was a submerged saw-grass plain covered with water, known as everglades, lovely to look at, but not exactly promising to build on. I can well understand the crowd rushing to live in Florida. I can less well understand a nation ready to speculate in real estate that they have never seen and that is neither an estate nor real.

FLORIDA

12. Immediately after my broadcast I received the following letter. Unfortunately I was not able to include Nebraska in my tour.

"HON. S. P. B. MAYES.

"PALMER, NEBRASKA

"HONOURABLE SIR,

"It is a boundless presumption on my part to address a letter to you, knowing how precious is every moment of your time and realising that I am only 25 years against your many of travelling and learning. Nevertheless I am bound to presume.

"It was my pleasure to hear you speak from Jacksonville, and I want to commend you on the thrilling way in which you tell of your impressions of our America. To me it was the most enjoyable of radio talks that I have ever heard. I will look forward with much eagerness to your broadcast from New Orleans.

"Mr. Mayes, I only want to insist that you have never begun to see America until you have visited and lived in the small middle western towns of Nebraska. Out here, where 'life is real and life is earnest', there is an abiding something that is truly American. Here is yet abiding the family spirit of love and tenderness one for another. Here we meet our sorrows bravely and share our joys mutually. Here we feel ourselves children of the Almighty and co-workers in an eternal plan. Our times are in His hand who said, '*whole* I planned.'

"Aye! to be sure there are no bright lights, no avenues of palms, no ocean to fill us with a spirit of power; for we cannot all live in Jacksonvilles. But we do have a matchless Nebraska. Nebraska has that something, truly American, that others dare not equal. We have our rivers, our hills, our canyons, our prairies, but above

A MODERN COLUMBUS

them all we have our 'just folks.' You have never seen America until you have seen the family life of the middle westerners of Nebraska

"Sunset along an ocean, drives from a powerful motor on a paved highway is one thing. Wait until you greet the dawn across one of our Nebraska hay meadows. You will stand elad in blue denim overalls, and jacket, a milk pail swung on one arm and the scent of Nature's new-mown hay in your nostrils. You will drink deeply of life, you will look out upon what is truly American and say with us, 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.'

"May I be presuming again and insist that you by all means come and visit our Nebraska. Condescend to spend a few days in our home that we may guide you throughout real 'Americanism'. We promise that you will gain something that you will never be quite able to put into words on an N.B.C. hook-up."

III NEW ORLEANS

III. NEW ORLEANS

27th October, 1933

GOOD EVENING! The train by which I travelled from Jacksonville to New Orleans, another jump of 1,000 miles, was a through one, and provided me with a comfortable bed, but, very oddly, carried no dining-car. It obligingly stopped thirty-five minutes at Pensacola for breakfast, and twenty-five minutes at Mobile for lunch. It also stopped at a hundred other stations for less obvious reasons.

It gave me ample time to get used to the Gulf of Mexico, along the marshy fringe of which we dawdled pleasantly for the better part of a day.

When we weren't looking out over miles and miles of yellow-green irreclaimable swamp we were crossing low bridges over wide stretches of yellow water.

Everywhere coloured men sat fishing from grey wooden boats.

After twenty-two hours of this we arrived at New Orleans, the city of tremendous contrasts.¹

On getting out of the train I was almost blinded by the gay lights. All day long I had been looking out on desolation. Where there had been houses they had been tiny ramshackle wooden cabins on stilts liable to be blown away by any gust of wind. Now I found myself looking down a street wider than Princes Street, Edinburgh, more brilliantly lit than Oxford Street, and as busy as Regent Street.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

This was the world-famous Canal Street, which is 170 feet wide. Obviously, I thought, a city, like New York, built on granite.

But New Orleans is not a place to guess about. You always guess wrong.

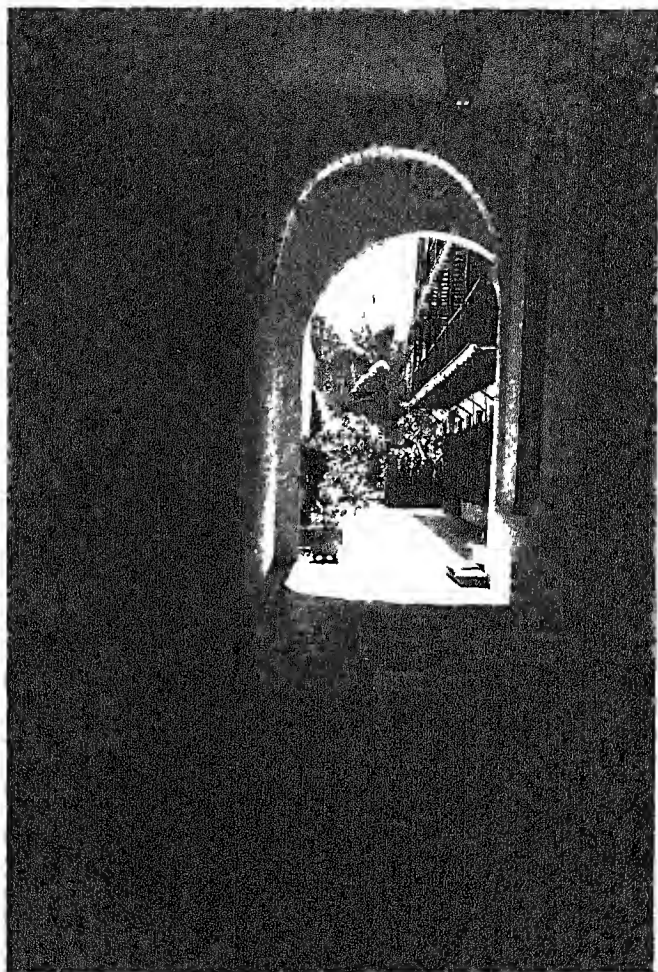
The miracle about New Orleans is not so much its beauty or its size as the fact that it exists at all.

It is not built on granite. It is built on a swamp, and the width of its fine streets is due to the fact that the green ways down the middle that look like fine town-planning cover what used to be canals. Buildings occasionally sink in the swamp and have to be rebuilt. They cannot even bury their dead underground. They lie above the ground in stone sarcophagi.

The city is almost encircled by the grand "Ole Man River" Mississippi, and only by a very skilful arrangement of levees, or raised banks, is the river prevented from sweeping away the whole place. It is all a magnificent triumph of mind over matter.

You may well wonder how it ever came into existence.

It was because the French, having secured the northern territory of the Mississippi about 2,500 miles away, decided to acquire its southern outlet as well. So in 1718 Sieur de Bienville claimed the land and founded this city, 110 miles from the river mouth, for France. But no sooner had the Ursuline



NEW ORLEANS
A Courtyard

NEW ORLEANS

nuns brought over from France girls suitable to become wives for the colonists than the country changed hands and Spain ruled for about forty years. It then returned to France for a year or two until 1803, when the whole State of Louisiana was bought by the United States from Napoleon for 15,000,000 dollars.

Now this series of quick changes provides the reason for another set of vivid contrasts.

It accounts for the extraordinary differences in physiognomy, artistry and architecture.

In one street you will find stately brick Georgian country-houses covered with wistaria and jasmine, standing among smooth lawns, shaded by cypress, oak and pine, and just round the corner the same untidy wooden shacks that you see in the remote country.

There are whole tribes of people here who are totally different in every way from the citizens of other States.

There are the beautiful Creoles, the pure descendants of the old French and Spanish aristocracy; there are the Cajuns, the trappers and fishermen in the bayous who speak a French patois and supply the world with fur; there are the Acadians exiled from Newfoundland, living among the rice-fields and sugar plantations; there are the coloured people who have also acquired a patois. It is the most heterogeneous population in the world.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

If you want a sense of quick contrast, turn suddenly out of Canal Street, with its typically modern American stores, barber-shops, boot-cleaners and shoe-shops, into Rue Royale. Within five seconds I found myself back in old Rouen, a narrow lane of shops and houses with tall, green shutters, and balconies above of superb filigree ironwork where boys and girls were whispering across the street under the moonlight.

I peeped through dark passages into magnolia-scented courtyards where fountains played.

I wandered round a studio where Degas had once painted, and watched young artists trying out their prentice hand.

I ate Creole dishes, gumbo made of oysters, shrimps and chicken, and bouillabasse in a restaurant that might have stepped out of the Boul' Miche. They take their food very seriously here, and it is not only rich and rare, but cheap.

In the little theatre I watched young actors give a convincing interpretation of a workshop play. I saw the house in which his rescuers hoped to house Napoleon if they ever got him away from St. Helena; I passed old duelling grounds and slave markets, the opera house where Jenny Lind sang, and the apartments in which Walt Whitman wrote, and then with another quick turn of the screw found myself drinking coffee out of a thick white cup and eating doughnuts at a stall in the French market with the

NEW ORLEANS

fruit-carriers lying all round us, heads on arms, fast asleep after the day's work. This was exactly like Covent Garden.

And here's another contrast for you.

The night before last I was taken out to a neighbouring parish, and danced to a band as good as any in the land and then watched one of the slickest cabarets I have ever seen. In an adjoining room there were enthusiasts playing roulette. It was all very like *Le Touquet*, except for the fact that the casino was cool and that only the women were in evening-dress.

And last night I attended a church service in which about a hundred coloured men and women gave a most moving interpretation of "Heaven Bound", as near an Elizabethan morality play as ever I saw.

At the top of the aisle stood a crude depiction of the golden gates of Heaven, behind which sat the saved in white robes and golden crowns, bearing palms in their hands. On the right was a door festooned with red paper and marked "Hell".

One of the saved stood calling out a description, and then from under the gallery a lonely coloured pilgrim would come slowly singing down the aisle, while a most realistic and plausible Devil in red tunic and tights would dart out of Hell and bar the pilgrim's way, trying to entice him from the straight and narrow path.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Among the lures used by the Devil to tempt the pilgrims were jewels, cigarettes, copies of *Vogue*, frocks, whisky, dice, a guide to auction-bidge, lottery tickets, a chicken, and kiss-proof lip-stick.

He nearly misled a blind girl with scent, and struggled with St. Peter at the gate for a frail old man, each clutching one leg.

More often than not he had to retreat, puzzled and beaten, but three of the pilgrims, a hypocrite, a gaiety-loving young girl, and a wavering young student, out of a total of twenty, fell to his bait and ended in Hell.

The singing was, as I expected, rhythmically perfect, and varied from "Poor Old Joe" to the hymn "Yes, Jesus Loves Me" that I last heard sung in Chinese by a children's mission on the sands at Woolacombe. The acting was so good that it was not acting at all, but as grand a manifestation of simple faith as *The Pilgrim's Progress* itself.

And remember this was taking place in the city of the great pre-Lenten Carnival of Mardi Gras, the gayest thing in the United States.

A city may well claim to be cosmopolitan that not only gives reminders of its earlier Indian population in its place-names, Tchoutchouma and Teloupitoulis, but even goes out of its way to call its streets by the names of the Greek Muses. In five minutes I passed the streets called Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene, Terpsichore and Calliope, though I feel that the

NEW ORLEANS

inhabitants pronounce them rather differently from the Greeks.

But New Orleans is not only very old and very cosmopolitan. It is also very new.

It is one of the most up-to-date and thriving cities in the United States.

Here's a contrast from the old French square for you.

I spent a morning looking at New Orleans from the Mississippi, and was soon made to realise her greatness as the second port in the United States.

Drawn up alongside her ten miles of fine wharves, which are all raised on piles, partly of steel and concrete and partly of wood skilfully made fireproof, I saw ships flying the flags of all nations from Great Britain to Honduras, loading and unloading as fast as they could great bales of cotton, some compressed to thirty-two pounds to the cubic foot, bales of yellow sisal, used for binder twine, crates of bananas, and bags of coffee. I also saw barges full of sulphur and lumber.

The ships can all draw up alongside the mighty grey steel transit sheds, for the water shelves at once to 30 feet and in the middle descends as deep as 200 feet.

And even here I got a sense of contrast, for alongside these great freight steamers stood the old-timer three-decker, broad, white-painted river-steamers,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

with one wooden paddle astern and two tall thin black smoke-stacks, a sight that made my heart leap when I first saw them because of their intimate reminder of Mark Twain, who once piloted these Mississippi river-boats.

One of the handsomest of these river-steamers, the *President*, all garlanded with flags, now makes a nightly voyage up the Mississippi and provides dinner and dancing on the trip for an inclusive charge of less than a dollar. Everything here is cheap and good. In my hotel you can dine for half a crown and dance without extra charge to a quite outstandingly good band.

I drove for miles through the wharf warehouses, watched coloured men carrying bunches of green bananas into yellow freight trains, and heaved a desperate sigh of homesickness for the North of England as I smelt in the largest cotton warehouse in the world that cotton smell that I always associate with Rochdale, Todmorden and Wigan.

From the river I drove straight out to the new airport on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, a stretch of water occupying 600 square miles. The airport takes up 3,000 acres of perfect landing-ground just reclaimed from the lake. I went over the Administration Building, which is about as big as St. Paul's, decorated with ultra-modern mural carvings, drove along four one hundred-foot wide runways, each of which is 3,000 feet long, and has a layer of white

NEW ORLEANS

crushed oyster-shells on the top of the asphalt to make it visible in the dark. Even the giant hangars are air-conditioned.

I then went over Tulane University, world-famous for its medical school and its collection of Mayan relics, marvelled at the beauty of Newcombe and watched cases being tried in the New Central Criminal Court, which has the advantage of having courts that are lofty and light. Counsel are not handicapped in America by having to wear wig and gown, and witnesses are allowed to sit.

There is so much to see in New Orleans—I've still not seen her grand Cathedral—that I only made two expeditions into the surrounding country.

The first was across the Mississippi by ferry—there is no bridge as yet—to the lonely bayous or tree-fringed creeks of Barataria, once the home of Lafitte² the privateer or pirate who helped Andrew Jackson to defeat the English, and now the haunt of trappers and fishermen who live in house-boats or wooden huts on the banks of the bayous. They sell the pelts of musk-rats for fur, and shrimps and crabs and oysters by the million. This is a place of buried treasure, pieces of eight and doubloons hidden in the sands and all that.

The roads in this area are made of crushed oyster-shells and are bumpy and dusty.

The bayou country is as flat as fenland, and not unlike the Norfolk Broads. The main differences lie

A MODERN COLUMBUS

in the trees draped with Spanish moss which I saw being gathered and carried on their backs by coloured men for the making of mattresses; and in the birds. I saw a scarlet cardinal and a multitude of blue jays among the cypresses and oaks, and, to my intense surprise and joy, about half a dozen swallows. I wonder if the last swallow has left England yet.

My second expedition was to New Iberia, the Evangeline country of Acadia, a most romantic and beautiful country about 170 miles away.

During this journey we passed through miles of sugar-plantations, some of which was being cut, so I got out of the car and watched the process.

The cane, which is purpley-brown in colour, grows to a height of about twelve to fifteen feet and is surmounted by a topknot of huge green leaves. The coloured cutters, in blue shirts, use sharp matchets, the sort of hatchet that a butcher uses to hack meat, and lops each cane twice, once at the root and once at the top.

While I was watching, the overseer rode up on his horse, picked up a piece of cut cane, stripped it and cut me off two pieces to cat, one from the top, the other from the bottom, and asked me to compare them.

"You'll find the bottom one twice as sweet," he said. I did.

For the next year's crop they plant the cane



LOUISIANA
Sugai-cutting



LOUISIANA
Sugai-cutting

NEW ORLEANS

horizontally about a foot deep in the ground, and there is a seed about every six inches from which a new cane grows.

I learnt to my surprise that a slight frost is needed to make the sugar-cane ripen. I had not associated sugar-cane plantations, rice-fields, banana-trees and orange-groves with frosts, but I have already discovered how cold it can be even in this hot country, as you can probably tell from my voice if you can hear me at all.

New Orleans' only unpleasant contrast has given me a roaring cold.

I watched the cut cane being hoisted on to the mule carts by derricks, then emptied into the railroad trucks or driven straight to the refining factory, a mill of tall, thin black chimneys, and red corrugated iron sides where the cane is pressed, and the sugar refined until it is ready for use in the shape that you and I know it.

The pressed canes, once discarded as useless, are then turned into the insulating wall-board known as Celotex.

Close by these sugar-plantations ran a bayou, with grey wooden houses on either bank, and coloured men plying pirogues (canoes cut out of one piece of tree and very easy to capsize) paddled lazily by, some with cargoes of Spanish moss, others with a fishing-line.

At a village called Patterson the car broke down,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

and to while away the time I drank Coca-cola in the local stores.

While I was doing this a very old man bent almost double came in, and putting a bunch of dried-up white herbs on the counter burst out into a torrent of French, in a patois that I couldn't follow at all. Having traded it for some food, which he put in the bottom of a sack, he went away.

When he had gone I asked the man in the store what the herb was.

"I can't tell you the English for it," he said, "but it's a grand tea to cure colds."

I wish I had some of it now.

"There's grand power in these herbs," the man went on. "My boy had the bone-sickness and was wasting right away and the doctors could do nothing, but an old lady bathed him in grass and water, and he's as well as I am."

He took off his blue hunter's cap.

"You see my head?" he said. "A few months ago it was covered with what you call the ringworm. The old lady washed it three times with herb water, and my hair all came back."

When I got to New Iberia, which is full of fine old red-brick planters' mansions, I caused a good deal of surprise by trying to buy a copy of "Evangeline". Obviously all good Louisianians know the poem by heart. Anyway, no one had tried to buy a copy for years, and they didn't stock them.

NEW ORLEANS

You remember her I hope, that maiden of seventeen summers.

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside," and also I hope you remember her love "Gabriel Lájéunésse, the son of Basil the blacksmith." And how the Acadians, exiled from Nova Scotia in 1758, wandered from city to city, "From the cold lakes of the north to sultry Southern savannahs" and settled in this Acadia in Louisiana, where they still remain and still speak French.³

I looked in vain for Evangeline's oak, but at Avery Island I saw the exact spot where the film of Evangeline was made, and I also saw something far, far more interesting.

Avery Island is owned by Mr. MacIlhinny, who grows his tabasco on top of the salt-mines. It is an odd thought that sugar, salt and pepper all come from the same district. But his great pride is his private botanical gardens (the largest in the United States) and his bird sanctuary.

He showed me the Indian soap-tree laden with the small yellow berries that the Indians use for washing clothes, the sacred banana-tree of Arabia, stained, according to legend, with the blood of our Lord, and the sacred orange-tree of Japan given to him by the Emperor. He led me through groves of bamboos, through gardens of camellias and azaleas in full flower, and allowed me to pick for myself the first

A MODERN COLUMBUS

orange I have ever picked from a tree. It was the sweetest I have ever eaten. I also picked my first yam, a small potato that grows on a tree,⁴ and I encountered my first bear. It behaved very pleasantly, rolling over on its back like a spaniel waiting to be tickled.

At sunset Mr. MacIlhinny took me to an open space in front of his house, and I watched snow-shower upon snow-shower of homing egrets of all sizes floating easily down from the sky.

"They'll all be gone in a few days," he said, "but they'll be back on the first north wind in March."

He showed me one solitary black bird among the white.

"That's the anhinga, the most primitive bird there is. It is almost a reptile, with claws for climbing trees, and long-necked like a cormorant."

Heron flew over, and in the distance a pencil line of wild duck made their way to the marshes. As the light faded there was a cosy rustling of wings and subdued bird-noises like a rookery settling down for the night broken only by an odd, cow-like noise.

"That's a zebra," said Mr. MacIlhinny.

And even then I was not done with strange contrasts.

Just along the road we stopped to ask the way from a young, very neatly dressed, good-looking girl standing by the side of the road. She shook her head,

NEW ORLEANS

smiled rather wanly, and pointed to her suit-case and a small white terrier that was guarding it.

"I'm from a long way off," she said. "I'm looking for a lift."

Another heaven-bound pilgrim.

A girl hitch-hiker.

Good night!

NOTES

1. The old city, Vieux Carré, comprised eleven squares fronting on the Mississippi and five squares back from the river front. During the second year of the occupation the settlement was covered by flood waters, and the colonists began the business of raising levees which has been going on ever since.

A hurricane destroyed the church, the hospital and thirty of the hundred houses in the town in 1723.

In 1726 the Capuchin Convent was built, and in 1728 the Casket Girls, a group of young girls carrying cassettes or little trunks as *troussaux* came over from France to remain under the care of the Ursulines until they could obtain suitable husbands.

There was an insurrection among the Natchez Indians in 1730 and 1732, and for the next seven years war was waged with indifferent success against the Indians by Bienville.

In 1762 Louisiana was transferred to Spain, and the next year the Jesuits, who had introduced the cultivation of sugar-cane and indigo, were expelled by order of the Pope.

The Spanish domination lasted for about forty years after Don Alexander O'Reilly had put the Louisiana martyrs (those who desired to restore the French rule) to death. On Good Friday 1788 a fire destroyed practically all the Vieux Carré, including the church, convent, town hall and most of the houses. In 1791 there was an incursion of French Creoles escaping from the slave insurrections in the West Indies.

In 1794 there was a further disastrous fire, and in 1800 Louisiana was transferred once more to France and in 1803 sold to their even greater indignation to the United States.

NEW ORLEANS

In 1815 the city was saved from the British by Andrew Jackson and the pirate Jean Lafitte of Barataria. In 1821 there was an abortive attempt to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena and give him sanctuary in the Vieux Carré, and in 1827 the first Mardi Gras was held and Marie Laveau, Queen of the Voodooos, was born.

In the Civil War the Federal fleet under Farragut sailed up the Mississippi and captured the defenceless city. There followed a reign of terror under General Benjamin Butler. And on 14th September, 1874 the white citizens wrested the state government from the oppressor.

The historic interest of this city is not easily exhausted. And it wears its history with an air that seems to have been carried over from France almost wholly unaltered.

The atmosphere of the Vieux Carré is the atmosphere of Rouen. The atmosphere of Canal Street is of the newest America.

It is all very exciting, for the wonder is how a city of such tall sky-scrapers can possibly stand on a foundation of marsh and swamp. Churches do, I understand, occasionally fall down.

New Orleans is essentially the city of gaiety.

I was taken to one speak-easy, a very roomy country house fitted up with a superlatively excellent bar, and drank an inimitable gin fizz made from a secret recipe by Ramos. Its main ingredients, so far as I could judge, were rich milk and eggs beaten into a glorious froth with the gin. There was a touch of lemon in it as well.

Immense pains were taken by the mixer to get it perfect. It isn't in the least intoxicating. I drank half a dozen glasses after my broadcast talk and felt a new man.

Another drink over which immense pains are taken is

A MODERN COLUMBUS

mint juleep. I had this in Washington and the main point of this drink is to get the glass all frosted with ice

I was tactless enough to rub all the mist off and try to warm the glass with my hand.

No one looked reproachfully at me as they would in England if I had committed a similar gaffe.

Mint juleep is attractive to look at because it has a sprig of mint planted through the ice. It is made of Bourbon whisky.

Even when I turned from a carefully prepared "apple-jack" made from fermented apple juice, brandy, and absinthe, which I scarcely tasted, to an "old-fashioned" sweet drink made of sugar, whisky and cherries, nobody shivered and exchanged sinister glances!

As I drink usually to get warm if I am cold, or to revive myself when tired I am poor company for the connoisseur. I used to get a doctor's prescription for rye whisky from the chemist. I didn't like it. It was very expensive. But it kept me going.

The beer, which contained only two per cent, of alcohol, I found quite undrinkable. I preferred Coca-cola, which is a liquorice-coloured, syrupy-tasting, non-intoxicating, but stimulating drink, very pleasant in hot weather.

On Christmas Day I drank Californian champagne, and liked it. Why it is not more popular I cannot think, unless it is that snobbery insists that champagne must come from France. But as Americans are the least snobbish race in the world that cannot be the reason.

2. One tomb in the Cathedral, that of Dominique You, Jean Lafitte's pirate finger-man, contains this inscription:

"He who lies here is a brave man, who will face the

NEW ORLEANS

judgement and the destruction of the world without batting an eye."

Every Decoration Day an unknown man places on this tomb a sprig of acacia, the sign of Freemasonry.

3. A letter printed in the *Listener* contained the following:

" . . . My third and strongest complaint is against Mr. S. P. B. Mais. In the third of his *Modern Columbus* series entitled 'In Arcadia', he refers, with appalling incorrectness since it comes from him, to that part of the States in neighbourhood of New Orleans as the 'Evangeline' country of Arcadia. It is unfortunate that he was unable to buy a copy of 'Evangeline' there, for had he done so he would probably have discovered his error. The 'Evangeline' country was not Arcadia but Acadia, and it is located in Nova Scotia in Canada. If Mr. Mais has read the poem he will not remember any reference to swamps and sugar-canes in it. A perusal of Longfellow's own notes in the Oxford edition of his work will verify this.

"J. H. HOLLOWAY

"EDMONTON, ALBERTA."

I never said Arcadia, nor thought of saying Arcadia, and if Mr. J. H. Holloway had withheld his pen for long enough time to think, he would have realised that the *Listener* recording of my broadcast talk mistook my pronunciation. I did my best to say *Accadia*, but I was talking from a long way. Mr. Holloway has forgotten the poem. If Mr. Holloway will read it again, or perhaps the first time, he will see Evangeline's connection with Acadia, Louisiana.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

To prove to Mr. Holloway how easy it is for the *Listener* to misreport a name or phrase I would ask him to refer to the Ambassador's introduction as reported in the *Listener*, where the famous epitaph on the defenders of the Alamo reads: "Thermopylae had its *majesty of death*, the Alamos had none", which exactly contradicts what the epitaph really did say which was: "Thermopylae had its *messenger of defeat*, the Alamo had none."

In a later issue of the *Listener* Mr. Holloway's letter underwent other criticism:

"Your Canadian correspondent, Mr. Holloway, in your issue of January 3, makes some pedantic criticisms of some of your recent contributions. May I add some British pedantry in criticism of him and in defence of your unhappy contributors?"

"Mr. Holloway maintains that 'nite' is a common American spelling for 'night.' If it is, then I am surprised not to have met it in a single American newspaper or advertisement in any of the six States which I have so far had the pleasure of visiting. If the word exists at all in America, then it exists only in that dim underworld of distorted English inhabited by advertisement-managers and their progeny; it may belong to the hideous brood of which 'koolquik', 'sox' and 'ecsiclite' are members. Still, even so, I have not met it. Again, he maintains that 'in America' roads are not called 'parkways'. Unfortunately they often are, for I recently drove along at least three which were specifically so called on large notice boards. True enough the term 'parkway' refers usually to the wide and spacious avenues especially planted with trees and grass borders which lie on the outskirts of towns, and not to main arterial roads. For these the term 'turnpike' or just 'road' is usual. But 'parkway' means road right enough Mr. Mais

NEW ORLEANS

certainly slipped in confusing Arcadia with Acadia. But Mr. Holloway does no better when he tells us that Acadia is in Nova Scotia. In fact Acadia was the name given by French and British to the area that covered New Brunswick and Maine as far south as the River Penobscot in central Maine. Whether Nova Scotia was ever included in the administrative area of Acadia, to which the French appointed governors, is extremely doubtful

“STANLEY CASSON.

“BRUNSWICK, MAINE”

4 John Royal took the trouble to cable me from New York asking me how I managed to pick my yam from a tree in view of the fact that it grows on a plant.

He forgot that it is a climbing plant like ivy, and that it certainly climbs trees.

In Chicago Natural History Museum you can see it growing on a tree; the exact replica of a yam in glass, celluloid and fibre shows it in its climbing mood.

5 Here is a verse of a typical Creole song in the strange clipped French of the country:

POV' PITI MOMZEL ZIZI

Z'autres qu'a di moin ca yo bonheur,

Et moin va di, ca yo peine;

D'amour quand poté la chaîne,

Adieu, courri tout bonheu!

Pov' piti' Momzel Zizi!

Pov' piti' Momzel Zizi!

Li gagnin bobo, bobo, bobo,

Li gagnin doulé, doulé, doulé,

Li gagnin doulé dans coeur à li!

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And here is a negro song from the sugar plantations:

JAYBIRD

De Jaybird jump from lim' to lim',
An' he tell Brer Rabbit to do lak him.
Brer Rabbit say to de cunning elf.
"You jes' want me to fall an' kill myself"
I loves dem shorten gals!
I loves dem shorten gals!
O have mercy on my soul!

6. After this talk I received the following letter from Miss Wilson of Crossville, Tennessee:

"I hope your travelcasts or travelogues will help your countrymen to think of America in terms of something other than New York, Hollywood, millionaires, skyscrapers, slang and gangsters. Thank you for having such a fair, understanding and appreciative attitude towards the things and people you see. Your style in describing your experiences is fascinating, too.

I wonder if you will come through this section, or were you here before we discovered your programmes? I should like to hear your reactions to these mountains where we have lived for several years. If you miss this, you miss a fast-changing phase of American life that is different from any you have yet seen. While in some ways this is as modern as the rest of the U.S.A., yet in others it is from five to fifty years behind the times. The language is almost a different one, in the more remote places, including such things as 'hit' for 'it', 'holp' for 'help' (do you recognise any of Chaucer's or Shakespeare's English? The purest Anglo-Saxon blood in the world is said to be here); 'fitified' meaning 'subject

NEW ORLEANS

to fits'; 'clever' meaning much the same as 'kind' or 'hospitable'; 'shifty'—rather hard to translate, but practically the same as 'versatile', 'penitentiary'—a verb, the same thing as 'incarcerate'; 'proud'—'glad'; 'much'—a verb meaning 'to show affection for'; 'master' (adverb)—'exceedingly'; 'care', meaning 'dislike' or 'object'; and many others, including 'hit-lick' for 'to strike a knock-out blow.'

"Then there are the superstitions: the belief in 'dew-poisoning' which is supposed to result from getting dew in a wound; the belief that the blood of a black hen or a black cat's tail will cure certain diseases, the fear that if a baby's finger-nails are cut before it is a year old disaster will follow it—and many more

"Christmas is rather different here, too. It is the time for fireworks (seldom heard on patriotic days)—a relic of plantation days, when negroes tried to make as much noise as possible. If one gives the greeting 'Merry Christmas,' few people here know what to say. The traditional Southern greeting is 'Christmas Gift'. You see, in the old days everyone, but especially the children and negroes, tried to be the first to say it when meeting their friends, and the slower one was then supposed to give some small present to the other. The phrase is still used, though gifts are no longer expected.

"Moonshiners are still plentiful here, and one may still see a few knife-scarred feudists, though feuds are mostly *passé*. Of course guns and fights are not half as common as many stories would lead one to believe. Many of the people are as fine and cultured as traditional mountain simplicity, traditional southern courtesy and modern education can make them, and many of them are just like people you find anywhere—as good and as bad, in every way.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"Oh, I must tell you of one more local custom. In some places certain 'triflin' (worthless) men are put on a list of unmentionables, and during the part of the year (here it used to be between the semi-annual hair-cuts of 'Soapy John') whoever mentions the names of those men has to set up the crowd—furnish soft drinks for everyone who hears the name.

"I surely hope you will come here. The scenery is beautiful in a quiet, lonely way—especially in spring and fall. You would enjoy seeing the quarry from which part of the stone used in the R. C. A. Building in Radio City was taken, too.

"As for rattlesnakes, one man in this country (which, by the way, was named for the Duke of Cumberland), once offered to make me a necklace from the rattles of the snakes he killed in one summer! Don't you have them in England?

"By the way, there are many people who do not have radios in their cars, many who do not have cars, and a few who are scarcely familiar with either radios or cars."

IV. TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

IV. TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

3rd November, 1933

GOOD EVENING! Last Saturday in New Orleans I saw my first game of American football. It was a glorious, hot, sunny afternoon, and the sight of the smartly dressed college girls in summer frocks promenading before the match on smooth lawns with trellis-work of rose-pink vines reminded me of Ascot. There was brilliant colour everywhere, from the Tulane University Band in their uniforms of soft green with flying cloaks of vivid blue to the bright auburn jerseys of the opposing side.

While the colour and smartness reminded me of Ascot the excitement and the game reminded me of the Oxford and Cambridge Rugger match.

Undergraduates in white stood on platforms, and led songs, college-cries and hand-clappings, and green caps were thrown wildly in the air as they finished a chorus of "Horse and Wagon" or "John Brown's Body".

The singing and cheering went on with hardly a pause throughout the game, and the cheer-leaders must have been even more exhausted than the players, for the game itself is made up of a long series of pauses and rests, punctuated by wildly exciting rushes that last perhaps for five seconds.

I found it intensely thrilling to watch this battle of heavily padded giants fighting to gain an inch

A MODERN COLUMBUS

herc and a foot there, through an almost impenetrable barrier of superb tacklers—thrilling, and partly comic, for at the end of every staccato stab and thrust there is an interval, during which the attackers run back a little, form a huddled circle with heads together, whisper the next move to be adopted, and then form up for another rush.

Every pass, kick and tackle was greeted by a wild roar from the crowd, which spent most of the time on its feet; and at half-time there was a sort of Lord's promenade of old boys who sang the songs of their university.

It was all very like the Varsity Rugger match played staccato on a hot day.¹

I spent the rest of Saturday with Hagenbeck's Circus. In the early morning, shortly after dawn, I breakfasted in the mess-tent, one half of which was occupied by the men who put up the tents—they had tin mugs and no table-cloth—and the other half by the performers, who drank out of china cups and ate off pink table-cloths.

The whole of New Orleans turned out to watch the parade of elephants, clowns and caged beasts through the city during the morning.

At night I saw the performance.

In the side-shows tent there was a giant weighing forty-five stone fast asleep, next door to a little woman very much awake who weighed two stone. A very cultured man lectured to us about a petrified



SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
The Governor's Palacc

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

corpse that he wanted us to see. But the crowd were more excited by the sight of a Scots family in kilts playing bagpipes. This was far more wonderful to them than the counter-attractions of snake-charmers, fire-eaters, and Siamcse women with giraffe-like necks encased in brass coils.²

The circus itself was, like everything else I'm seeing in America, on a mammoth scale. In fact, there were three circuses going on at once, but easily the finest thing about it was a young man called Clive Beatty, who, having gone out of his way to rouse a cage containing ten lions, two bears and six tigers to fury with whip and revolver kept them all at bay armed only with one light cane chair.

That was the most hair-raising thing I've ever seen in a circus, though the sight of a young girl high up in the roof hanging only by her wrist and turning over and over sixty-four times was scarcely less enthralling.

And the pea-nut eating audience waxed just as enthusiastic over the circus as the Coca-cola drinking audience had at the football game.

I left New Orleans at 10.40 last Saturday night by an extremely comfortable train called the "Sunset Limited", and spent Sunday crossing Texas. This was my first experience of the prairie. I passed vast oil-wells, and lonely ranches where cowboys in huge hats were tending cattle. There seemed to be turkeys everywhere.

I passed a succession of neat, white German

A MODERN COLUMBUS

villages, and on all sides a wide, open space of scrub-covered prairie, the earth of which was sometimes red, sometimes a parched yellow, and occasionally black.

Its surface was covered with feathery tamarisk, mesquite trees and the green spade-like cactus, which unluckily was not in flower. In the spring the land is covered with Texan bluebonnets, like our bluebells, and yellow and red cactus flowers.

And when, in the middle of the broiling afternoon, I arrived at San Antonio I found the most moving and colourful ceremony of the Festival of Christ the King taking place in the Mission of the Conception attended by about 8,000 worshippers.

San Antonio has five of these Missions, three miles apart, each a striking example both of the faith and architectural artistry of the early Spanish Franciscan friars who built them.

In 1836 Travis, Bonham, Bowie, Davie Crockett and their faithful band of 178 followers defended one of these Missions, the Alamo, for twelve days against the Mexicans, and then died fighting, thereby rousing their fellow-citizens to fight for Texan independence.

You can best gauge Texan history from the fact that she has served under six flags.

These Missions are now in ruins, but the exquisite carved windows, curved arches, and beautiful square bell towers still remain.

And to make up for my missing the bluebonnets I

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

saw the blue morning glory in a cactus garden growing on the yellow walls of the Mission.

San Antonio, which was for some time the home of "O. Henry", is one of the most enchanting cities I have yet visited, not least because of the beauty of its Spanish architecture.

The Spanish Governor's Palace, built in 1720 and very skilfully restored by the Conservation Society, is one of the most satisfying relics of old America, and it is typical of the houses in this area.

It was a most refreshing change after the grey wooden frame-houses to come to these one-storied, flat-roofed, yellow houses, which from the outside look like Moroccan forts with their horizontal projecting black, wooden gutters looking like guns. The windows are protected by square iron grilles, the doors are of thick, carved cedar-wood, the walls are two feet thick, the rooms cool, lofty and dim, with stone flags, and shelves let into the walls, and glorious hearth fireplaces with long, tapering chimneys like fools' caps. And everywhere there is filigree iron-work of most delicate design.

These houses are mainly built round a patio or open courtyard with a fountain in the middle and huge yucca-trees topped with porcupine-like quills, banana-trees, and the feathery *la ratama* which grows wild all over the place.

But San Antonio's fame is by no means confined to the old and historic.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

It is the Aldershot and Cranwell of the South, for it contains not only the largest military barracks in the United States—in one of them I actually saw peacocks and deer having a siesta on the parade-ground—but at Randolph Field has the largest Air Force Training Centre in the world.

Randolph Field was a real eye-opener to me of military efficiency.

I was taken over the whole place by Colonel Martin, who showed me 2,300 acres of perfect landing-ground. Each of the officers has a detached house built on the Spanish flat-roof principle with a spacious garden.

There is also a theatre in which new films are provided each day.

I was most interested in the Cadet College. Each cadet has a combined bedroom-study, the north and south walls of which are almost entirely made up of open window-space to enable him to keep cool.

Indeed, Randolph Field, together with the football game that I saw on Saturday, provided me with a convincing proof that the younger generation here is being trained on as sound a line as anyone could desire, both physically and morally. They are a grand lot, these young undergraduates and flying-men.

San Antonio has also a great deal of beauty. There is, for instance, its magnificent war memorial, the Municipal Auditorium capable of holding 6,000

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

people, and as fine a type of modern architecture as you could wish. In Brackenridge Park, which extends for 540 acres, I found not only a free golf course, free polo ground, free grids where picknickers may light fires and cook meals, and a free open-air sunken garden theatre, but also a free zoo with bear-pits and an island for monkeys, cut out of natural rock.

In the reptile garden I saw rattlesnakes crawling over each other, huddled up in corners, and being stirred to rattle by a completely fearless keeper who wandered among them poking some with a cloth-bound stick and picking up others in his unbandaged hand.

He had been bitten the day before by a young rattlesnake.

I stood on a bridge a few feet above and listened to these snakes rattling their tails, and the noise is just like that of a cicada or a very loud grasshopper. Some were coiled up ready to strike, but they all seemed to think better of it, and subsided into coma as the keeper passed on. I watched two snakes actually sloughing their skins, which they do by crawling out of it like a girl taking off a silk stocking. The keeper, by the way, comes from Rhyl.

And as an example of what San Antonio has to offer in another direction, I spent the evening in the Mexican quarter, where I sat eating highly seasoned Mexican dishes in the open while side-whiskered,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

dark-eyed men musicians sang Spanish songs to me accompanied by guitars.

After exactly two days in San Antonio I continued my journey in the "Sunset Limited" on Tuesday at 3 15, and spent the hottest afternoon of my trip sweltering and looking out of the closed carriage-window on to more and more miles of cactus-covered prairie, trying to distinguish the juniper from the mesquite and the ratama from the sage, while the rest of the passengers, mainly composed of a football team going to San Francisco (they think nothing of going 1,000 miles each way to play a game here), whiled away the time reading Herodotus and medical treatises, playing patience, and having their hair cut. I passed one ranch reputed to be 1,000,000 acres in extent.

At 8.30 on Wednesday morning I got out of the train at El Paso, and found to my astonishment that I was in a land of mountains where the wind blew cold and rain was falling.

America is certainly the country of quick contrasts.

Here were dark women walking about swathed in black shawls and film stars in furs and trousers.

Above me on the mountain-side lay silver, copper and gold mines. This is the Texan school of mines, the Camborne of America.

At my feet the shallow green water of the great river, the Rio Grande, wound its way towards the Gulf of Mexico along its broad bed of yellow sand.

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

On the other side of the bridge lay the Republic of Mexico. The authorities kindly allowed me to pass, and in a few minutes I was in Juarez, a town of casinos, bull-ring, and goodness knows how many bars.

After being elected a member of the I.B.F.³ in Harry Mitchell's café I was whisked back over the frontier, the richer by a pair of silver inlaid spurs and a blurred impression of many dark-skinned men standing about on street corners, to catch my bus through New Mexico.

It was my first experience of a bus ride in America, and by far the most wonderful ride I have ever made by bus or any other means. 'We left El Paso, and its oleander-fringed suburbs at 10.30. We had a 370 miles drive in front of us, and it was the wildest 370 miles I have yet encountered.

It meant leaving behind entirely the America that I have now almost got used to.

To begin with, there were vast fields of white cotton being picked by coloured people. Mule-drawn wagons filled with loose cotton passed to and fro. Then almost imperceptibly there was no more cotton and there were no more coloured people. There were small fields of a more vivid green than I thought possible. These were fields of alfalfa, the richest fodder there is. And near them were very crude one-roomed cabins made of logs, flat-roofed and covered with straw.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And all the time the shallow, green, winding river of the Rio Grande in its sandy bed would keep appearing and disappearing.

But the great difference lay in the mountains, range after range of which kept on suddenly appearing, rising sheer out of the open scrub-covered prairie. They all looked miles away. The nearest were the Organ Mountains, jagged, bare, mammoth organ-pipes, uneven teeth of a half-broken hair comb, a little like the Coolin on a gigantic scale.

The wind rose, and a wild prairie-dust swept over the landscape. Great rain-clouds of grey and black spilt themselves over the mountain-tops, enveloping, as it seemed, the whole world. Then there were rifts and shafts of sunlight, and the ranges took on every conceivable colour known to man. One peak would be rose-tinted, another blacker than ink, a third a deep purple, a fourth gold, a fifth lemon yellow, and a sixth green.

It was my first experience of a mountain plateau, and there seemed to be no world but that of uninhabited prairie bounded in the almost illimitable distance by these strange-shaped multicoloured peaks. It was as if all the colours of heaven had been dropped haphazard on to the hill-tops.

The sense of utter loneliness was emphasised by a chalk notice on a black post, "Next town 57 miles," and the strangeness of it all was made stranger by

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

the unexpected sight of one lost log cabin hung with vivid red Chili peppers. On the right at times I caught a flash of the shining water of the Elephant Butte dam which ran somewhere near us for forty or fifty miles. At times we had to wind our way round, down and across a dried-up crevasse or canyon, and it was in one of these that we came upon a bunch of half a dozen cowboys with lassos rounding up a herd of cattle in a blinding rainstorm.

A hundred or so of the herd contented themselves with bellowing their disapproval, but one frisky recreant calf was giving the sort of trouble that a wayward foxhound gives to a whip, and managed to outwit the cowboy chasing him and rejoin another herd who stood stolidly watching the chase farther up the canyon.

Except for a few cattle straying across the road and a short rest at a mountain village called Hot Springs, where I saw a man wearing a turquoise-studded belt, there were few other traces of life for 300 miles. We passed no hitch-hikers on this trip. When a car breaks down on this road I imagine it stays broken.

But at last we rejoined the Rio Grande and a railroad line, and at eventide drew into Albuquerque where after dinner in an enormous hotel we set out by car on the final stage of our day's journey in the bright moonlight up the mountain pass to Santa Fé, which stands 7,000 feet up, and felt mighty cold to

A MODERN COLUMBUS

a traveller in his tropical clothes just arrived from the hottest city in the United States.

Snow lay on the high mountains that I looked out on from my bedroom window, 15,000 feet above sea-level, and the first thing that I did was to shed my tropical clothes and encase myself in wool and lambskin before going out to see the sights.

Indoors we were roasted, and as soon as we poked our noses out of doors we were frozen.

It was all very strange. The day before yesterday I was in a land of electric fans, scarcely able to walk in the noonday sun; to-day I want to run to the top of the mountains to keep warm. I am deterred partly by the fact that these mountains are inhabited by bears, wild-cats and mountain lions, and partly by the fact that in the rarefied atmosphere of 7,000 feet one does not run or climb on one's first day.

So I spent yesterday adjusting myself to the new conditions.

I have at last met my first Indian. I am now of course on the threshold of the reservations of the Indians, the home of the Navajos, Zunis, Apaches and Pueblo Indians.

In Santa Fé there is a State Boarding School for their children, and I spent a very happy hour yesterday wandering over this school, watching Indian boys playing basket-ball, carving furniture and hammering silver jewellery, and in one cosy dormitory I interrupted three Indian girls cutting off their

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

beautiful, glossy, long, black hair to conform to the prevailing fashion. Others were making evening frocks for a dance, others were listening to the radio, and some enjoying a siesta.

Those whom I met in the playground wore vivid shawls draped over their heads. They all smiled easily and spoke perfect English. One small boy greeted me with, "Hello, my friend." The mural paintings in their dining-hall and the patterns on their rugs are of extraordinary beauty.

From the Indian school I drove over the baked-up scrubland farther up into the mountains to the white towered, tiny chapel of the Bishop's Lodge, which you will remember if you have read that lovely story of Willa Cather's, *Death comes to the Archbishop*.

Three girls cantered gaily up as I came out of the chapel. This isolated house is now a girls' school.

I find the beauty of Santa Fé very difficult to communicate.

It is a small town of yellow Spanish flat-roofed houses made of adobe, a mixture of clay, mortar and straw, standing among trees that are to-day wearing their exquisite autumn tint of flaming gold. The sun is shining out of a cloudless sky on brown mountains the tops of which are just lightly peppered with snow. In shape they are not unlike the Cairngorm Range. I hope my announcer (a Scot) will agree with this. The air is like the air of the Scheidegg in February—keen, exhilarating and pure. The

A MODERN COLUMBUS

streets are full of Spanish-speaking caballeros, the handsomest set of men I ever set eyes on.

I am not at all surprised that Santa Fé's scenic beauty calls tourists from all over the world to come and visit it, and great artists and writers to settle here for life. It must be easily the most romantic place in this hemisphere.

But to me its outstanding interest lies in the grand courage and fortitude of the pioneers who found it.

It lies of course at the end of the famous Santa Fé trail, but that comes in from the north and I have still to explore it that way.

As I crossed that mighty plateau my thoughts ran continually on the Spanish Franciscan friars and of the Conquistadores who came up the Rio Grande from the south.

The ringing of the Angelus outside my bedroom window is a constant reminder to me of the faith that conquered these mountains.

It is about the great trials and grand achievements of those who won through to this Paradise both from the north and the south, of Coronado⁴ and Kit Carson,⁵ that I would like to tell you, but I have left myself no time.

Good night!

NOTES

1. I have certainly never seen more enthusiasm. The Americans do know how to enjoy their games. Not only did this cream of New Orleans society rise on its feet and cheer at every tackle and howl at every fumbled pass, but they had cheer-leaders, men undergraduates in white flannels and girl undergraduates in white frocks and white gloves who stood on platforms and led songs, dances, clappings and college cries.

The chief difference from Rugger, which American football exactly resembles in its tackling, kicking and passing (except that they pass forward) lies in the intervals. Every time a man is tackled, the game is stopped, the progress made in yards carefully measured, and the attacking side runs back a little, huddles down in a circle and whispers the strategy to be adopted in the next rush, runs up again and bends down. The whistle is blown, the ball passed out either to the back to kick, the passer *to pass forward or the runner to break through*.

Within five seconds or less the kick, pass or run will have gained or not the requisite number of yards, and there will be another rest while the attacking team confer on their next move.

This means a game composed of an infinite number of electrically exciting moments, punctuated by occasional intervals during which the audience buzz, the players are splashed with water, and the exhausted replaced by the fresh. Only eleven on each side play at once, but at least another forty sit on the touch-line, and the teams keep changing all through the game.

As they all wear skull-caps and are heavily padded on shoulder, hip, and kidney, as well as having strips of plaster wound round their ankles, they give the impression of

A MODERN COLUMBUS

heavy men at arms in a medieval tournament I could not have been more thrilled by any tournament than I was by this game. The tackling was grand, the passing clean, the tactics adopted intensely interesting to watch, and the teams splendidly matched. In the intervals there was always the crowd to watch, girl undergraduates tossing their green caps up in the air, and the peanut and candy sellers.

Some teams have an elaborate code of secret signs that obviate the necessity of the huddle.

The *Listener* made some interesting comments on the game:

"In the broadcast of the 'Modern Columbus' from New Orleans last week, we had a picturesque account of an American football match. As a spectacle, Mr Mais did full credit to the game, but he omitted to mention some of the serious problems connected with it. Chief of these is its extreme danger. The 'battle of heavily padded giants fighting to gain an inch here and a foot there', which seemed to him so thrilling, causes each year a heavy toll of injuries and even fatalities. It is enough to point out that, according to recently published figures, in 10 weeks of the present season 35 players have been killed and that, if this rate is maintained, the 1931 record of 50 fatalities will soon be passed. These facts have been causing football authorities in America grave concern. Repeated efforts have been made to moderate the violence of the game by law. One of the latest moves has been the prohibition of the 'flying tackle', whereby a player, launching himself through the air, horizontal to the ground, would 'lay an opponent out' like a ninepin. This was a play dear to the heart of the coaches and one strenuously practised with the use of dummies. One of the results of the extreme danger

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

of the game is the limitation of its use among the schools. In many American schools—especially in the East—the popularity of Rugby football is fast gaining ground. There are, of course, similarities between the two games, but in the scope which it allows to individual enterprise while at the same time cultivating the team spirit, Rugby football would appear to possess obvious advantages as a game for schoolboys. It is unlikely, however, that the popularity of Rugby will extend outside the schools. American football has an immense hold on the public imagination. As a spectacle it has been compared to the gladiatorial shows of Ancient Rome, and there is no doubt that its importance to the spectators is fully as great as its importance to the players. Organised cheering sections are formed and an attendance of 60,000 to 100,000 at one game is not unusual. In a country in which horse-racing and the minor gambling sports are looked on with disfavour, football has to serve a comprehensive purpose. It is therefore to be hoped that good results will attend the present campaign to ‘clean up’ the game.”

No one was carried off the field in the course of any of the games I witnessed.

A TULANE UNIVERSITY SONG

MEMORIES OF TULANE

We're gathered here
From far and near,
In answer to thy call
To stand once more
As oft before
Within thy sacred hall.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

For loyalty is on our lips, we raise our song to thee—
Of thanks and praise for bygone days, of precious memories

The years pass on
And bring to thee,
Still more to bear thy name
To raise the torch,
For Tulane's sake,
And quicken it to flame.

2. There was also a most strange monstrosity, half dwarf, half animal, at which the crowd gazed rapt.

Anything freakish has an immense appeal to the American.

He is tremendously interested in any irregular phenomenon of whatever kind, whether it be monster, lion-tamer or bagpipe-playing Scotsman in kilts.

This perhaps explains why there is a menagerie in almost every city and most villages.

3. The I.B.F., according to its book of Rules, is a secret and sacred fraternal organisation devoted to the uplift and downfall of serious drinkers. I am, as a member, entitled to the confidence and respect of all Bootleggers, Rumhounds, Ticket Speculators, Night-club Doorkeepers, Head-waiters and Bartenders in all parts of the globe.

4. Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was the first of the Spanish Conquistadores to penetrate the south-west.

He was born in 1500, and was governor of a province in West Mexico in 1538.

In 1540 he set out to find the seven cities of Cibola from Compostela, Mexico, with 250 horsemen, 70 Spanish infantrymen, and a hundred or two friendly Indians. He captured Hawikut, the largest of the Zuni villages,

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

but found no gold, so he moved east to the Rio Grande and went across the Texan plains in search of Quivira, in the central plains of Kansas. But finding no gold there he had to return to Mexico.

It was part of his expedition under Lopez de Cardena that discovered the Grand Canyon.

5. Christopher Carson (1809-1868) was a Kentucky scout who became a professional guide and hunter.

He took part in the Mexican war and was thereafter engaged as guide to emigrants and drovers on their way over the mountains to the Pacific coast.

In 1854 he became Indian agent at Taos, where he kept the warlike Apache Indians in order. During the Civil War he was chief scout to the Federal Forces in the south-west, and made Brigadier-General for gallantry in the battle of Valverde.

He died at Fort Lyon, Colorado

6. *Here is a little Mexican song. I believe the B.B.C. played some Mexican records as an introduction to this talk, so you may have heard something similar.*

LA GUAJIRA

Yo vivo sola en el mundo
Y de mí nadie se acuerda;
Busco la sombra del árbol,
Y los árboles se secan, vida mia!

Ay, mare, yo fui a la feria,
A la feria del amor.
Marc, yo compre un juguete,
Y qué caro me costó, marc mia!

A MODERN COLUMBUS

The following verses reached me soon after leaving
San Antonio:

A TRIBUTE TO S. P. B. MAIS

DURING HIS VISIT TO SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

NOVEMBER 1933

A Modern new Columbus—British in descent—
Thru the U S. travelled, sightseeing days were spent—
Visiting the cities, greatness in beauty to view—
Giving descriptions variedly awakening interest grew
As each Friday P M. thru the radio he comes,
Interesting with cheerful news—enters in our homes—
Perfect in its glory—as he describes each place,
Of parks—the cities—harbour—food—climate—race,
A modern education—so rare for young and old,
Words of interest—wisdom—to us he does unfold,
A true British gentleman—modern Columbus—we find.
Great in voice of culture—refinement—thoughts of mind,
As he describes the visits, thru our country great,
In fancy we are travelling, visiting each State,
An adventurous procedure—in radio—wonder galore,
Thru our visions of fancy—travelling from land to shore.
Thanks to him we speak—this Columbus of modern time,
Bon Voyage in words of joy,
Midst wishes of Auld Lang Syne—
When the ocean deep he sails—many happy thoughts
still be,
Of various States visited—America over the sea,
And that his stay in Texas with him will e'er remain,
Of San Antonio, her people, who no great fame acclaim,
But only friends in kindness, to do her part for all,
Spreading brotherly love, doing the Master's call,
And may he come again to our city fair,
Dear old San Antonio, whose sunshine will we share.

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO

I seemed to inspire verse on this trip Here is another
poem from the *Radio Times*

THE MODERN COLUMBUS

So Mr Mais is going West
Upon a Transatlanic quest,
To see the land of Uncle Sam
From Boston down to Alabam,
From Alabam to Mexico,
From Hollywood to Idaho,
Through sun and snow and open spaces—
Some journey this of Mr. Mais's.
We'll hear from him along the palmy
Beaches of Tampa and Miami,
Or where, according to the song,
That Ol' Man River rolls along,
Across the cotton, through the wheat;
It ought to be a proper treat
For stay-at-homes like you and me
To hear what Mr Mais will see.
America is just the place,
It seems to me, for Mr. Mais,
He'll tell us, through the friendly mike,
What Uncle Sam is really like
From East to West and back again,
On Fridays, half-past nine to ten.

'FANFARE'

V. NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

V. NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

10th November 1933

GOOD EVENING! I have at last found the Indians, in their home.

I met my first contingent at Taos (pronounced Towse), a lonely and lovely city, sitting 7,000 feet above sea-level, seventy-five miles north of Santa Fé, at the foot of the sacred Pueblo Mountain.

In order to reach it I drove first over an arid plateau about forty miles wide with the Sangre de Christo Mountain (so called because it is blood-red at sunset) on one side and the snow-covered Jemez range on the other.

The parched, broken, pinkish land was covered with green snake-weed, rabbit-brush, feathery juniper, pinon and tall cotton-wood trees.

On this strange desert stood little villages of thick, adobe houses, made of the native mud, usually left yellow, but sometimes painted red, sometimes grey, all hung with deep red strings of drying Chili peppers, looking just like giant coral necklaces. Sometimes hollyhocks, geraniums and marigolds would be growing by the wall. A horse or two would be hitched up to a rack, and dark-haired children in light blue overalls playing. Often there was the smell of skunk, and once we passed a small boy with the body of a skunk that he had just killed.

Every mile or so we crossed the sandy, dried-up

A MODERN COLUMBUS

bed of a wide, shallow arroya, down which the torrents rush after the cloud-bursts of summer or the snows of winter. Mesas, small tablelands of rock with vertical sides, looking like medieval turreted castles, rose here and there above the plain.

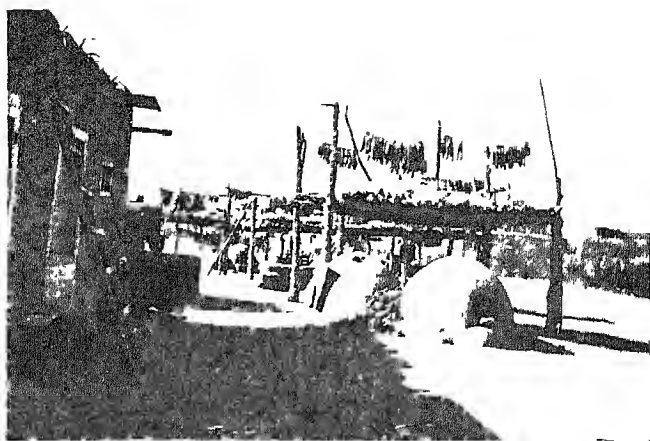
We overtook Indians with long plaits of shining black hair, swathed in red-and-orange tinted blankets, driving mule-wagons laden with alfalfa, eggs, honey and hens.

Once a reckless swarthy Spaniard in a sombrero coming towards us in a car lost his nerve and barged another car clean off the road in his effort to avoid us.

Coming over the sandy, winding trails down from the mountains were numbers of burros, little panniered donkeys, weighed down with logs of wood. Kingfishers and blue jays darted in and out among the bushes, and I saw three magpies with shining emerald tail-feathers.

Crude crosses by the roadside denoted places of rest for the dead. Then the sight of the golden-leaved aspen trees in front was a sign that we were back once more on the banks of the Rio Grande river, now nearing its source, and we drove for many miles by its side up a narrow canyon filled with purple boulders of basalt interspersed with sage brush. It was rather like the Trough of Bowland.

It was to Taos that D. H. Lawrence came for his health, and that so many modern American artists come for inspiration. The environment of silence,



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Maize Drying in an Indian Pueblo



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Indian Pueblo from a Roof-top

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

grandeur, colour, wide open spaces, isolation and high mountains is already producing effect, and Taos may well prove to be the cradle of a new and lasting trend in modern art. It has an historical interest too, for here lived the turbulent priest Martinez who roused the people to rebel; here settled the pioneer frontiersman Kit Carson who rounded up the Navajos in 1846, and here came the Spanish friars and Conquistadores in the sixteenth century.

The Indian village lies a mile or two outside Taos, and the first intimation I had that I was near it was supplied by a notice-board on which I read that cameras would be charged for.

The village consists of an ancient ruined church tower, a modern Catholic church of white adobe, and an open sandy square, down the middle of which runs the Taos stream, separating the winter clan from the summer clan.

On each side of the square, which contains no blade of grass or garden, above the ordinary flat-roofed adobe houses, is a seven-storied adobe, a sort of model sky-scraper, made of dried mud, the colour of the surrounding desert.

Indian women in brilliant red shawls and white buckskin boots were climbing up ladders with buckets on their heads, Indian men in white robes like Arabs stood motionless on the roofs gazing out still as statues over the desert, and everywhere great cobs of corn of blue and yellow and red and white

A MODERN COLUMBUS

lay or hung drying in the hot sun on the roof-tops. Children in groups squatted on the ground, playing round the beehive-shaped ovens in which they bake bread, or paddled about in the stream. There were dogs everywhere, of every breed, and all friendly.

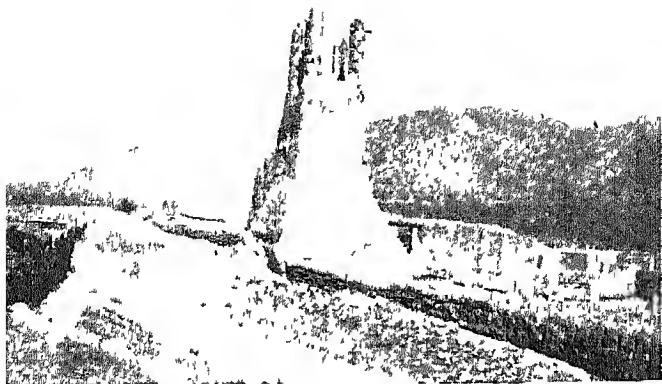
I was first introduced to the Governor, who showed me a stick that Abraham Lincoln had given to his tribe, and then told me that the dollar he charged me for using my camera was needed to provide a new threshing-machine.

It was a deathly quiet village, and yet people kept on appearing and disappearing everywhere, first a girl in shawl of brilliant blue who in the intervals of putting out clothes to dry on a line on the roof kept dropping her clothes-pegs on to the square below, then a boy cantering in on a piebald pony from the mountains, then a mule wagon with a load of children, then three elders with faces unexpectedly round and very much lined posed for their photographs (seventy-five cents more for that privilege).

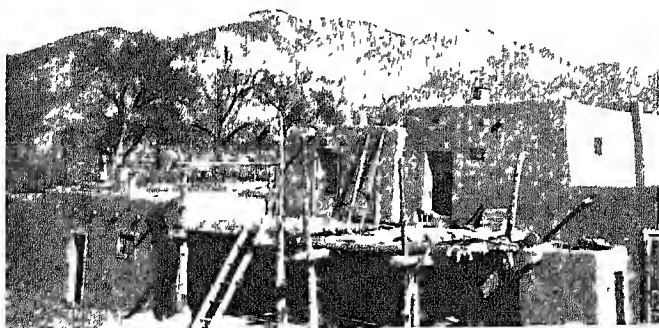
Then I found two more sitting among the coloured corn-cobs on the roof, and they allowed me to go up and watch them painting in oils the scene before them.

The artistic side of Taos is not confined to one race, nor is Indian artistry confined to pottery, weaving or silverwork.

They eat and sleep on their mud floors, and their



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Old Ruined Church in Indian Pueblo



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Typical Indian Pueblo

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

walls are hung with pictures of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary and tin images of the saints.

I explored the straw-covered corrals where they keep their horses, and the graveyard where they bury their dead within an hour of death. They welcomed me in home after home, the children smiling and shy, the elders dignified and aloof. But one place was carefully guarded from me, a round adobe enclosure with two tall posts sticking out of it in the middle of the village. This is the sacred Khiva in which are held the rites that no white man is privileged to see. Nor is any white man permitted to pass along the mountain trails that lead to the fire that Montezuma lit, and that is relit every fifty-two years.

This is a land in which many esoteric ceremonies are still observed. There are, for instance, the rites of the Penitentes, a devout order composed of country people who still re-enact in their moradas through Holy Week scenes from the Passion of our Lord, from the Agony in Gethsemane to the actual crucifixion, a rite brought over to New Mexico by Don Juan de Onate in 1598. They still lash themselves with cactus and walk barefoot on flints.

And perhaps by way of compensation for their hidden rites many of their customs are very public indeed. I like particularly the country habit of painting every window and door a bright blue to advertise the fact that there is a daughter of marriageable age within.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

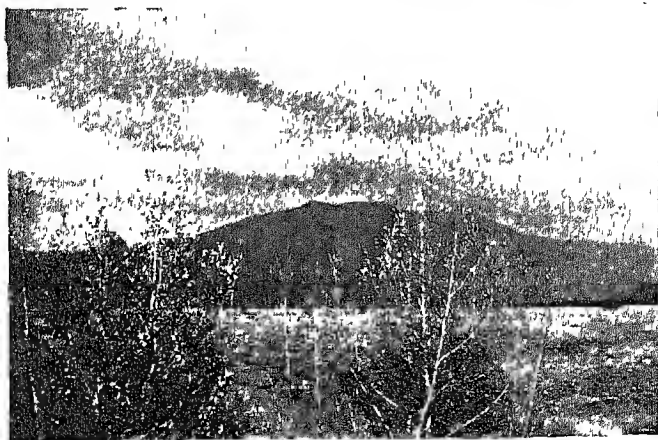
On Sunday I drove through snow-laden pine-forests to the much older and now deserted cliff dwellings of Puyé about thirty miles north-west of Santa Fé. The summit of the Mesa was once occupied by high communal adobe dwellings, but the Indians of those ancient days also occupied holes cut about 250 feet up in the soft pink and white tufa which now look like magnified sand-martins' nests. They reached these by ladders from above. There was too much snow for me to reach them from below. These were used by the Indians until the year A. D. 1200, when they were forced out either by drought or enemies to the Rio Grande valley, where their descendants still live at Santa Clara. I found Indian women at Santa Clara at work making shining black pottery, while at San El Defonso, which has a square plaza and about a million dogs, there were Indians everywhere.

I met Indians driving open cars recklessly in the snow. There were Indians trading Chimayo rugs and turquoise studded bracelets, and in the Santa Fé Hotel where I was staying the King of the Navajos, a graduate of Harvard, was staying with his English wife. And at Isleta Pueblo I saw in the Catholic church images of the saints draped in Indian clothes and jewellery, in addition to other images crowned with tin and draped with tinsel and lace.

One of the great charms of Santa Fé, in addition to its superb climate and grand scenery, is this



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Three Indians



TAOS, NEW MEXICO
Pueblo Mountain

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

diversity of race and costume. I found it hard to tear myself from a plaza where there was a never-ending procession of nuns, cowboys in ten-gallon stetsons, flowing scarves, terra-cotta check shirts and riding boots; young girls in blue mechanics' overalls, and other young girls in expensive furs; burros; Indians, with long black plaits, in blankets; old women in black shawls coming out of the cathedral; boys of the concentration camp in khaki; priests; elderly lady tourists in pince-nez; loafers, and dark-eyed urchins selling newspapers.

The temptation is just to loll in the plaza and re-visualise that first coming of Onate and his Spaniards in 1598, the massacre of the conquerors and recapture by the Indians in 1680, the return of Spain twelve years later, the coming in of the northern fur trappers by the other trail, the gold-seekers from the North as well as the South, the meeting of the three great trails, the merging of the races, and the advent of the pony express and the covered wagons to a land where thunder is sacred and rain is God.

And in the middle of it all, and perhaps most surprising of all, is the Rockefeller Anthropological Research Museum, where I found in a superb building scientists carefully interpreting the earliest ages of man by surveying Indian pottery under the microscope, and other scientists testing the ages of all trees to find how dry or wet the land was in far-off ages.

And I went straight from this anthropological

A MODERN COLUMBUS

research to the grandest piece of geographical revelation in the world, the Grand Canyon.

I left Santa Fé at noon on Monday, and at 7.30 the next morning I was standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon trying with great difficulty to get my eyes used to one of the world's greatest wonders.

At first I felt as if I were looking down on a vast relief map, all done in red, of peaks and plateaux and mesas and deep, dark, overhanging canyons. I was standing on a high tableland covered with trees 7,000 feet above sea-level and looked across the vast chasm just ten miles to the northern rim where the tree-covered tableland went on. There were no mountains. All the mountains lay in this yawning pit below me. Imagine dropping two Snowdons one on top of another into a pit, and still being able to look down on the summit.

It was only after some minutes that I distinguished what appeared at first to be a tiny patch of muddy sand lying at the foot of high, black rocks at the foot of the hills below. This was one of the 300 rapids of the Colorado River, the waves of which are from ten to fifteen feet high, and the speed about thirty miles an hour.

From where I stood nearly 6,000 feet above it and two miles away it seemed to be not water but sand, and the waves the tiniest sand-ridges. I certainly couldn't trace any movement of the river.

The canyon is 217 miles long, and if you want to



SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO
Snow on the Desert



THE GRAND CANYON

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

cross it by train you have to travel 1,000 miles; if by car 237 miles. You can cross it by mule or on foot by clearly defined trails in thirteen miles, or you can fly over it. But probably the best way of seeing it is to do what I did, drive along the south rim and get out of the car at fifty different scenic points to stand on the ledge and look down.

By this means you keep in the sun all the time, and you can see the whole depth and the changing strata.

Everywhere you look down on vast walls of rock, usually mesa-like and red at the top, spreading out like a tent or a crinoline to make a plateau of grey below. One of these plateaux is shaped and coloured exactly like a butterfly. Others take on the shapes of temples, ducks, lizards and battleships, while one, the strangest of all, is a headless Titan with grey arms outstretched as if groping in the dark. And all these vivid red shapes cast a shadow of inky blue.

The river far below always looks as if it were still and petrified and not running at all.¹

Perhaps the most stupendous thing about the Grand Canyon is not so much its size or its beauty—though I shall never forget those gleaming red peaks—as its geologic implication. Here is the history of the whole earth laid open at one clean cut before our eyes. The top layer of light, grey slabs of khaibab limestone, is followed by grey sandstone, red shales and red sandstone, which form the great ridges, towers and temples.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Then comes the great wall of limestone, which is stained red from the sandstone above. Below this is green shale and rugged granite, and at the foot are the oldest rocks in all the world. And just when we are recovering a little from the dazed condition induced by contemplating in a moment of time billions of years of the earth's history we are told that this only represents one-twelfth of the erosion caused by this tiny inoffensive-looking stream, and that if we look up into the sky and use our imagination we can fill the unsubstantial air with mountains that the Colorado River has washed away altogether.

And in addition to this geological wonder there is the climatic wonder. Within the area that the eye can cover here you get six of the seven world's climates. Only the tropical zone is absent. And the air is so thin and clear that you can see from the San Franciscan Peaks to the Sacred Mountains of the Navajos, a distance of about 200 miles.

But, to me, almost as thrilling as this geological and climatic wonder is the story of the nine pioneers who, under the one-armed Civil War veteran Major John Wesley Powell and the artist Moran, first explored the Grand Canyon in four canoes in 1869. It took them three months, an epic of endurance that is all too little known.

A year or two ago a young couple tried to repeat the experiment on their honeymoon, and were never heard of again. Only ten people have ever got

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

through alive. The 300 rapids are very swift and dangerous, and the cliff walls, which look so simple from above, are quite unscalable.

Powell was not the Canyon's discoverer. The Spaniards looked down on it in 1540, but failed to find a way to the foot, and the Indians, who regard it as sacred, must have known of it for centuries.

The most interesting part of the Canyon is the Hopi Watch Tower, from which I looked down on the grand ravines and also over the endless Painted Desert with its smooth colours of green and grey and yellow and blue and red, looking like a sunset turned upside down in solid rock.

Among the mesas and plains of this exquisitely coloured land dwell the peace-loving Hopi² Indians, and over these plains roam the nomadic Navajos³ shepherding their flocks and weaving their blankets as they go.

In this Watch Tower is the reproduction of the inside of a Khiva, with its sand-painting of the four snakes—white for east, yellow for north, blue for west, and red for south. I saw mural pictographs of the rain-god and the legend of the rattlesnakes (who are regarded by the Hopi as their brothers), and, even stranger, pictographs exactly like Egyptian drawings.

I also had the good luck to be present at a Hopi dance. I was astounded at the quickness with which these Indians hurled themselves through hoops, and was oddly thrilled by the rhythmic stamping of their

A MODERN COLUMBUS

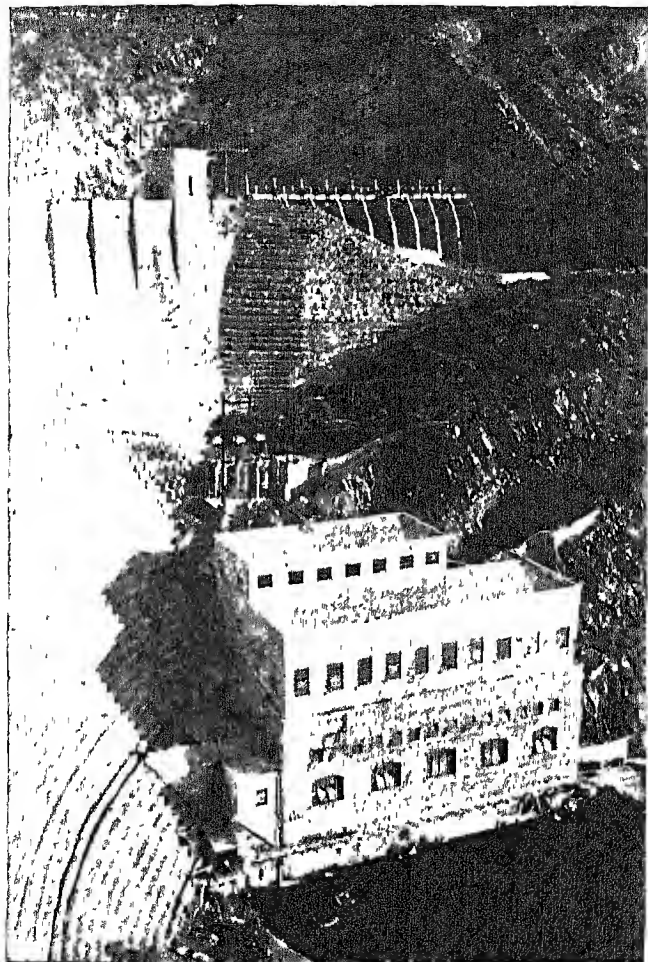
feet in the eagle and war dances. What I should have liked to see is their snake dance, for they then handle live rattlesnakes.

Later that evening I heard an Arizona cowboy sing "Home on the Range" and "The Last Round Up" as they should be sung.

And I spent the night passing from the Arctic to the Tropical zone as the train wound its way round the mountains over the giant cactus-covered desert of Arizona (so perfectly interpreted in the etchings of George Elbert Burr) to Phoenix, another grand monument to the faith of man, for here, where stood fifty years ago an arid desert, now flourish cantaloup, lettuce, tangerine, dates, oranges, and figs in grand profusion, owing to the magnificent modern irrigation scheme.

After visiting several of these ranches and picking dates, pomegranates, oranges and grape-fruit for myself I set off on the Apache trail to the heart of the mountains eighty miles away to see the famous Roosevelt Dam which is the life-blood of the Salt River Valley.⁴

As I climbed in the heat of the golden afternoon round and round about a thousand hair-raising hair-pin bends about 6,000 feet above sea-level my host, with true American courtesy and forethought, turned on the radio (all Americans seem to have a radio in their cars), and I found myself listening to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at last night's Lord Mayor's



ARIZONA
The Roosevelt Dam

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

Banquet. It was good to hear that message of hope away up in the far hills.

On the way back just about sunset, at almost the same spot where I had been listening to the Prime Minister we ran over a rattlesnake, and my host, with characteristic American fearlessness, backed the car so that I could hear its rattle, and then, as it coiled itself ready to spring, killed it with one neat throw of a stone. He then offered to cut off its rattle as a trophy, a deed that seemed to me about as dangerous as cutting off Medusa's head, so I said with truth that I had outgrown my desire for rattles, and we moved on.

The romance and beauty of these Arizona mountains defy description. At one moment I was looking at the image of a praying man, exactly like a piece of Rodin sculpture, at another at a red camel, at another at the tip of a peak suddenly suffused with a blood-red glow from the dying sun, when tall yuccas and giant cacti ⁵ would be silhouetted like titans with upraised arms against the sky-line. At one moment the tremendous silence would be broken by the song of one meadow-lark, or the motionless landscape suddenly take on life as a troop of cow-punchers began rounding up the roaming beasts on the mountain-side, or a tiny chipmunk darted among the red occitilla. It was in these mountains that I saw my first quail, and in the darkness coming home I saw the green eys of a stealthy coyote.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Arizona is the youngest State. She only celebrated her twenty-first birthday last St. Valentine's Day. It is fitting that she should be the most beautiful at that age. Never was city more aptly named than Phoenix, for on the ashes of a prehistoric culture that knew the uses of irrigation there has now risen a modern city that through the revival of irrigation has turned a desert into a blossoming rose. This irrigation has brought prosperity to 250,000 acres, and searchers after health from all over the world have naturally gravitated to a land where the sun shines eighty-five per cent of all the hours that it is above the horizon.

I am leaving part of my heart in Arizona. It is the loveliest thing I have seen yet. Its skies are of purest sapphire, its red hills clear-cut sculpturings of God. Even the trees in its age-old petrified forest have been turned in the process of time into the pink, blue, crimson and brown of chalcedony, agate, opal, jasper and onyx.

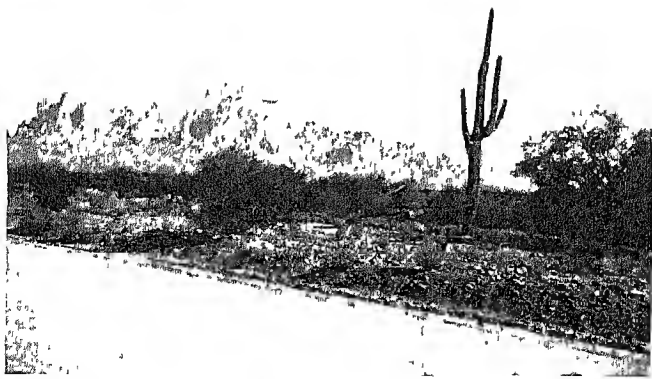
Here are sun, silence, sand and illimitable space.

To make it a paradise man's only further need was water. That in his ingenuity he has now added. All is very well with Arizona.

Good night!



ARIZONA
The Roosevelt Dam



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, ARIZONA
A Saguaro Giant Cactus

NOTES

1. Geologists say that the Colorado River will cut its way another 2,000 feet deeper before it reaches a level so near that of the sea that further erosion will be negligible.

It is not only the river that is responsible for this great natural phenomenon. Rain, frost and wind have all played their parts, for each year the heat of summer and the frosts of winter crack great rocks, and these break away from the main body and collapse and gradually disintegrate into sand. Much of this sand is washed away by the river (the sand at the same time grinding away the river-bed), the rest is blown away by the wind and in its turn grinds away the higher exposed surfaces of the rocks.

It is very difficult to realise that the Canyon is of comparatively recent origin, and that the mountains far *below* once rose thousands of feet *above* the present level of the surrounding country.

An extraordinary amount of imagination has been used in the naming of the geological features of the Canyon. English and American scientists, the old Spanish Conquistadores, Indian tribes, classical deities, Scandinavian gods and goddesses, philosophers, as well as King Arthur and many of the Knights of the Round Table have given their names to rocks, peaks and natural curiosities.

2. There are only about 2,200 of this tribe and they live in isolated villages and capes projecting from the Black Plesa in the Navajo country.

They were discovered here by Pedro de Toras in 1540. They farm an arid land, and their religion expresses itself mainly in prayers for rain.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Their snake dance takes place between the 18th and 25th of August, but the priests do not announce the date until ten days beforehand.

3. The Navajo country occupies 25,000 square miles. There are 35,000 Navajos in these 15,000,000 acres and they are increasing. Their time is spent in riding, and rearing about 2,000,000 sheep, goats, horses and cattle.

They live in wickiups, dome-like "hogans" built of cedar trunks, brush and mud.

They have no villages, and do not collect together except for horse-racing, "chicken-pulls", or religious ceremonies, which occur after the first frost or "when the thunder sleeps".

On Christmas Day each year numbers of the Navajo Indians go from house to house with sacks in search of the "pale-face Santa Claus". The younger men ring the bells and recite the magic word "Kishmas" in the hope that they will receive presents of food or sweets, but some of the older Indians know nothing of bell-ringing and merely stand patiently outside the door waiting for somebody to come.

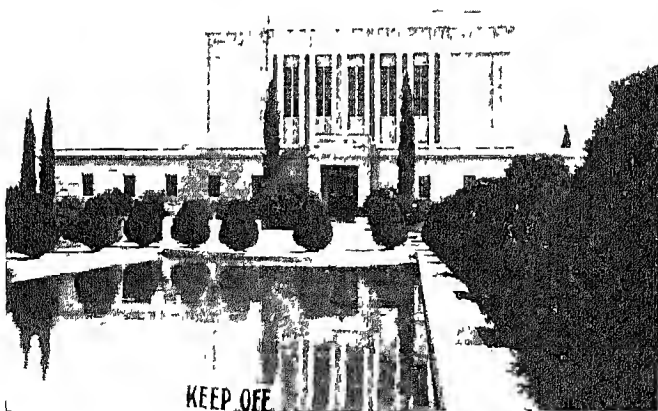
4. Soon after leaving Phoenix we came to the town of Mesa, with its dignified marble Mormon Temple from which emerged as we passed a procession of women clothed entirely in white.

Immediately the irrigated area was left behind the desert closed in again and the green orchards made way for the giant cacti, the Sphaerocarpus, sage grass, buck grass, and odd isolated bushes with ominous holes for snakes and lizards.

And all the time in the distance gradually getting nearer, gradually taking more and more concrete shape, rose the red, rugged mass of rock sacred to the Indians



NEW MEXICO
Typical Desert Scene near Taos



ARIZONA
A Mormon Temple

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

and known as Superstitious Mountain. Its foot is covered with scree. Above the scree is an unscalable wall of red rock. Pinnacles and towers rise above these rocks and the summit seems to be crowded with regiments of giants turned to stone. Below the mountain lies the lost Dutchman Mine which no man may find and live.

I was glad to pause on the way up the mountain to throw a boulder down into Whispering Horse Canyon to get the echo, and I was glad and surprised to find the stupendous Roosevelt Dam looking like a Scots loch, with brown, rolling mountains behind that from a distance seemed quite bare.

But these are not heather hills. When you get closer you find the cacti standing like lonely sentinels on outpost, even on the summits of the highest rocks. Here too grow the sombre purple sage and the vivid red splashes of occitilla.

This is the old trail of the Apache Indians and now quite the most wonderful highway I drove over. The trail goes on to the Apache Mountains to the great copper mines of Miami and Globe.

Fours dams have been built in this vast irrigation project. The water is brought down in stages through the Roosevelt (the largest of the series), the Horse Mesa, the Mormon Flat, and the Stewart Mountain, and in its descent the water generates as a by-product about 103,300 horse-power of electricity for the use of Phoenix, the Salt River Valley, and a number of copper mines.

The Roosevelt Dam is 265 feet high and 1,125 feet long and makes a lake 30 miles long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide.

5. There are twenty-eight varieties of cactus, the most impressive being the Suhauro, the giant cactus which

A MODERN COLUMBUS

grows to a height of fifty feet and looks older than the world. It often wears a worm-eaten air

There is a small bush called "jumpy cactus" which leaps at you as you draw near and covers you with prickly burrs which are very difficult to remove

Some cactus is good to eat and is used to make candy.

Cattle in the prairie thrive on the flat, broad cactus leaves, and a certain variety of cactus makes good wood for picture-framing.

6. The words "Dude Ranch" often appear on maps in guide books of the south-western States, particularly in Arizona and Texas. Millionaires buy ranches for week-end cottages, and their daughters, elaborately dressed for the part, ride out (and these girls *can* ride) with the cowboys

These ranches approximate to our shooting-lodges in Scotland.

Here are two verses from a cowboy song.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy, wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly!
O play the Dead March as you carry me 'long!
Take me to the valley; there turn the sod o'er me;
For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

It is interesting to note in passing that there is the same spirit of melancholy permeating the majority of Hill Billy songs as there is to be found in the Negro spirituals.

VI. CALIFORNIA

VI. CALIFORNIA

17th November, 1933

GOOD EVENING! Los Angeles, I hope I've got the pronunciation right—I pronounce the "g" hard¹—took me completely by surprise.

I was surprised by its size. It has a population of 1,250,000. I was surprised by its beauty. It lies at the foot of the high Sierra Madre Mountains, on what was recently a desert, and is now a tableland of green trees and smooth lawns leading down to the Pacific; but I was most of all surprised by its serious-mindedness.

Los Angeles is the home of perfection of achievement.

If ever there was a city in the world that gets down to things here it is

There is, for instance, its Olympic achievement. The Olympic Games are not exactly the easiest thing in the world to run, but as I sat in the vast Olympic Stadium in last Saturday's almost overpowering heat, with 100,000 other enthusiasts, watching the hardest fought game of football it has ever been my good fortune to see, my mind strayed to last year's Olympic Games and the precision and smoothness with which they were carried out by Mr. Farmer and his men. Ask Lord Burghley, Tisdall, Hampson or any other of the English Olympic team and you'll find that Los Angeles set a standard which is unlikely to be

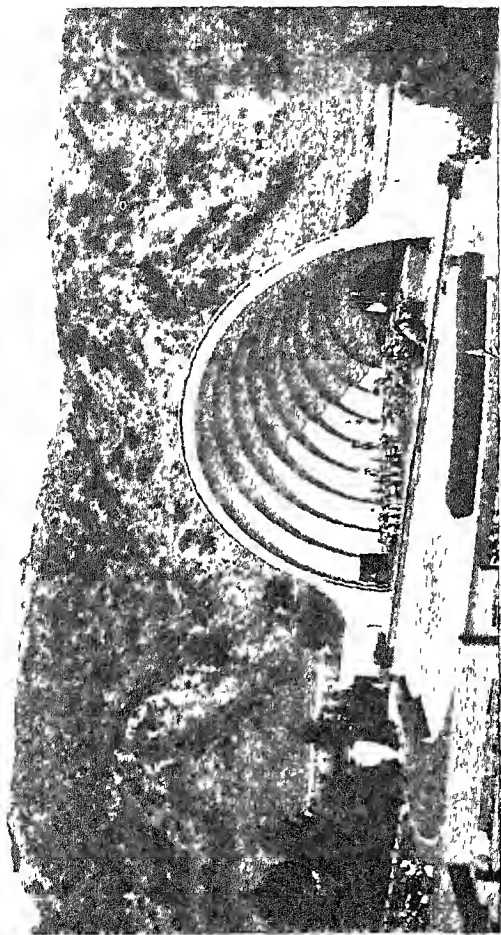
A MODERN COLUMBUS

eclipsed anywhere except in Los Angeles, and that the best place for all future Olympic Games is in this Stadium.²

It was only, by the way, because of this game that I was enabled to see any of the Hollywood film stars at work.

Just because they had dared to take an hour or two off on that broiling afternoon (was it a hundred in the shade?) to watch Stanford beat Southern California, they had to make up for it by working into the small hours of Sunday morning, and as a very special treat I was allowed to watch them.

It is just about as difficult to get into a Hollywood studio as it is to get into the Tower of London after nightfall. There are locked iron gates, sentries, passwords, permits and goodness knows what else. Not that there is anything glamorous about what you see when you get inside. A studio is very like an aeroplane hangar—a huge, draughty shed full of bits and pieces which I kept on falling over, arc-lights, rubber pipes, sliding cameras, sets of scenery and men in shirt sleeves with cigars. I heard one man order fifteen pairs of men's socks, "the cheapest they've got". There were elderly women in pince-nez hammering on typewriters, young girls in shorts hammering out new dance-steps, saxophonists hammering out a rhythm, men in evening-dress reading evening papers, groups of men with Homburgs pushed far back on their heads and cigars pushed



HOLLYWOOD BOWL
Armistice Day, 1933

CALIFORNIA

far into their mouths, gesticulating feverishly or moving up and down wrapt in thought.

Then after an astonishing lapse of time, during which nothing seemed to be being done, there came a sudden shout: "Quiet, please," repeated about eight times. The hubbub slowly died, and I discovered to my astonishment that out of chaos order had evolved, out of the hotch-potch a scene had been built, and that a real live actor had come out of the shadows into the spot-light, and that an act was being shot.

I saw Francis Lederer looking into a mirror in Alaska, and Katharine Hepburn folding some linen in a cotton-picker's home, perhaps in Texas, and the thing that struck me about both of them was not so much their genius as their patience.

This film business is just like American football, enormous periods of rest and preparation punctuated by wild bursts of furious play lasting for a few seconds.

Again and again I watched these artists enact the same scene, lasting about twenty-five seconds, until I thought that all emotion must have been drained out of them, but in reality they were just giving another proof of Los Angeles's habit of achieving perfection by attention to detail.

Seeing Hollywood has entirely revolutionised my opinion of film stars. They are devastatingly serious-minded. When work is over these artists

A MODERN COLUMBUS

retire as quickly as possible to their quiet country homes in the seclusion of the Beverley Hills. Some of them are so secluded that nobody is allowed to know where they live. People are willing to pay vast sums for Marlene Dietrich's telephone number, but it is not to be bought, while as for her home, I found no one who knew it. I was shown the drive-gates leading to Harold Lloyd's mansion in the woods, the chimney-pots of Charlie Chaplin's cottage, or it may have been that of the Fairbanks, far up on the mountain-side, the initials of Tom Mix emblazoned on his flagstaff, and the green lawns of Gloria Swanson. But their homes were as aloof as a Highland shooting-lodge, and wore the same air of detached dignity.³

Mae West appears to be the only one who lives among mortals. She actually lodges in an apartment-house on a main boulevard. The lesser fry condescend occasionally to lunch in public places, but only the failures come right out into the public gaze. I was shown a huge sign in iron letters on the mountain-side—"HOLLYWOOD HEIGHTS", from the initial "H" of which the rejected hurl themselves to death in a final and successful effort to secure world recognition, if only for the space of an evening edition.

But Los Angeles has produced something far more glamorous, far more romantic, more far-reaching in its effect on humanity, and even more serious-minded than the motion pictures.

CALIFORNIA

This is Cal. Tech., a diminutive form of endearment for the California Institute of Technology.⁴

You have probably heard of the largest telescope in the world, with the 100-inch mirror, that sits up on the top of Mount Wilson.

Well, at the foot of Mount Wilson in Cal. Tech. Dr. Milliken, the Nobel Prize Winner, showed me the model of the new telescope which is to have a mirror of 200 inches diameter, and will enable us to see a billion light-years away. He showed me the hall in which it is being constructed, large enough to hold a Zeppelin, and told me that it had to be accurate on every point of its surface to one two-millionth part of an inch. With this instrument man will do more than call spirits from the vasty deep. He will bring entirely fresh aspects of planetary knowledge within man's ken. It may be that the bridge to the stars is now being built in Los Angeles. It was a breath-taking experience for me to be taken round by Dr. Milliken.

In the Hall of Aerodynamics he showed me the experiments in air-resistance which are going to increase the speed of aeroplanes to Schneider cup rates. He showed me an X-ray experiment which is increasing the healing power for tumours by fifty per cent already. And finally he showed me his own grand experiment—a photograph taken as recently as last Saturday—of the splitting of the nucleus of an atom by the impact of a cosmic ray,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

giving out a billion volts of energy, which can be measured by the curvature of the path of the electron after impact. I wish you could have seen his eyes as he banged one fist against another to express his admiration of the biff given by the cosmic ray to the electron.

I imagine that the cosmic ray, when properly harnessed, will be used in American football, if it is not already.

If you want perfection of achievement in modern science that almost amounts to wizardry, pay a visit to Cal. Tech. and Dr. Milliken. The grand thing is that this scientific achievement is closely linked up with the humanities.

While I was still gasping at the wonders of Cal. Tech. Dr. Milliken led me through the college, where 160 undergraduates live in four houses built in the most happy Spanish style around sunny patios with gargoyles of modern footballers and all sorts of other amusing architectural experiments.

From there he took me across the way to the Huntington Library, another staggering example of Los Angeles's thoroughness. Here I wandered over green lawns among beds of roses, through gardens crowded with all the known varieties of cacti, to Mr. Huntington's glittering white Georgian country-house. And here I found myself gazing on some of the loveliest art treasures that England has produced.

Here hangs Gainsborough's pensive "Blue Boy",

CALIFORNIA

the folds of whose blue silk tunic seem to be even more life-like under this Californian sun than they were at home; here is Romney's "Lady Hamilton", roguishly peeping out under her poke-bonnet on the artist who so madly and so vainly loved her; here is Lawrence's "Pinkie", the adorable small girl in the long, white gown, with the sparkling eyes; here is a whole host of Reynolds, from Sarah Siddons and the Duchess of Devonshire to that superb example of English beauty, the lovely Lady Harrington, the sight of whose face might well have launched a thousand ships, and certainly must cause a pang of misgiving even to the most beautiful of film stars. Here is beauty that even in this age, when faces can be lifted to any shape, has so far not reached Hollywood.

I am glad that these pictures are where they are. They are nobly housed. They are free to all the world to see, and they give America a proof that we, too, have beauty and a sense of art.

But there is a third aspect of loveliness in Mr. Huntington's collection. In addition to the loveliness of his gardens, and the loveliness of his pictures, there is the loveliness of his books.

I spent the greater part of a day in his literary archives, turning over the pages of the Ellesmere Chaucer, a privilege that I sought in vain at home, looking at four first folio Shakespeares, the manuscript of *Piers Plowman*, Mary Godwin's own copy of

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Shelley's poems, with her heart's confessions pencilled in the back, the signatures of early English kings, and the *Battle Abbey Rolls*. Remember that these priceless editions, the very cream of English literature, are at the command of research students, and you must agree that Mr. Huntington has performed a lasting service to the English-speaking world in collecting them and making them accessible.

Not only so, but they are being preserved by the best means known to science, in air-conditioned archives, freed from insects, and X-rayed for possible palimpsests.

The Huntington influence seems to have spread like a prairie fire.

I visited many private homes in Los Angeles, all beautifully designed and most tastefully furnished, as are all American houses and hotels, and in that of Paul Jordan Smith I found the earliest editions of Robert Burton, and in the home of Dr. Crummer, a close friend of Laura Knight, I found not only a complete set of Dickens in parts, but also a first edition of *A Tale of a Tub* annotated by Thomas Swift,⁵ which makes it look as if perhaps Jonathan didn't write it after all.

And in the home of my host, Carl Haverlin, I found not only enthusiasm for literature, but a generosity that doesn't always go with it, for this collector, in his anxiety that I should appreciate what young America is doing, insisted on my

CALIFORNIA

accepting his own first editions of the poet Robinson Jeffers.⁶

They carry generosity over here to a point of self-sacrifice that simply baffles me.

This host of mine, who had never even heard my name, not only devoted three whole days to showing me around Los Angeles, but did this in spite of the fact that both his wife and daughter were suddenly taken ill during that time.

And this generosity is universal.

I had a small operation done on my thumb at Tulane, and another on my ear at Los Angeles—and in both instances the surgeon was not only a model of efficiency, but simply wouldn't hear of my paying. Their kindness to the stranger knows no bounds.

In Los Angeles I was surprised by its serious-mindedness.

In San Francisco I was staggered by the resemblance to England.⁷

That may have been partly due to the fact that I arrived in a white sea-mist, which made the harbour look exactly like Plymouth Sound.

The shops of San Francisco are like London shops; the ferry to Oakland at nightfall is exactly like the Mersey Ferry to Birkenhead, and just as busy. Forty-seven million people cross by it every year. The people dress as we dress, in tweeds. The west wind blowing in from the Pacific is exactly like the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

west wind blowing in from the Atlantic at Land's End, and the Golden Gate reminds me of the north end of Mull, looking towards Ardnamurchan. How Sir Francis Drake missed that opening heaven alone knows. The streets are full of flower-stalls, mainly of chrysanthemums; there are daisies and dandelions, as well as gorse-bushes, and in the Golden Gate Park there is a garden full of all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare.

The people here actually walk. They also walk as we walk—fast. In fact, they hike over their mountains at week-ends.

They get good practice in mountain-climbing in negotiating their city streets, which are as steep as the streets of Bath, Buxton or Matlock, and are easier to ski on than to walk on. In fact shoes have to be worn half a size larger here in order to cope with the gradient, which averages one in three.

You can't pretend to know what a thrill is until you have taken a ride in a San Francisco street cable-car. They take their corners like a Derby winner going round Tattenham Corner, and the secret of being able to remain on the car without embracing someone or something I have yet to discover.

And as a final example of their Englishry they dress for dinner, dance every night, and play cricket, rugger and bowls.

The hotel in which I am staying is only distinguishable from the Savoy in that it is perched on the

CALIFORNIA

crest of a hill so high and so steep that from my window the sky-scrapers below look like shards sticking up out of a broken bowl.

But it would be just as true to say that San Francisco is very American—Market Street is just like Broadway—or just like China—Chinatown is completely oriental—just like Russia, just like France, just like Japan, or just like Italy. Every nation seems to have its own quarter there.

San Francisco must be the most tolerant city in the world.

It threw open its arms to the world during the gold rush of 1849, and it continues to welcome the whole world with open arms now that the world is running away from gold.

Here there is endless glamour and romance, as you already know from Robert Louis Stevenson, Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte and Peter B. Kyne.

Barbary Coast still stands in spite of seven fires, and an appalling earthquake, and Spider Kelly's still resembles the Leicester Square dives of the 'nineties, where talk was full-flavoured and entertainment unpremeditated.

But to me San Francisco has always meant first and foremost the most enchanting port in the world, with clipper ships setting out for China and liners for Tahiti and the South Seas.

There are 70,000,000 square miles of the Pacific

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Ocean, and every one of them is charged with mystery and magic to the Englishman.

So I am happiest in this happiest of cities, just wandering along the Embarcadero, with its forty-three piers and seventeen miles of berthing space, watching the Hawaiian ships slip silently from their moorings, and the tiny fishing-boats painted blue to gain the blessing of the Blessed Virgin Mary, dart in and out with their loads of lobsters.

From these wharves I saw ships setting out for Russia and Scandinavia, and one preparing for a "Round-the-World" tour.

San Francisco is a city of flux and ferment. It knows how to be frivolous gracefully. It knows how to be beautiful always.

It is difficult to believe that it is only 158 years since the first ship ever sailed through the Golden Gate, for it is now easily the most colourful waterfront in the world and its harbour is shortly to be spanned by the world's largest single-span bridge.

San Francisco by no means confines itself to the fantastic or frivolous.

It may seem at first a little fantastic to play cricket next door to a field of bison, to be eating strawberries in November, or to watch a Chinaman carrying a basket of live wild-cats, though that doesn't strike me as half so fantastic as the fact that I haven't had lunch yet and that you have already dined, but there is nothing fantastic about the Greek Theatre

CALIFORNIA

at Berkeley,⁸ or the beautiful Opera House of San Francisco. Nor is there anything frivolous about the Civic Centre. It is as substantial as the Capitol at Washington.

In spite of earthquakes San Francisco is a most substantial city; she is built to last. But she is still mysterious.

Behind the unpretentious frame-houses, under the gold-leafed pagoda and in the glittering modern handsome Spanish adobe houses, live a very lively, heterogeneous, infinitely fascinating people.

I have never seen a city where the doors betray so little of what goes on within, or a place where I so ached to enter so many doors.

In my dreams I am always passing through the Golden Gate of Damascus that leads to Samarkand, but the Golden Gate that leads to San Francisco also brims over with promise of mystery, beauty and romance, whether you see the city as I saw her last night unveiling her million twinkling lights to the stars, or as I see her to-day, half-shrouded in a pale grey sea-mist, Goat Island peeping out of her blanket of fog, the sky-scrapers fumbling their way through to the sun, the myriad sirens of ships in the bay heralding their unseen passing with a music that falls most sweetly on our English ears.

Good night!

NOTES

1. Opinion seems about evenly divided whether to pronounce the "g" soft or hard.

In England we all pronounce it soft. Perhaps the hard "g" just predominates in the city itself.

2. The book commemorating these games entitled *The Games of the Xth Olympiad, Los Angeles, 1932*, is, I think, the most complete book of its kind that I have ever seen. It comprises nearly 1,000 pages and there are 1,200 illustrations. It costs five dollars and contains the best possible photographs of athletes in action in every conceivable form of sport.

I certainly count this book as one of the treasures of my library.

3. These houses are usually most carefully guarded because of the fear that certain of them have lest their children should be kidnapped and held up to ransom.

Corroborative evidence of this is provided by the following extract from the *Daily Herald*, of 24th March, 1934:

(From our Film Correspondent)

"When I heard lately that Mae West the 'tough baby' star, was guarded night and day from gangsters in Hollywood during the making of her new picture, 'It Ain't No Sin,' I frankly disbelieved it.

"But it is true, according to Gregory Ratoff, the Jewish-American character actor.

"Following a succession of threatening letters to Miss West from presumed kidnappers, the Paramount Studios are escorting her under armed guard from her home to the studio.

CALIFORNIA

"The floor on which she works is shut off from visitors by the police, and even the studio chiefs and the director have to obtain special police passes before they can get admission.

"Later in the day I met Richard Arlen, who is taking his first holiday after eleven years of films.

"Mr Arlen confirmed the existence of racketeers and kidnappers preying on the film industry.

"'We have brought our baby chiefly because we don't like being separated from him,' he adds, 'but also because we don't feel it is safe to leave him at home.

"'Two friends of mine were kidnapped in the last few months and ransomed for £50,000 and £100,000 respectively. Gradually the kidnappers are being rounded up.

"'But although this is my first trip to England, we already feel safe here.'"

4. The origin of Cal. Tech, is interesting. In 1900 Dr George Ellery Hale, Director of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, came to the conclusion that one of the most suitable spots for making solar observations would be the summit of Mount Wilson. With the aid of funds from the Carnegie Institute he installed the first telescope in 1903. In 1907 a sixty-inch telescope came into being, and in 1918 the Hooker hundred-inch instrument, the largest in the world, was ready to commence its magnificent work.

At the foot of the mountain scientific progress was also taking place. In 1891 Father Amos G. Throop had founded a small manual-training school. The trustees coming to Dr. Hale for advice were told to "Choose a few things; do them well."

Out of the 600 students only thirty were retained, and

A MODERN COLUMBUS

thereafter science was studied exclusively, the Throop Polytechnic Institute was born.

Money, and a great deal of it, was necessary for the development of this venture. At this point one of the trustees, Arthur H. Fleming, a Canadian-born lumberman who had made a fortune of some 5,000,000 dollars, decided to devote practically the whole of his money to the advancement of Throop.

The result was amazing, and Throop became of international importance at once. The name was changed to the "California Institute of Technology"; one of the most capable American architects drew up plans for laboratories and workshops, and Cal. Tech. reaped all the benefits of the ten years' industrial boom.

To-day it is the Mecca of the scientific world.

5. The annotations occur on every page.

Here are samples of these strange notes in what is presumably Thomas Swift's handwriting.

"Whoever put this book into the press however he might have the conscience to make a penny of it, yet had withal the modesty not to own it, as the reader may well perceive by this advertisement and by that to the Reader which follows the dedication to my Lord Somers."

The most significant note runs:

"By this gold lace (I intended) it is intended to set forth the processions and vain pomp of the R.C. religion, but he has inserted it here in the wrong place."

Obviously the writer first wrote "I intended" and then wrote "it is intended".

CALIFORNIA

6. Although Robinson Jeffers asserts in his notes to *Descent to the Dead* that the verses reflect the writer's mood and are not meant for economic or political opinion, it is interesting to find his reaction to England reflected in the following words:

. An island of ghosts. They seemed merry, and to feel
No pity for the great pillar of empire settling to a fall, the
pride and the power slowly dissolving.

And again in another poem of the same sequence:

Here all's down hill and passively goes to the grave,
Asks only a pinch of pleasure between the darknesses,
Contented to think that everything has been done
That's in the scope of the race .

7. In 1774 Senor Baylio Frey Don Antonio María Bucareli y Ursua, Viceroy, Governor, and Captain of New Spain, sent orders to Don Juan Bautista de Anza, Captain of the Royal Presidio at Tubac, to arrange for an expedition to set out for Monterey in northern California in order to establish the port of San Francisco.

Those who undertook this journey (and they included civilian families as well as soldiers) had to undergo incredible privations and dangers in their march through country that was both savage and comparatively unknown. On 27th June the party, which consisted of Lieutenant Moraga, seventeen soldiers, seven colonists, their servants, muleteers and families, and two priests arrived at a lagoon which they named Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, and there they built a chapel of branches. Two days later the first Mass was held on the site of the Mission of San Francisco.

Under the Spanish rule little or no development of California was undertaken, and it was not until Mexico

A MODERN COLUMBUS

and California became a republic that foreign trade was born, and even then most of this trade was confined to the port of Monterey.

In 1848 California became part of the United States, and closely following on this event came the discovery of gold. Immediately there was a frantic rush of ox-wagons, mule-teams, horsemen, and all the appendages of a gold-seeking horde flooding the country from the north, south and east. Anything that could be made to float entered the harbour from Peru, Australia, and even China—San Francisco was definitely on the map.

The eighteen-fifties were a riot of anachronisms. On the one hand were the hard living, hard-drinking, brawling gold seekers, and on the other were the equally hardy but less romantic pioneers building churches, arranging Shakespeare readings, and organising maypole dances. Opera performances were crowded by enthusiastic audiences—all this in a community of about 30,000 adults.

By 1906 prosperity seemed permanent. Then on 18th April of that year all that had been achieved lay in ruins—the great earthquake had taken its toll.

It speaks volumes for the indomitable courage of this people that the work of reconstruction was begun without the slightest pause. Within ten years the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, commemorating the completion of the Panama Canal, was opening its gates. A splendid gesture, this, when one considers that the whole of the city had just had to be rebuilt.

San Francisco is the birthplace of a score of some of the greatest American stage-favourites, and it was here that Isadora Duncan began her career by teaching the polka in a little dancing-school run by herself and her sister.

CALIFORNIA

No other city in the world outside China has a more complete Chinese quarter, and although to-day it has lost a certain amount of the sinister atmosphere it possessed in the early part of the century, and has certainly modified its habits to conform with Western ideals, it still remains one of the most remarkable features of America.

More and more, however, is jazz replacing the strange grunts and squeals of the native music amongst young China—probably owing to the gramophone and the radio. The custom of binding the feet of girl children has been abandoned, and more and more is Chinatown merging into and becoming indistinguishable from the European quarter.

Perhaps this multitude of races, Nordic, Latin, African and Asiatic, that all now have their own quarters, will eventually lose their sense of nationality and merge together into a common people. I do not know. But as an Englishman, unused to seeing anything like it in my own country, I found this problem one of the most absorbing that I encountered in the whole of the United States

By the way, any San Franciscan hearing a tourist refer to his city as "Frisco" immediately and rightly feels for his gun.

8. Berkeley is pronounced "Burkeley" just as Derby is pronounced "Durby".

9. "Believe It or Not" Robert le Roy Ripley, whose weekly collection of oddities in the *Sunday Express* is such a feature of that paper, was born at Santa Rosa, California. At sixteen he was sports cartoonist on a paper in San Francisco at eight dollars a week. Later he joined

A MODERN COLUMBUS

the *Chronicle* of the same city, but was fired for asking for a rise. Advised to go to New York, he got a job on the *Globe*, and continued to draw sports cartoons until 18th December, 1918, when, owing to a dearth of ideas, he gathered together a few oddities that were lying on his desk and incorporated them in a single cartoon. "Believe It or Not" never looked back.

One of his greatest scoops was proving that Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to fly the Atlantic, and during his first broadcast talk he staggered his audience by proving that if all the Chinese in the world marched four abreast past a given point they would never finish passing though they marched for ever and ever.

10. While I was in San Francisco a twenty-two year old boy called Brooke Hart was kidnapped from his car by two men who took him to the San Mateo bridge in San Francisco Bay, crushed his head in with a brick and threw his body into the water.

The people of San José rushed the prison where the murderers were, took them out, tore them limb from limb, and hanged what was left from a tree. The Governor of the State condoned this lynching

VII. THE PACIFIC COAST

VII. THE PACIFIC COAST

24th November, 1933

GOOD EVENING! I have, this week, lost two illusions about the Pacific Coast. I had imagined the waters of the Pacific Ocean to be perennially and in every part at almost fever-heat, and, consequently, that every Pacific beach would be crowded with basking bathers. I had also imagined that on the Pacific coast the sun never stopped shining. I must have confused California with Tahiti.

You should have seen me last Saturday racing up and down the almost deserted white sands of Carmel in and out of a swirling sea-mist in my naked feet trying to get warm.

I could hear the surf of the ocean but I couldn't see it. Once the unseen water came rushing at me out of the fog, and as it lapped my ankles I leapt back as if a crab had bitten me.

All my life I have been used to bathing from English beaches practically all the year round, but I had forgotten that there is no Gulf Stream to give central heat to the Pacific. Now I know what cold water is

I got my circulation back to normal by bearding the famous poet Robinson Jeffers in the rugged granite tower that he has built for himself at the south end of the rocky cove.

If it had been a sunny day I should never have

A MODERN COLUMBUS

dared to disregard that "Not at Home" notice and storm that grim fastness, but I was too cold to care even when the poet's bulldog started sniffing my icy ankles, and I was warmed indeed by the sight of the eagle-eyed poet dressed as a cowboy reading Thomas Hardy aloud to his children.

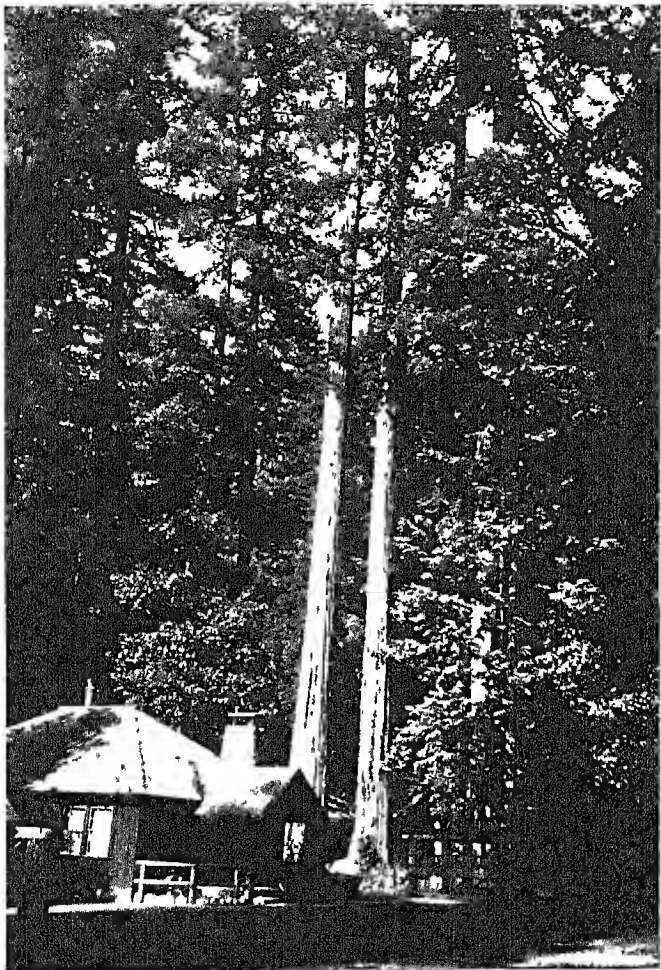
In spite of the fact that I was a quite unknown intruder looming out of the fog, he asked me in, and began talking of A. E. Housman, Yeats, George Russell, Virginia Woolf, and the wilder bits of Scotland

As I looked out of his windows the fog lifted a little, and I saw the waves breaking over the rocks just below. Two children running along the sand waved great pennons of sea-weed, and a stately girl in trousers sauntered slowly along by the edge of the waves rousing wheeling squadrons of sandpipers as she threw her arms out in an effort to embrace the sky. It reminded me exactly of Croyde.

Then the mist descended once more, and I saw no more of Carmel than that—that and a few houses and dripping trees, rather like Bournemouth. But I carried away the impression of a disturbing, fascinating, and powerful poetic personality.

And, after all, I had had my fill of beauty earlier in the day, for on the way down to Monterey I had called in at Stanford University.

Each university is a fresh revelation to me of architectural beauty, but I shall not forget the first



SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA
Redwood Trees in Big Basin

THE PACIFIC COAST

sight of those glistening yellow walls, radiant gardens, countless colonnades and arches as I drove along the palm-lined avenue to the flower-covered campus.

No wonder that Mr. Hoover elects to live so close to the university of which he was a pupil. His Moorish home, high on a green knoll, overlooks the red roofs of the lecture halls.

I found the members of the Debating Society getting ready for their debate with the Cambridge Union, which took place over the radio just after I left.

And between Stanford and Carmel we drove past miles of prune and apple orchards, fields of lettuce and gladioli, and avenues of eucalyptus trees through the Santa Cruz forest of redwoods, the largest trees in the world. Some of them are taller than the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, wide enough at the base for a coach and four to drive through, and older than the Norman Conquest. In the ice-cold green glades at the foot of Big Basin I came upon three nuns feasting merrily on picnickers' benches.

Before I left San Francisco I met two other arresting personalities. The first was Mr. Gump, who in courtesy and appearance bears a marked resemblance to our own Sir Harry Preston. He showed me his quite priceless collection of jade.

It gave me even more pleasure to watch the loving way he stroked each gem as if it were a favourite dog or horse than it did to see treasures of Imperial China

A MODERN COLUMBUS

that, as he said, are not shown to everybody, because "they might cause a little bother".

In his study above his work-table Mr. Gump keeps other treasures that I scarcely expected to see in a San Francisco Store. One is a superb skating picture by Peter Brueghel, and the other a water-colour by Whistler. He also showed me a Van Dyck of a rheumy-eyed old man and a glorious Hogarth.

But even more unexpected than Mr. Gump was John MacLaren, the eighty-seven-year-old keeper of the Golden Gate Park, which is one of the finest public parks in America. He created it out of a desert fifty years ago, and he has looked after it ever since. He is about the only public official in the States who can never be called on to resign.

John MacLaren is one of the youngest and most jovial men I ever met. He showed me a picture of a handrail bridge that spans the burn at Bannockburn.

"That's the village where I was born," he said, "and the only change in it since I was a bairn is that they have now gotten two handrails to yon bridge instead of one."

In spite of a lifetime spent in San Francisco, he hasn't lost one atom of his rich Scots idiom. It was gratifying to hear so expert a gardener pay the highest tribute to Kew.

"There is no better garden in the world," he said.

He took me round his park and showed me

THE PACIFIC COAST

thousands of happy men and women sitting under the trees listening to a band, girls riding, men playing football, children sailing model-yachts, and, to me, best sight of all, mothers with their infants, lovers sitting on the grass, lonely ones sprawled out full length lost in a book in the enclosure known as Shakespeare's Garden. As I appeared unexpectedly round a shrub I came on three Japanese children clustered round a sundial, one of whom was saying, "I don't want to play soc-cer."

Shakespeare would have appreciated this garden. It seemed to me full of the characters in his plays that I most like. I saw Imogen and Rosalind peeping from under one bush, and Sir Toby and Malvolio arguing under another. Romeo and Juliet were there too, but too much engrossed with each other to notice me.

I hated leaving San Francisco.

Immediately after leaving you last week ¹ I went to the nearest public park and no sooner had I sat down than a man came along, brought out a chess-board, and invited me to have a game. We had about eight games. I hadn't played since I left school. An old lady on the seat opposite was reading the Bible; otherwise we had the park to ourselves. I haven't enjoyed myself so much for years.

That's the sort of place San Francisco is.

I arrived in Seattle on Monday night twenty-seven hours after leaving San Francisco. Don't, by

A MODERN COLUMBUS

the way, try calling it "Settle". It was christened after an Indian chief, not after our own northern town.

There was a damp fog when I arrived, and it grew thicker and thicker until last night, when it reached almost a London consistency. It was little comfort to me to be told that it makes for a perfect pink and white complexion, or to be reminded that this was typical English November weather.

I am just not myself when the sun isn't shining, and until now I have had nothing but sun ever since I landed.²

What was the use of telling me that the only city comparable in beauty with Seattle is Constantinople if I couldn't see the seven hills on which she is built?

What was the use of telling me that there are wonderful mountains rising to 14,000 feet on every side of me when I could only just see my hand in front of my face?

The fact that the city is surrounded by lakes I proved for myself by crossing its bridges. Sailing-ships luckily look even more romantic and mysterious seen through wisps of fog. And now, of course, just when I have to leave, the sky is blue, and at last I can see her curves and water-front. But her mountain-peaks still sulk like Achilles, in their tents.

It was in this harbour, discovered by Captain George Vancouver in 1792, that Marie Dressler's film "Tug Boat Annie" was shot.

THE PACIFIC COAST

It was to this harbour that the *Portland* came, when I was thirteen years old, from Alaska carrying that ton of gold which started the Yukon gold rush and made Seattle the jumping-off place for the Klondike.

The miracle about Seattle is its youth. It is so young that they are still arguing about the name of one of its finest mountains. In Tacoma they still call Mt. Rainier Tacoma Mountain.

It is so young that one of the original settlers, Mr. R. H. Denny, is still not only alive but hale and hearty enough to have broadcast last week his impressions of the first landing.

As I wandered through a very modern store which is as big as Selfridge's and almost as handsome as Mr. Gump's I found it almost impossible to believe that only eighty-two years ago all this flourishing city of nearly 500,000 people was a dense forest of Douglas firs. On the top floor of this fine store, which is already decorated for Christmas, I found groups of laughing infants playing in a special room full of toys while their parents shopped. Seattle is just full of good ideas like that.

I don't quite know what I expected to find in this outpost city of the North-West frontier. What I certainly never looked for was a community as artistically vigorous as Taos. In Mrs. Cornish's School of Dramatic Art, to which pupils come from all over the world, I listened to a Russian theatrical producer enunciating his theory of dramatic art,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"Being, not doing", and I watched a class of life-study art students at work on a series of most convincing nudes.

In the Fuller Art Museum, a most inspiring gift made to the city by Dr. Fuller and his mother, the actual building of which is as modern as anything I have seen, there is a glorious collection of the best and most experimental in modern art of all countries. Here is the work of young Holland, young France and young Germany. I myself felt particularly drawn to a gigantic carving in cedar-wood of an Indian maiden rejecting the advances of the dour north wind and accepting the suit of the sunny south.

But the best thing in the collection, which also includes some fine modern jade and Gambodian sculpture, is the work of George Biddle, a young American who has combined a magnificent decorative sense with a rich medieval humour that slyly seizes with equal impartiality on exuberant Mexicans, frisky horses, and richly feminine cows. His work is both significant and first rate.

Talking of cows, I saw yesterday the cow that gives more milk than any other cow in the world. She actually gives her own weight in milk every two weeks of her life. She is a Holstein-Friesian, and she lives in the Snoqualmie valley, which is very green and very wet, at least it was on Wednesday.

I don't want to say too much about this record-breaker, for when I called these cows were all

THE PACIFIC COAST

listening to the radio, and I daren't think what would happen if her head started to swell like the rest of her body.

The bulls on this farm have no radio; so I have less compunction about letting myself go on the subject of the Matador Masterpiece, who weighs nearly a ton and a quarter, and looks more like a battleship than a bull. It's quite a walk from fore to aft. One of the longest walks and certainly the most thrilling I've taken in this country was to walk all round him in his stall. The fact that he was anchored by a stout chain was not so important to me as the fact that he was amiable.

He'd make a superb poster for "Black and White".

A little farther up the Snoqualmie valley (Snoqualmie is an Indian word meaning "Moon People"), I went over a large lumber-mill at the foot of the deep blue and purple Cascade Mountains, and here I saw the vast logged trees arrive from the hillside in trucks, where they are dumped in water, and separated into their species, Douglas fir, cedar, and west coast hemlock, before disappearing into their respective mills.

I watched one huge Douglas fir drawn slowly up an inclined plane to the top floor of the mill, then roll on to the moving table where men with levers raced with it towards the vertical band-saw, a mighty destroyer that cut it to and fro into long, thin slices as if it were bacon. The noise made as it ran to and

A MODERN COLUMBUS

fro in and out of the saw was exactly like that of a Tube train, and it travelled at much the same speed

Each slice was carried over rollers to other circular saws which cut it this way and that, and in a few minutes the mighty tree was just a lot of neatly planed planks of standard sizes going off to be seasoned in the yard.

The noise in the mill is so deafening that the lumbermen have to use signs instead of speech, but the sweet smell of sawn wood more than compensated me for the screech of the saws.

I had the privilege of lunching with the men in their community hall, and learnt that the rate of pay starts at thirty-two and a half cents an hour, and rises to forty-five for the logger, who wears, by the way, a picturesque vivid red Tyrolean hat. They work thirty hours a week.

Lumbering is, of course, one of the great industries on this North-West frontier. As far as I have been able to see anything I have seen trees, and more trees. Every hillside is just navy-blue and black with them. Every nook and cranny is filled with logs of freshly sawn wood.

But the most significant thing about Seattle is not her lumber, not her cows, not her fisheries, not her aeroplane industry, not her fine stores, but her University, which stands nobly above Lake Washington on a campus of nearly 600 acres and has a roll-call of 10,000 undergraduates.

THE PACIFIC COAST

There is a magnificently virile atmosphere about the whole place, and I wasn't in the least surprised to find that this University of Washington holds the championship of the United States on the river. I should like to see this crew row at Henley.

The tuition fees amount to about twenty-two pounds a year, and about *fifty* per cent of the students pay their own way by working out of hours.

One of the most brilliant girl undergraduates stoked furnaces in her freshman year, and a Doctor of Philosophy is washing dishes in a restaurant at night to enable him to complete his course.

They not only produce a daily newspaper of their own, but on occasion take over the entire production of a Vancouver, Seattle and Tacoma journal for a day in order to test their efficiency.

Last night I dined with the K.K.G. Sorority, a society of some fifty girl undergraduates who gave me a good idea of the outlook of the modern American young girl.

At intervals during dinner they burst spontaneously into songs of loyalty, and afterwards we all sat about on the floor in the drawing-room in front of a huge log fire interchanging views.

They were all completely un-selfconscious, and tremendous enthusiasts about everything. They spend their Christmas vacations ski-ing over their mountains, shooting, fishing and flying. They are very air-minded.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Physically they struck me as perfect. They dress with taste. They are good to look at, and amazingly easy to talk to. I wish our young people could attain this ease of manner. I have still to meet a gauche American girl.³

After submitting to a fusillade of questions about the English way of living I was taken to a rehearsal of a light comedy and again struck by their complete absence of artificiality. They act as they behave, as naturally as children.

They have achieved poise without sophistication, an admirable trait.

Meeting them has entirely convinced me that co-educational universities are certainly the best for women, whatever the effect may be on men.

Wherever I go I find the American woman amazingly active intellectually, aesthetically and sociologically.

One of the best movements I have yet encountered anywhere is that of the Junior League, a society of young debutantes who undergo a strict and rigorous course in the theory and practice of social service, and then devote the greater part of their leisure to the amelioration of the lot of less lucky people.

It is far harder to get into this League, which is strictly limited, than it is to get into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

The sooner we start a Junior League in England the better for all of us.⁴

THE PACIFIC COAST

Seattle has no reason to fear the future. She has all the qualities that make for greatness.

She has youth, boundless zest, and insatiable curiosity.

She has proved her courage in the way she set *to work to rebuild her shattered city after the great fire of 1889*. She has proved her modernity by electing as Lieutenant-Governor of the State the leader of a dance orchestra. She has proved her energy by just tipping one of her seven hills into Elliot Bay. In Seattle they don't tunnel. They just remove the hills.

Seattle does not allow grey skies to damp her spirits, and she has one of the most enviable of all records.

She is not only the youngest, she is the healthiest city in the United States.

And now, if you'll forgive me, I'm going out into the sunshine to see where those mountains have got to.

Good night!

NOTES

1 One of the most curious things about broadcasting is the way in which, through anxiety to be absolutely audible and accurate in every particular, one makes the most idiotic mistakes

By far the worst that I made in this series of talks was just here. Entirely unconsciously I misread my script and said:

"Immediately after leaving you *next* week".

I found myself pronouncing "geyser" as "guyser" for no reason, and once I accented Navajo on the second syllable. There seems nothing to account for these lapses. It is certainly not mental laziness. It may have been over-anxiety.

2. As usual on my arrival I had to submit to the ordeal of being interviewed, and at Seattle I received my interviewers in bed.

To my surprise, I found in the *Post Intelligencer* of the following day a photograph of myself in bed under the caption, "Californian Sun Vicum", and this description:

"Too much sunshine in California forced S. P. B. Mais, English novelist, educator and lecturer to take to his bed when he got to Seattle."

And on a further page I was reported to have said:

"Too much sunshine. I'm not used to it at this time of the year. Your overcast weather is more our English style."

I had gone to bed and stayed in bed because I was completely exhausted, and having to repeat to each

THE PACIFIC COAST

calling interviewer the same story, who I was, why I had come, and the fact that I actually like America (which they found very difficult to believe), took it out of me.

But there was no "story" in that, so they had to fabricate this preposterous idea that I was suffering from too much sun, when in point of fact I was suffering from its disappearance.

Obviously I was an uncommon type of English visitor, for in another paper I read:

"Most foreign visitors, it often seems, find more in the United States to laugh at or criticise than to praise. They lecture us on our faults—and we pay them for doing so.

"S. P. B. Mais of London is a different sort of visitor. The unusual factor in the case is the gentleman's liking for America and most things American

"It is very pleasant to have someone around who does not despair of us."

3. While I am quite sure about my feelings for the American girl, I am not sure about my feelings for the American young married woman. She is almost invariably lovely to look at, and dressed in perfect taste, but she is a shade too self-assured for my liking.

I dislike the way she corrects her husband on points of topography and the running of trains, points on which men are usually much more reliable. And it is more than a little disconcerting to hear an infallible Amazon addressed as "Honey" by someone whom she obviously regards as of a slightly lower order.

Amazon is wrong. Diana is the word that occurs to me to describe the young American mother, and this

A MODERN COLUMBUS

is very odd because I do not associate Diana with motherhood. Nor do I associate the young American matron with motherhood. She seems more at home in a literary luncheon club. This does not apply to the wives of broadcasting announcers who, as I have already pointed out, are very much associated in my mind with motherhood.

4. THE JUNIOR LEAGUE

By LADY ADAMS

Reproduced by permission from the *Landmark*, the monthly magazine of the English Speaking Union.

Twenty thousand women, married and unmarried, between the ages of 18 and 40 are members of the Association of the Junior League of America. The association began, as so many associations do begin, in a small way; ten wealthy young women met in New York in 1900 and talked about their poorer sisters, and contrasted their own happy, rich, gay lives with the drab-as-dust existences of these folks just round the corner. So, in the serious American way, they banded themselves into an association, and began their work of brightening other lives; the movement grew, and to-day there are Junior Leagues in 114 cities in America.

The one thought of these ten young women was Service; that was their aim, that would be their reward. But as the idea grew and spread, as little associations sprouted here and there, as the small tea-time group in New York became to its own surprise the Parent Branch, an odd state of matters arose. It was found that the ten had founded one of the most exclusive clubs in America. They did not mean to be exclusive. Why should they? What they wanted was simple; just young and not quite

THE PACIFIC COAST

so young women, who would take the problems of their communities seriously, who would begin—or continue—some one worth-while bit of work, that would be of permanent help to the poorer people of their town. Yet, because of their own rules, this Service for Others Club has become another more widely-spread Social Four Hundred Club; but for quite different reasons. Those in charge of the League in each town go slowly. They want members, and they want members with position and money; but they want more, much more. They want girls who have been well educated, and who have been taught, or who can learn, to regard their wealth as being in the nature of a trust. They are expected to spend, not only their money, but their time and themselves on the League. If the League runs a home for ailing children, or a sun-parlour for cripples, or a milk station, or an occupational therapy workshop, or a preventorium, the members are expected to spend a certain amount of time on duty every week, and to give no excuse, however fine the day, however exciting the tournament. (A preventorium is a home where ailing persons are taken, and nursed back to health before their sickness has had time to develop into malady.)

Being a member of a Junior League is the American equivalent of being presented at Court. It gives a girl standing, and assures personal character and a good background. She does not become a member without discussion; she must be "a nice girl" in the good, old-fashioned sense of the term; she must realise that she was not sent into the world to be wealthy and useless and happy; before she becomes a Junior League member, she must show that she is *for* the law, and she must know something of the ideals of civic betterment. Or she must learn; for if her name gets through the first

A MODERN COLUMBUS

fine sieve in October, she must go through a course of training until April, studying laws and elections and by-laws, being taught how to conduct meetings, and how to conduct herself at them, and, in the case of the League I know best, giving seventy-two hours of hard work to the children's convalescent home.

And the sieve is a fine one truly. The League does not want thousands of members, it wants a small company of responsible people, who will stick to the League policy, who will work for it, and who will bring it credit. The yachts and the Rolls-Royces and the private planes are in the background of the League picture; some Junior Leaguers have all three, as part of the family equipment, but that is not why they belong. Sometimes these accidents of wealth are the reason that they are not asked to belong. It just depends.

The Leaguers are interested mainly in four phases of the life of their city: its social, civic, cultural and philanthropic sides, and their influence is far-reaching. But, naturally, the 114 cities have 114 different interests, each one for the good of that particular city, each one run with skill and efficiency.

When a handful of women make a new League, they decide at once what their particular activity is to be; not difficult, as they are drawn from the cultured, leisured class, who know something of the wants of their city, who approach the problem with knowledge and some experience. If, say, they propose to have a home for convalescent children, they are in a position to give unlimited time to choosing a suitable house, matron, cook, and other helpers; and they each appear to have a protégé waiting for its dainty bed. The League sometimes begins with a loan, sometimes the money is supplied by the members as a start. But they give wonderful

THE PACIFIC COAST

entertainments, for which they never charge outrageous prices, value given for money received is one of their subsidiary mottoes. They usually have a shop, where antiques and other joys are sold, and where orders are taken for trousseaux and layettes. The shops are run entirely by the Leaguers, who often do the whole work of the shop themselves, and usually deliver all parcels personally. Each League is responsible for paying its own bills, and at their costume dances, their fancy dress balls, their cabaret suppers, and their little theatres there is always the thought of a baby clinic or a crippled children's nursery behind the parties, while in some towns the Junior League Horse Show pays for happy days for many poor children. These horse shows interest me enormously; the members run the show, do stable duty themselves in the intervals of showing their horses and driving their carts, and often stage a fashion show during the lunch-hour.

But not only do they help their city, but they help themselves and each other. It is a small club; the members know each other. In a town of over 1,250,000 inhabitants, with a four-year-old League, there are just 150 members. A fine sieve is at work there. Self-expression is on every tongue these days, and from the age of ten months every American citizen appears to think that self-expression is his by right. The nation seems to regard it as a free gift along with the right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, about which they hear at least once a year. But these Leaguers have a higher ideal; they have learnt that *self-realisation* is finer, and through their League they find how to set about realising themselves in the best way.

There is an excellent monthly magazine, edited and

A MODERN COLUMBUS

written by members, in which really fine work appears; it has given many women their start on the road to writing; they have learnt there the art of receiving rejections gracefully, and the even more difficult art of trying again and again.

The League is as difficult to explain as the Boston Sewing Circles; both sound dull; there could be the fun of bridge-parties and amateur theatricals without the background of sickness and poverty. To the uninitiated the idea of sewing for the poor in a Boston drawing-room, and staying to supper—not dinner—sounds tame; but the Circles and the Leaguers know what is at the back of it all. Pride of place is there, and deep in their hearts that terribly old-fashioned phrase, *noblesse oblige*.

5. Another first-rate organisation for women is the A. W. A. of New York, which occupies a most splendid building and owes a great deal of its success to the tireless energies of Anne Morgan. There are over 1,200 club-house bedrooms, most tastefully decorated, providing girls with real privacy and a feeling of home, allied with the facility for getting every form of aesthetic and physical entertainment in the same building.

The individuality of the American Woman's Association is due to three facts. Its active membership consists of more than 4,000 women in business, the professions and the arts, and is supplemented by an associate membership open to women of independent income and to those exclusively occupied at home. Its club-house, twenty-seven stories high, offers at once the convenience of a residential hotel, the distinctive charm of club-rooms and the ample facilities for diverse activities. Finally, its objective is exactly what the name suggests.

On the one hand, the Association meets the varied

THE PACIFIC COAST

needs and desires of its members. On the other, it is dedicated to advancing the achievement of women in general. Consequently, for all the gay and casual relaxation of its atmosphere, this club offers that peculiar stimulus afforded only by a significant interest

Indeed, a certain inevitability attended the founding of the American Woman's Association in 1922. The coming together of so many women of tested proficiency indicates that among them has arisen a demand for the exchange of ideas and the sharing of mutual experience. The manner in which they created an adequate centre for themselves, furthermore, not only revealed a new capacity for swinging important affairs, but offered an inspiring demonstration of group action.

With no endowment behind them, these women faced a real estate and building operation involving millions. Under experienced and devoted leadership, the members sold in the open market almost 3,500,000 dollars of stock, floated mortgage loans and, in the largest metropolitan area in the world where land values are unparalleled, erected their own spacious and beautiful building. It is perfectly equipped, furnished with dignity and charm and arranged to suit the fastidious requirements of the independent woman of to-day.

If the club-house itself is a symbol of feminine self-realisation, no less so is the club programme. Members who thirst for activity have only to choose from a vast assortment of possibilities. Neither talent nor special *flair* need go unexploited. Those, on the contrary, who wish nothing more of a club than a swimming-pool and a place to entertain guests, find the location of the A.W.A. club-house convenient to the theatre and shopping districts, the service excellent, the lounges and dining-rooms delightful and the food planned to appeal

A MODERN COLUMBUS

to men and women alike. The patio, where for five months meals are served amid colourful flower-gardens and fountains, is always attractive to the eye. The panelled library offers comfort and quiet for browsing among its 4,000 books.

Moreover, the woman of affairs, however busy and contented she may be in her own circle of friends and interests, finds irresistible many Association events. There are large dinners at which celebrated guests speak on the theatre, mental hygiene, architectural and scientific developments. There are intimate dinners where discussion centres about one item selected from the unlimited field of human endeavour. One can dip at will into groups consisting of women whose professional interests are identical with one's own—doctors, artists, writers, stylists—or into groups absorbed in matters so utterly different as to afford a novel glimpse into an unfamiliar world.

One hundred and fifty types of occupation are represented in the American Woman's Association. Think of an editor, an engineer, a lawyer, an inventor, a horticulturist and a university president. Include all the branches of banking, real estate and insurance. Fill in the spaces with executives and office workers, technicians and artisans. Thus you will arrive at a sense of the amazing aggregate experience behind the sturdy challenge this group makes of all questions relating to women's economic opportunities.

Many an intelligent, critical woman to-day would like support for her constructive ideas and longs to exercise her sense of justice or her taste in some definite contribution to American life. Such an individual must recognise at once that this club with its large membership of women at grips with reality has enormous potential

THE PACIFIC COAST

influence. Now, in the third year of residence in its club-house, the group is an integrated unit, ready to assume the responsibility of leadership.

Here is an organisation that does more than give scope to hobbies and natural gifts. It does more than offer spontaneous contacts with interesting personalities, more even than supply each member with her favourite form of irresponsible recreation.

The American Woman's Association offers the mature individual opportunity to add her drop of creative energy to a stream flowing steadily towards the future.

6. Several of my talks appeared not only to come through with difficulty but not even to be tuned in at the beginning. Here is the *Manchester Guardian's* version of the beginning of this one:

"YESTERDAY'S BROADCAST

"OBSERVATIONS IN THE STATES

"The talk of Mr. S. P. B. Mais from the United States, which was broadcast last night from Seattle, was unfortunate in its transmission. Mr. Mais was announced at some length by the English announcer, but instead of the well-known voice came orchestral music. Listeners doubtless began to wonder if they had their sets fixed on the wrong station and were hearing the Contemporary Music Concert from London Regional. One turn of the knob, however, would convince them that the music which should, so to speak, have been Mais was by no means as 'contemporary' as Schönberg. The music ended, and Mr. Mais, in the middle of a sentence, was heard, or at least was heard as far as atmospherics and fading would allow.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"Mr. Mais described his visit to San Francisco, the sights and the personalities he had found there, and then spoke of his next halting-place, Seattle. Even though this city has been shrouded in fog since Mr. Mais's arrival, he contrived to give the listener definite impressions. Ingeniously he told of what he would have seen if only there had been no fog, and also outlined those features of the city which he had been able to visit.

"In these talks the great buildings, fine art, and the trivial incident may all be mentioned in the space of a few minutes, and that is what makes them so realistic. It is typical of his vivid style that in describing last night a lumber factory he mentioned the smell of the wood, as well as the scene before him.—K.H."

7. Margaret Cuthbert was recalled to New York at Minneapolis and I was put under the charge of Judith Waller of the Chicago N.B.C. Station.

She very quickly adapted herself to my very unwieldy personality, and made it possible for me to find stories in Minneapolis, Detroit, Buffalo and Schenectady that I should otherwise have missed.

Like Margaret Cuthbert, she was extremely well-read and insisted on taking me to book-stores and showering on me gifts of books that I ought to have read.

She played chess with me to keep me quiet.

VIII. MINNEAPOLIS

VIII. MINNEAPOLIS

1st December, 1933.

GOOD EVENING! I have this week done two things that I have never done before: ridden on the footplate of a locomotive, and travelled 2,000 miles by train at one stretch.

I left Seattle at 8.30 last Friday night, and I arrived in Minneapolis at 10.10 on Sunday night, a journey of slightly under 2,000 miles in what sounds like nearly fifty hours, but was actually slightly under forty-eight hours.

Twice during the journey I had to put my watch on an hour, once at Paradise, Montana, in changing from Pacific to mountain time, and once at Mandan, North Dakota, in changing from mountain time to central time.

As a result of this jump, in the course of which I passed through no less than five States, I am now only six hours behind you instead of eight, as I was last week. It is all rather like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*—or is it *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*?

The disadvantage of this method of travel is that I saw nothing of Mount Rainier or the Cascades, but on Saturday morning I woke up to find myself surrounded by the tree-covered mountains of Idaho with the green waters of the Clark Fork of the Columbia River swirling through canyons by the side of the railway line.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

It was fitting that at luncheon I should be given an Idaho baked potato, which costs ten cents and takes up about half the table.

We kept on climbing until, about half-past three in the afternoon, we stopped at Missoula, Montana, at a height of over 3,000 feet to change engines. The new engine had to carry on for the next 965 miles, which is the longest run for one engine in the world.

I'm afraid I can't tell you much about the scenery for the next seventy miles, because my time was partly occupied in removing bits of coal-dust from my eyes, partly in wondering how the tremendous locomotive "A 2601" on which I was riding managed to steer its 330-ton body so nimbly round those corners at sixty miles an hour without leaving the rails, and partly in trying to keep out of the stoker's way as he turned the hose on the steaming coal or opened and closed the furnace doors.

Mr. Moon, the engine-driver, beckoned me to his side as soon as the booster had given the engine its flying start and shouted in my ear, "You'll have to excuse me for not entertaining you, but this is a pretty hard run, the fastest in the United States," and for some time after that his eye strayed only from the track to his watch and back to the track again.

I was glad of that. I felt no desire to distract him. Have you ever tried riding on an electric horse? That's smooth compared to engine-riding.

MINNEAPOLIS

For sluggish livers there's nothing to touch it.

I had no idea before that engines were in the habit of taking sudden leaps like hounds straining in leash or let off steam quite so menacingly.

Mr. Moon beckoned to me again. I thought it was a warning to leap before the accident, but all he shouted this time was: "There's a good bit of scenery up yonder"; and five minutes later, "There's fine hunting to be had up in the canyon." And again, as we sawed our way with a frightful din through a narrow ravine, "This is the cut where they held up the night post 'Liberty' thirty years ago."

It was only when I was getting off the locomotive at Garrison, a palsied wreck with eyelashes as black as a chorus girl's, after covering seventy miles in seventy-eight minutes, that he said cheerfully, "Well, you've gotten through Hell Gate all right."

But Montana has other attractions as well as Hell Gate Canyon.

As dusk fell we climbed 5,000 feet up to Anaconda, the largest smelter, and a little later in the darkness looked down on the million diamond sparkling lights of Butte, the greatest mining camp on earth.

Then at a height of 6,356 feet at the Homestake Pass we crossed the Great Divide.

Behind us all the waters flow into the Pacific, before us into the Gulf of Mexico.

It was too late in the year to get off to see the geysers in Yellowstone Park¹ and the Grasshopper

A MODERN^d COLUMBUS

Glacier, which contains millions of grasshoppers embedded in ice, lay too far off the line for me to see, but at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning I looked out of the carriage-window on a scene that reminded me of the Painted Desert. There were the same dried-up mesas of caked yellow and green and red that I had seen in Arizona repeating themselves in North Dakota.

I was passing through the prehistoric burnt-out beds of lignite and the petrified forests known as the Bad Lands, so beloved of Theodore Roosevelt.

And gradually the multicoloured desert gave place to a fertile prairie with white hares sitting up still as statues on the black earth, lonely ranches and isolated white wooden tiny spired churches standing out of a vast bed of brown grazing-ground.

Here and there lay patches of snow; the streams were frozen over, and the cayuses, or shaggy prairie ponies, browsed in the shelter of the coulies. And at Bismarck I saw the statue of the Indian woman Sacajawea who guided Lewis and Clark² on their pioneer expedition across the continent.

It is odd to think that I saw no Indians at all from the time of my landing until I got to Santa Fé, and that since that time there have been Indians everywhere.³

When I crossed into the State of Minnesota, the State which produced Charles Lindbergh and Sinclair Lewis, I got more reminders of the Indians,

MINNEAPOLIS

for here are Lake Minnetonka, the falls of Minnehaha, and the city of Minneapolis.

I scarcely needed to be reminded on exploring Minneapolis that "minnc" is Indian for water. There is more water here than there is in Venice, and it is far more pleasantly distributed, for here it is cut up, not into canals, but into hundreds of small lakes and blue lagoons, all so conveniently placed that nearly everyone's home looks out on to a sheet of water.

There are 10,000 lakes in the State of Minnesota. This is all the more desirable in a city where the temperature runs from a hundred and ten degrees in the shade in the summer to thirty degrees of frost in the winter, for it means that the whole population spends its spare time skating or racing in ice-yachts between now and the spring, and bathing, or paddling canoes throughout the summer. And when they are not doing this they are hunting duck, coon and deer. It is significant that the most flourishing society here is the Izaak Walton Club.

Minneapolis provides an excellent example of the inconsequent vagaries of climate.

As it is situated on the forty-fifth meridian; exactly half-way between the Equator and the North Pole I naturally thought it would be as lukewarm as the church of Laodicea; but there is nothing lukewarm about Minneapolis.

For Hiawatha's sake I stood and looked at the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

falls of Minnehaha, the laughing maiden of the forest, but I didn't look long. Icicle time is not the best time to look at waterfalls. Minnehaha was frozen stiff.

I was surprised to find the Mississippi, which I had last seen some 2,200 miles farther down her long course, still flowing.

Above the city floats the lumber; below it barges carry the flour.

I had known beforehand that the population here was largely Scandinavian and German, and that I should find branches of the Danish, Swedish, Finnish and Norwegian Lutheran churches, but I had not visualised a city entirely dressed in Scandinavian clothes.

Almost every girl that I have passed in the streets or on the university campus, where the prairie wind blows cold, has worn a fur coat; nearly every man wears a fur-lined hunting-cap and a lambskin overcoat, and half the children are dressed as Baby Buntings.

There is no leaf left on any tree; the streets are all decorated with evergreens, and the shop windows are full of skis and toboggans and skates and all things Christmassy.

Altogether I have entered a very different land from the California of a week or two ago.

But Minneapolis, in spite of its intense cold, is a thriving industrial city with very handsome homes

MINNEAPOLIS

—there are scarcely any apartment-houses—and smart shops.

Nor does it neglect aesthetics. Its Symphony Orchestra is world-famous, and in its Art Institute it has reconstructed rooms taken from one of our own country houses—Stanwick Hall, Yorkshire.

On the banks of the Mississippi, and driven by her water-power, stand a number of six-storied flour mills, over one of which I was taken by a most enthusiastic miller, Mr. James of Pontypidd.

I met his suggestion that I should exchange my thick overcoat for a thin white overall with disapproval. I had been frozen in the streets. Once more I had overlooked the American interior. Even if I had worn only the overall I should have been too hot. I had no idea that wheat had to be crushed at a Turkish-bath temperature. No wonder it ends as fine flour.

I watched it on the sixth floor being jazzed about in wooden cylinders and cubes with rubber feet shaped like elephants, that moved this way and that with a most crazy, unrhythmic movement.

I watched it on the floors below being squeezed in heavy mangles between steel rollers, enduring eleven sorts of misery in grinding, and eventually being passed through sieves of spun silk.

On every floor and at nearly every one of the thousands of wooden crushers and separators that we passed, Mr. James jerked out on a thin palette

A MODERN COLUMBUS

a fresh variety of grain, and, having stroked it lovingly and called it semolina or macaroni, submitted it to my taste.

After sampling enough to have fed one of my prize cows I decided that wheat germ was my favourite, only to find that this is the food reserved for silver foxes.

I watched the finished product being poured down chutes into sacks, which move along automatically on moving platforms, and being sewn up and labelled by machines, and dispatched in barrels, each containing 196 pounds. The output of the Minneapolis mills is about 18,000,000 barrels of flour every year.

In the University of Minnesota I met Dr. Ryversen, occupied on a problem that closely affects the miller.

"We have formed," he told me, "a north-west Research Foundation the object of which is to find new uses for old things. The billions of bushels of low-grain wheat that is now thought to be valueless, has many chemical properties which ought to be put to good use. The top soil of our farms has been devastated. It needs peat, lignite and copper. Now it ought to be possible to make new by-products of these fertilisers to enrich the land."

He held up two bottles of what looked to me like cotton plant. "From this supposedly waste product of aspen," he said, "we are already getting alfa cellulose, and I look forward to the day when the farmer will be able to derive such chemical products

MINNEAPOLIS

from his land—methlin and hydrogen, for example—as will enable him to heat and light his house, and become entirely self-supporting.”

He talked of maize being used for insulating board, and showed me two tubes of casein made from skimmed milk to show me what chemical research was capable of in the way of refinement.

From Dr. Ryversen I went on to see Dr. Roberts in the Natural History department, who showed me what I have been looking for all my life, a copy of Audubon.

As he turned over these huge, rare, highly-coloured plates of American birds he enlightened me on points that I have long wanted to know.

We came to a plate of the peregrine.

“I suppose it is the fastest moving thing in the world,” I said.

He shook his head and smiled. “Hawks get all the publicity,” he replied. “I suppose you’ve never seen a humming bird. It flies so fast that you can’t see it.”

He pointed to the plate of the mocking-birds attacking a rattlesnake in the tree. “Everybody told Audubon that rattlesnakes can’t climb trees,” he said. “They can.”

When we came to the cuckoo, he said, “Ours is a better behaved cuckoo than yours. It lays its eggs in its own nest. It only acquired its bad habits when it went over to your country.”

A MODERN COLUMBUS

As the scarcity of Audubon's four volumes makes its price quite prohibitive it is pleasant to know that Dr. Roberts' book, *Birds of Minnesota*, is now published by the university at a purely nominal cost. I imagine that every copy has been snatched up in America, but I do hope that a few copies have come over to England. After Audubon it is probably the most authoritative bird book in existence.

But the most far-reaching of Minnesota's activities lies outside her cities.

At Rochester, some eighty-four miles from Minneapolis, there rises above the prairie the most famous clinic in all America. Here Charles Mayo and his brother and nephews, America's most famous surgeons, carry on a surgical research that is world-famous, and to them come patients from all over the earth.

Rochester is the Lourdes of America.

On the other side of the Mississippi from Minneapolis stands the older twin city of St. Paul, the capital of the State, also a city of beautiful homes and stately avenues, with splendid public buildings, notably the domed Capitol, in which I saw paintings depicting the history of the State from the time when the French priest discovered St. Anthony Falls in 1681 to the Sioux Treaty of 1851, when the Indians ceded 50,000,000 acres to the United States, and the battles of Gettysburg and Nashville in which the men of Minnesota acquitted themselves so nobly.

MINNEAPOLIS

I was shown by one of the leading bankers some of the precautions taken by the banks to keep their money intact. In the main building there is a sort of crow's nest for one man, while sentinels with loaded machine-guns stand all day behind bullet-proof glass ready to shoot any thief who tries to effect an entry into the vaults, whose steel doors are as elaborate as the engines of an Atlantic liner. And next door to the vault is a rifle-range for the sentinels off duty to keep their eye in.

But the outstanding glory of St. Paul is its new Court House, which has walls of black marble and is panelled with wood from every country in the world.

The court-rooms are panelled with teak, and are elaborately protected from any untoward incident on the part of prisoners, or their friends, by bullet-proof glass and lifts descending direct from the prisoner's box to the cells.

While I was in St. Paul I listened to a debate between St. Thomas's College and two members of the Cambridge Union on the relative merits of our system of broadcasting and that of the United States.

The St. Paul speakers appear to think that the B.B.C. is muzzled by the Government, and the Cambridge undergraduates apparently think that American broadcasting is in the hands of irresponsible advertisers. Both sides spoke with enviable

A MODERN COLUMBUS

ease and facility. They only needed a little knowledge of the facts to have achieved a good debate.⁴

I celebrated Louisa Alcott's hundred and first birthday on Wednesday very wisely by going to see Katharine Hepburn's interpretation of Jo in the film version of "Little Women", and I should like to say now that if America can produce more films on these lines, with such admirable restraint in artistry and perfection of photography, she need no longer fear the competition either of France or Germany, for "Little Women" is probably the most satisfying moving picture the world has yet seen.

Yesterday, being the last Thursday in November, was Thanksgiving Day, the anniversary of the day set aside by the Pilgrim Fathers in November 1621 to commemorate their safe arrival at Plymouth, New England, and their first harvest.

It is not only a national holiday, but a day set apart for the reunion of families, the sending of greetings, and the exchange of roses, violets and chrysanthemums, and observed very much as Christmas Day is with us.

That is, it begins with church-going, and ends with a family feast.

The morning service that I attended was held in the fine granite Plymouth church of Minneapolis, uniting the congregations of Wesleyans, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and there was not a vacant seat.

MINNEAPOLIS

It was a most impressive service, from the opening inspiring message of the President's proclamation, with its expression of gratitude for the passing of dark days, to the closing eloquence of the preacher rousing us to a sense of our responsibility for the less fortunate.⁵

And after church was over I went down to the *Union City Mission* to see 2,500 of the *Minneapolis* unemployed eat their Thanksgiving dinner of turkey.

I have seen the C.C.C. groups of boys between eighteen and twenty-five working in afforestation camps; I have seen men put on to public works, the repair of roads and so on; and I have seen the roofless unemployed turn to and build themselves cabins to live in, cabins very like the huts in our own allotment gardens.

But until yesterday I had not seen the unemployed man dependent on the State and Society for his food and a roof. It costs the Mission 29 cents, or 1s. 3d. a day to provide each man with three good meals and a bed. The food is grown on the Mission farm, which is entirely run by the unemployed, and the money to keep it going comes partly from the community chest and partly from private contribution.

I spent the rest of my Thanksgiving Day in the bosom of an American family who made me realise how amazingly the sturdy qualities that made

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"Little Women" so lovable still endure in every American home.

It was exactly like the best sort of old-fashioned English Christmas that we used to enjoy as children, even to the strumming on the piano and the walk in the crisp afternoon to shake down the turkey.

The piece of heather placed by the side of my plate was just another typical example of American courtesy. In spite of the fact that it was their own great National festival they still had time to remember that it was also St. Andrew's Day.

It is the first time that anyone has ever given me a sprig of heather on 30th November.

Shall I remember American kindness? Who could ever forget it?

Good night!

NOTES

1. Yellowstone National Park, situated mainly in Wyoming, is reserved as a public park or pleasure-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

It is rectangular in shape, about 62 miles long and 54 miles broad, with an area of 3,350 square miles.

It is almost entirely surrounded by national forests. The central part is a volcanic plateau standing about 8,000 feet above sea-level. "Excelsior", the largest geyser, has a crater 300 feet long and 200 feet wide. "Old Faithful" throws up an eruption (at regular intervals of sixty-five to seventy minutes) consisting of a jet of hot water 2 feet in diameter to a height of 150 feet and the eruption lasts about four and a half minutes. Steam rushes with such force through the "Black Growler" and the "Hurricane" that it can be heard for miles.

There are about 4,000 hot springs. The pools are of varied and exquisite colours, particularly at the Mammoth Hot Springs, where the water is of a transparent blue.

Nearly all the park is covered with forests of black pine, fir, spruce, cedar, poplar and balsam. There is a thick undergrowth of blueberry bushes and there are many flowering plants.

As it is a protected area you find bears, deer, elk, porcupines, beavers and a few bison, together with the golden eagle, pelican and every species of small bird.

2. Meriwether Lewis was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1774, served with distinction in the campaign against the Indians, and was promoted captain in 1797.

From 1801 to 1813 he was private secretary to

A MODERN COLUMBUS

President Jefferson, who sent him with his friend William Clark to the head-waters of the Missouri River and so over the mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1803 Clark and Lewis, with twenty-nine others, went into severe training in winter quarters at St. Louis. In 1804, with sixteen more men, they started up the Missouri River in three boats and reached what is now Bismarek, where they spent the second winter among the Mandan Indians.

In April 1805 they went on up the Missouri to the source of the Jefferson, and with a guide and horses procured from the Shoshone Indians pushed on through the Rockies, and on 7th October embarked in canoes on a tributary of the Columbia River, the mouth of which they reached on 15th November.

They had travelled 4,000 miles and were the first explorers to reach the Pacific by crossing the continent north of Mexico.

They spent the winter on the Pacific coast and started back on 23rd March 1806, and on crossing the Divide, Lewis explored Maria's River and Clark explored the Yellowstone.

They met again on 12th August and reached St. Louis on 23rd September.

Only one member of the expedition died and only one deserted.

Lewis received a grant of 1,500 acres and was made Governor of the northern part of the territory obtained from France in 1803, organised as the Louisiana territory. He is supposed to have been murdered or to have committed suicide at Narbutle, Tennessee in 1809, while on his way to Washington.

3. I am told that there are more Indian tribes living in

MINNEAPOLIS

this area than any other. It was here that they made their last stand against the white man.

I saw photographs of some of their chiefs—of Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, Sitting Bull and Gall of the Sioux; of Joseph and Peo Peo Tholekt of the Nez Perce; Crow-Flies-High of the Gros Ventre; Nichola of the Flatheads; and Garry of the Spokane.

4. Here is a letter from Mr. H. A. Clark of Detroit on advertising on the air:

“DEAR SIR,

“Owing to the Thanksgiving holiday last week I was at home all day Friday, listening to my radio most of the day and evening, and at 4 p.m. happened to tune in on your broadcast from the Twin Cities.

“I was much interested in all you had to say, especially as I spent five years in Minnesota, teaching at Carleton College at Northfield, not quite fifty miles south of the Twin Cities.

“In connection with your comments on the severe winter weather, you may be interested to learn that in 1923, the year I went to Minnesota, we played tennis outdoors as late as about this time in December. My recollection is that some bold spirits played tennis outdoors on Christmas Day that year, though my memory may be playing me false in regard to that. On the other hand, on the day after New Year I believe it was the thermometer stood at—27° F. at 2 p.m., after registering—35° the night before. But in my experience Minnesota winters are on the whole not very much more severe than the winters in the rest of the northern part of the United States.

“But what really caused me to trouble you with this letter, after considerable reflection on the matter during

A MODERN COLUMBUS

the past week, was your comment on the Cambridge-Saint Thomas debate on radio control. I am glad to believe that freedom of speech over the air is not muzzled by the British system of control (do you think the Saint Thomas debaters really believe it is?), but I cannot help wondering if you would have made an unqualified statement that of course American radio broadcasting is not controlled by irresponsible advertisers, if you had spent the day, as I did, and as I spent most of the time when I can use my radio, continually and more and more disgustingly twirling the dial, trying to get rid of the maze of direct advertising pleas, to get some good, or moderately good, musical entertainment. From 7 a.m. until 1 a.m. the next morning, very few minutes are free from advertising, mostly characterised by claims which any normal intelligence knows are grossly exaggerated to say the least, of A's suits and overcoat, B's coal and coke, C's watches and jewellery, D's laundry, E's beauty shops, F's cigarettes, G's, H's, etc., etc., wonderful remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and so on *ad lib.* and especially *ad nauseam*. I hope that listeners in other parts of the country are not afflicted as we are here in Detroit (from one Canadian station as well as our local stations), but I sadly fear that this is not the case.

"I am glad to bear testimony that the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System offer much finer programmes than their local stations and the independent local stations,—many sustaining programmes and many sponsored programmes whose advertising is limited and unobjectionable. But frequently the local station will carry some cheap dance hall or advertising programme when the national system is offering a particularly fine programme. It is maddening to have to listen to some local advertising 'spiel'

MINNEAPOLIS

and then to be tuned in on some fine symphony programme in the middle of a number which one may or may not recognise, after the announcement of and comment on the number is over. A week ago—Sunday night, I think it was—I listened with great enjoyment to the first of a series of fine concerts by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and looked forward with keen anticipation to the next concert a week later, only to find that the local stations did not carry the programme and that I could not get it anywhere else.

“My own attitude, and I believe that of many, many others, is summed up in a brief editorial comment published not long ago in the *Detroit News*, about as follows: ‘For about \$2.50 the English radio listener is rid of all objectionable advertising. It’s a bargain!’ It is indeed, but one which the American listener does not thus far have available.”

5. THANKSGIVING DAY SERVICE

Held in Plymouth Church, Minneapolis

Thursday, November the Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Thirty-three

For all things beautiful, and good, and true;
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chastened, tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;
For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when they are withheld;
For light and air, sweet sense of sound and smell;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;
For vision of the Worker in the work;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere:—
We thank Thee, Lord.

JOHN OXENHAM.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

A Service Uniting the Congregations of the Hennepin Avenue and Wesley Methodist Episcopal, St. Mark's Episcopal, Westminster Presbyterian, and Plymouth Congregational Churches.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Half-past Ten o'clock

Organ—Festival Prelude *Bonset*
Song of Gratitude *Cole*
Hamlin Hunt, Organist-Director

Doxology

(The Congregation standing)

Invocation Rev. Harry P. Dewey
(The Congregation seated)

Reading of the President's Proclamation

Responsive Reading Bishop Stephen E. Keeler

(The Congregation standing until after the Gloria Patri is sung)

Behold the days come, saith the Lord,
That I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel

*I will put my law in their inward parts,
And in their heart will I write it:*

*And I will be their God, and they shall be my people:
And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour,
And every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord:*

*For they shall all know me, from the least unto the greatest,
Saith the Lord:*

For I will forgive their iniquity,
And their sin will I remember no more.

Who is wise that he may understand these things,
Prudent, that he may know them?

For the ways of the Lord are right,
And the righteous shall walk therein;
But transgressors shall stumble in them.

MINNEAPOLIS

Come, let us return unto the Lord, That we may live in his presence:

Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord:

As soon as we seek him we shall find him.

His going forth is sure as the morning,

And he shall come unto us as the rain,

As the latter rain that watereth the earth.

Blessed be thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers for ever and ever

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power,

And the glory, and the victory, and the majesty:

Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou rulest over all;

And in thy hand is power and might:

In thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.

O LORD GOD OF OUR FATHERS,

KEEP THIS FOR EVER IN THE THOUGHTS OF THE HEART OF THIS
THY PEOPLE,

AND PREPARE OUR HEART UNTO THEE,

TO KEEP THY COMMANDMENTS,

THY TESTIMONIALS AND THY STATUTES, THROUGHOUT ALL
GENERATIONS.

Gloria Patri

Scripture Lesson . . . Rev. George E. Mecklenburg

Philippians iv. 4-13; I Thessalonians v. 16-24;

Revelation vii. 9-13

Anthem—"A Song of Thanksgiving" . . . Dickinson

List to the Lark! He soars and sings,

"Wake to your work, the Matin rings!"

Praise God for work!

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Noontide is near, the board is spread;
Thanks be to Him Who giveth bread!
Praise God for bread!
Sinks to his sleep the pilgrim Sun,
Homeward to rest, the day is done!
Praise God for rest!

Prayer Rev. William H. Boddy
Offertory—"Praise the Lord," Psalm cl *Frank*

(As the Ushers return with the plates the Congregation will rise and remain standing until the Prayer of Consecration is offered.)

Hymn (Tune, "Duke Street")

Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood

Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honour, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

Almighty Father, who dost give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife,
And lift us to a nobler life.

Sermon—"Prisoners of Hope" . Rev. Richard C. Raines
Hymn (Tune, "Austrian Hymn")

Hail the glorious Golden City,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told;

MINNEAPOLIS

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will live and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right,
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

Benediction—Choral Amen.

IX. CHICAGO

IX. CHICAGO

8th December, 1933

GOOD EVENING! Chicago—the name, by the way, **G** is Indian, and means “powerful”—is not on the sea.

I’m telling you this for several reasons.

If you don’t know where it is, and start looking for it on an old map—by old, I mean a map published any time before Queen Victoria came to the throne—you won’t find Chicago on it at all. It wasn’t in existence.

It is quite true that 259 years ago last Monday the French missionary, Father Marquette, and the twenty-eight-year-old explorer, Louis Joliet, in their attempt to find a waterway to the Orient, paddled their canoes into the Chicago River, but they founded no city. The village of Chicago was not incorporated until August 1833, and it is not on the coast. I find both these facts almost impossible to believe.

Every time I open my bedroom window I get an unmistakable sea-breeze. To-day it is more than a sea-breeze; there are not only white horses on the water below, but the waves are beating as high over the promenade as ever they do at Brighton.

If that isn’t the sea it’s the best imitation I ever saw.

Below my window lies an obvious seashore, a sandy beach over which at all hours of the day

A MODERN COLUMBUS

children, dressed in scarlet and white Baby Bunting suits, escape from their coloured nurses, and dogs of every size and breed, from boar-hounds to Boston terriers, scamper away from their owners to dash into the waves.

How far these waters extend I don't know, because they merge in the distance into a pearl-grey haze.

In the summer these beaches must be more than ever like the seaside, because the whole teeming city of 3,500,000 just rushes in bathing-suits towards the shore.

Now all that remains of last summer is the series of intertwined hearts and initials moulded out of the once hot tar that is, to-day, frozen on the edge of the side-walk above the sands.

To convince myself that Lake Michigan is not the sea I had to taste the water. It is true. It isn't salt. In every other respect it is a good enough substitute for the sea for me, and anyway it is a good deal wider than the English Channel.

Naval battles have been fought on it in the past between Indian tribes; steamers ply up and down it; and seaplanes fly over it.

Its presence turns Michigan Avenue into the loveliest sea promenade—I should say water-front—in the world.

In Michigan Avenue you get the whole spirit of Chicago.



CHICAGO
Michigan Avenue

CHICAGO

At one moment it is a wide sea-front with skyscraper apartments and huge private mansions on one side only, overlooking the lake. At the next it becomes a sort of *rue de la Paix*, a street of fashionable dress shops, jewellers and beauty-parlours.

Just when you are getting used to this there rises in mid-street a quite good imitation of a piece of Conway Castle, all towers and turrets of granite.

This is the Chicago waterworks.

Just ahead of it lies on one side of the street a skyscraper with the delicate filigree work of a medieval cathedral, and on the other a kind of Eiffel Tower. And then it crosses a rubber-floored suspension-bridge which rises to let the steamers pass from the river to the lake.

By the time I reached the ruins of the Parthenon and the fountain of Versailles I had ceased to be capable of astonishment. I was not in the least taken aback by the sight of a temple devoted to sun-worshippers.

Chicago has achieved beauty by sheer defiance of the rules.

Uniformity is not her aim. She succeeds by experiment and surprise.

In the short span of her life she has already sloughed her skin four times. This Chicago that I am seeing is the fifth Chicago in a hundred years. And this isn't due so much to the fact that the city is built on sand, or to the great fire which wiped out

A MODERN COLUMBUS

four square miles of buildings,¹ or to the World's Fair, as to the dynamic restlessness of the people.

They tear down to build up better. Proud as they are of Michigan Avenue they alter it every day.

I have seldom seen men work with a better will than these wrecking companies. Demolition, like gardening, has become one of the purest of human pleasures.

They waste no sentiment over the architecture of yesterday. They are convinced that theirs makes for a better, bolder, bigger and incidentally a more beautiful world, and they are quite right.

You have only to poke your nose down any alleyway on the side of Michigan to see how infinitely finer the new Chicago is than the old.

In her shopping centre, a square known as the Loop, there stands the largest store in the world, Marshall Field's, and the Merchandise Mart, from which I am now talking to you, is the largest public office on earth.

I am told that the largest hotel in the world is in Chicago. For all I know I may be staying in it.

Now it would not be surprising if all this magnitude achieved with such terrific speed had developed a sense of megalomania in the people.

In a city where size and speed matter so much one might reasonably expect aggrandisement of the individual and a complete neglect of the arts.

CHICAGO

And this is where Chicago is so fascinating. Whatever you expect you will be wrong.

The Chicagoan is the most modest of men. He has ingrained in him the humility of the great artist. He is completely awed, and more than a little stunned, by what he has done.

As he takes you over the innumerable parks, lagoons, boulevards and lake-side drives that fringe the water, you can see that he hardly believes his own eyes. He still sees the unreclaimed lake of just a few years ago.

And his success in material things has imbued him with a tremendous respect for things of the mind and spirit.

How could he, how could anybody tell, when he built those vast uneven skyscrapers for utility, that he was going to achieve an aesthetic effect that is one of the most breath-taking things in existence?

The first time I saw those Alpine peaks from the water-front change from a black silhouette at sunset to the misty, indeterminate grey at twilight, and then suddenly sparkle as their flood-lit pinnacles topped the heavens, I was as much moved as I have been by any manifestation of beauty.

And it is most significant that you see as many natives as strangers stand at gaze before these beauties of the sky.

It is not that they have lost any sense of reverence for the old.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Chicago University is not at all unlike Magdalen. It only needed bicycles and grey bags to make me feel that I was back in Oxford.

No. There was one other thing.

It is typical of Chicago that the President of its University should be so young that I mistook him for an undergraduate. In Oxford I certainly do not associate Vice-Chancellors and Heads of Colleges with youth.

The college hall is just like any Oxford or Cambridge college hall, and gives the same impression of age. The lofty stone chapel is a brave attempt to provide for this University what King's College Chapel provides for Cambridge.

In spite of its great size I found this chapel filled almost to overflowing last Sunday morning; there must have been a congregation of at least 1,200, listening attentively to a call to youth to self-discipline.²

The exhortation struck me as unnecessary.

The undergraduates of this University have almost the highest reputation for scholarship in the country, and their sobriety of outlook is obvious both in their clothes and carriage.

This sobriety extends to all Chicago's citizens.

On Sunday afternoon I wandered into the Planetarium and found a packed audience listening breathlessly to a most ingenious, but to me rather complicated, exposition of the behaviour of the stars,

CHICAGO

illustrated by fascinating diagrams reflected on the ceiling. For an hour I watched Venus being chased all over heaven by Jupiter and Saturn through the changing season.

Mathematically I remained a little cold until the lecturer, in a fervid peroration, let himself go on the beauty of the stellar architecture and bade us raise our eyes to the skies more often.

Again I felt that he was preaching to the converted.

Chicago hitched its covered wagons to the stars long, long ago.

In the Muscum of Sciencce and Industry I joined a multitude of eager-eyed children in a rush to go down the coal-mine. It is typical of Chicago to build an entire coal-mine, complete with shaft, drills, and seams of real coal under the level of a lake whose bed is sand.

There is no chance of young Chicago failing to appreciate the romance of industry and the joy of engines.

This vast hall is full of machines that work when you press a button.

Before one crowded show-case two children, who seemed to me just born, climbed up on to my shoulders in order to get a peep at a real live diver in a tank who was cutting through a steel rod with an oxy-acetylene burner.

There were threshing-machines and gyroscopes,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

electric welders, and, to my intense surprise, in the place of honour, a life-size replica of Stephenson's "Rocket".

While I was gazing up at this reminder of home the curator came up and said: "That's nearer to the engine that did the original Stockton-Darlington trip than anything you've got in England. That's the only 'Rocket' that Stephenson would recognise as his."

I went on to the Field Museum of Natural History, which is an amazing example of the adaptation of classic design to modern ideas.

It is made of white Georgia marble and was inspired by the Erechtheum in Athens.

I now feel that I needn't visit the Acropolis. Chicago has given me my full meed of Ionic columns.

But the interior of this gem of architecture is even more surprising than its exterior.

For here I found all the shrubs and fruits and flowers that have so far struck me with their beauty during my dash round this continent perfectly reproduced in wax, celluloid, cotton-fibre and glass. Here I found that I was right when I told you that I had seen yams growing on a tree, so you needn't go on telling me that they don't; here I discovered, to my surprise, that oleander is a dogbane, that the lovely morning glory is a sweet potato, and that the avocado pear grows on laurel bushes.

These exhibits are made so skilfully that I found

CHICAGO

myself actually smelling the never-fading flowers and tasting the ever-fresh fruit. This, too, is a triumph of artistry and science.

In this museum stand the masterly bronzes and stone heads of Malvina Hoffman, depicting all the races of present-day man, from the Jaipur women of India to the Hawaian surf-riders and Shilluk Africans, and, as a sharp reminder of the rock whence we were hewn, there are realistic, life-size reproductions of our earliest ancestors, the Chelleans of 250,000 years ago down to the actual skeleton of the fourteen-year-old girl killed by a flint as recently as 12,000 years ago.

In the Art Institute I found the best of all the world-artists, from El Greco to Augustus John, and from the Primitives to Gauguin, and the best of America from Whistler and Sargent to Rockwell Kent—the author, explorer and first-rate artist whose versatility is typical of young America.

Have I proved to you that Chicago cares for things intellectual and aesthetic?

And now a word about her sobriety.

If ever there was a day when you might have expected the more exuberant to get a little out of hand it was last Tuesday, when as you doubtless know, the eighteenth Amendment was repealed, and the citizens of the United States were once more, after an interval of fifteen years, at liberty to drink alcohol and spirits.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

I've no idea what I expected; something, perhaps, a little reminiscent of Piccadilly on Boat Race night or Rugger night.

What I saw came, like nearly everything else this week, as a complete surprise.

I purposely went out of my way to visit the gayest night-club.

It was certainly full. It was certainly gay. But the diners at most of the tables near me were drinking water as usual. They have got the water habit.

I felt terribly daring in ordering a bottle of Sauterne. It was very, very old, and the waiter had trouble with the cork. Obviously he wasn't used to corks.

I thought perhaps the streets would be more exciting, so I went out, expecting at any rate to hear a little shouting, a few songs, perhaps a man waving a bottle of beer.

The sidewalks were, as they always are in all American cities late at night, almost completely deserted. I passed one boy walking aimlessly about swinging a lantern, and no one else at all.³

The only difference that recap has so far made openly is the appearance of a few shops with bottles of wine and spirits in the window, a sight so unusual in the United States that crowds stand quite silently peering in. Very few seem to enter the shops and buy.

Am I making it sound as if Chicago is a very

CHICAGO

sombre city? It is nothing of the kind. It is one of the gayest cities I know.

There are first-rate cabaret floor-shows going on all and every evening in every hotel and restaurant, and they are all well patronised every night.

One night this week at the Stadium I saw 20,000 people gathered to applaud their favourite radio stars, and discovered that their greatest loves are dance bands and a pair of comedians, "Amos 'n' Andy", who command higher salaries than film stars for a turn in which they hit off with extraordinary skill the manner of speech and outlook of two coloured men.

Amos showed me afterwards the book containing all the episodes that he and Andy have given, some 1,850 in all, during the past three years, and told me that their public are most pleased when a note of pathos is introduced into their usually humorous and always human, story.

These are the first artists I have met who have built up their reputation entirely on the radio.

Last night I went to the Stadium again to watch an electrically exciting ice-hockey match between professionals, the Black Hawks of Chicago against the Maroons of Montreal. The crowd roared without intermission from beginning to end, and proved once more how much delight Chicago takes in its play. But in spite of its tremendous and noisy enthusiasm this crowd was a model of orderliness.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Indeed, Chicago needs relaxation after its work, for its labour is unusually exacting.

I stood one morning in the Board of Trade watching the brokers in the largest wheat-pit in the world shouting the odds exactly like bookies on a racc-course, even to the waving of arms and hand-signals. Two fingers held up mean an order for 10,000 bushels, and so on. Fingers held horizontally denote price signals. Bidders stand, in oatmeal-coloured coats, on the steps of two circular pits, one of which is reserved for wheat and the other for corn. Two other smaller arenas are kept for rye and oats.⁴

For some minutes there is comparative quiet, then, for no apparent reason, they get as excited as a disturbed wasps' nest, and gesticulate and shout wildly for perhaps another minute before settling down once more into a state of subdued buzz. All round the hall are tables containing samples of grain, and high up are boards chalked with the day's prices in Liverpool, Montreal, Amsterdam and other pits. Everywhere there are men telephoning and typing.

From the wheat-pit I went directly to the stock-yards, where I saw grey pens of cattle, with long grey wooden lanes overhead along which the lowing herds were winding their way slowly to the slaughter. The thudding of their feet quickly becomes a nightmare.

CHICAGO

There was a sinister smell of blood everywhere, and from the far distance came a continuous squeal.

I did not pay this visit for pleasure, but for you, and all I propose to say about it is that the killing of the pigs, the cattle and the sheep is expeditious. The sheep follow a goat which turns aside at the edge of the scaffold, leaving them to go on.

Great skill is exercised in seeing that no part of the animal is wasted, and I found the by-products more interesting than the direct products. These by-products run from tennis-racket strings to soap.

There is a strong similarity between all methods of mass production, and whether it be animal or tree it is mainly a matter of moving platforms and accurate cutting.

Chicago makes no effort to hide her seamy side.

In a city that has risen in a hundred years from nothing to become one of the ten foremost cities in the world, attracting citizens from every nation, it is only natural that there should be poor quarters.

The contrast between the lovely country-houses, standing among the wooded ravines of Lake Forest on the north side, and the doleful tumble-down shanties, built by the unemployed on the refuse dumps of the south side, is pretty grim.

It is said that the Chicago slums compare favourably with London slums. I know a good deal about slums, and I am doubtful about that.

There still remains a good deal of cleaning-up

A MODERN COLUMBUS

to do in both cities. I found the litter in Maxwell Street worse than the litter in Cherbourg, and I saw many homes as unhappy as those on Merseyside or Bryn Mawr.

But something is being done. The problem is being tackled.

I spent the whole of one morning in the Juvenile Court, over which that grand woman Judge Bartholmy exercised such a beneficent influence before her retirement.

But the judge whose court I attended was as human and patient as one could desire.

A gang of Italian boys, accompanied by hosts of relatives, were up for acts of insubordination in school. Up to now they have confined their activities to the throwing of tomatoes (pronounced in America as if it rhymed with potatoes) at their teachers.

With great care the judge tried to make the parents and children realise the duties of citizenship.

As many of them had only been citizens of the United States for a few months it was perhaps not surprising that they looked a little bewildered.

It can be no easy job trying to engraft the principles of law and order of this great Republic into temperaments to whom all such ideals are unknown; but Chicago is doing it.

In another poverty-stricken area I found the very counterpart of our own Toynbee Hall in Jane

CHICAGO

Addam's Settlement at Hull House, which has been running for forty-four years.

Here I saw the aesthetic side again in evidence. Here the very poor are encouraged to learn weaving and spinning, to practise pottery, to paint, to attend lectures, to act, to dance, to build houses, to sing, to box, to repair shoes, and to swim; in short, to live (as the President of the United States this week proclaimed) as all American citizens shall live, more abundantly.

No fewer than 6,000 people use Hull House every week, and it is pleasant to realise that these weavers, potters and spinners are enabled through their craft not only to enjoy their leisure but to earn a livelihood through the practice of their craft.

It is said that no one comes to live in Chicago without falling in love with it. In spite of its sense of speed—I believe there is a law against its taxis going less than thirty miles an hour—it is a very friendly town.

It gave me an odd feeling in the biggest store in all the world to hear the shop-assistants say, "Won't you come in and see us again sometime? We'll be sure glad to see you."

Chicago is emphatically a city that likes to be visited. It is determined that it shall be better worth visiting or living in than any other city.

It has the energy to achieve this.

The vigour and vision that have turned swamps

A MODERN COLUMBUS

to parks, frontier log-cabins to skyscrapers, and a village into a great city, are still alive.

Here, if anywhere, is the Brave New World in the making.

Good night!

NOTES

1. At 9 25 p.m. on Sunday, 8th October 1871, Daniel Sullivan knocked up Patrick O'Leary to tell him that his barn was on fire. In an hour the flames had spread across the West Side to such an extent that all the engines in the city were on their way to the scene.

Helped by a southern gale, the fire bridged any gaps that came in its way, and soon blazing fragments began to fall on the downtown stores, where clerks and bystanders attempted to stamp them out. West Side crowds began to stream downtown, causing panics and confusion.

At midnight a board blown by the wind across the river fell upon a shanty roof, which blazed up immediately. The flames now made for the business quarter of the city with appalling rapidity. The gas-works blew up. The Court House began to burn, so 350 prisoners were loosed—they promptly looted a jeweller's shop.

The stories told by eye-witnesses are as terrible as any of those of the Fire of London. A New York Alderman wrote that he saw hundreds of lost children. . . . "One little girl in particular I saw, whose golden hair was loose down her back and caught fire. She ran screaming past me and somebody threw a glass of liquor upon her, which flared up and covered her with a blue flame."

All this time the wind was so strong that the firemen could get no water to carry above two stories. Soon the fire jumped the river to the north and continued to spread as fast as ever. Thousands gathered on the lake shore, but even here they could not get away from the rain of burning embers. Women and children were buried in the sand with a single hole for air; to remain

A MODERN COLUMBUS

above ground was to risk not only burns from falling debris but suffocation from the heat. The waterworks were destroyed; any serious attempts at fire-fighting ceased. During Monday the whole of the business quarter and the North Side was wiped out.

On Tuesday, Chicago was able to take stock of itself. Two hundred and fifty persons were known to have been killed, over 98,000 persons were homeless, 200,000,000 dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. Fifty-seven insurance companies went bankrupt.

Many of the cities I have visited in the States have been destroyed by fire and some by earthquake, but they have all rebuilt themselves with amazing rapidity: as often as not they have rebuilt themselves several times since the disaster. Americans do not remain under a depression long.

2. THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CHAPEL

CHARLES WHITNEY GILKEY, *Dean*

ORDER OF SERVICE

AUTUMN QUARTER, 1933

Sundays at 11 a.m.

Organ Preludes: Beginning at 10.45.

Congregational Hymn (the People standing until after the Chorale)

Call to Worship

Invocation:

O Almighty God, from whom every good prayer cometh, and who pourest out on all who desire it the spirit of grace and

CHICAGO

supplication, deliver us when we draw nigh to Thee from coldness of heart and wanderings of mind, that with steadfast thoughts and kindled affections we may worship Thee in spirit and in truth, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The General Thanksgiving: (the Minister and the People):

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth thy praise not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Chorale (Choir and Congregation):

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. *Amen.*

Solo or Anthem

The Scripture

Solo or Anthem

Prayers:

The Minister: The Lord be with you.

The People: *And with thy spirit.*

The Minister and the Choir: Let us pray.

O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

And grant us thy salvation.

O God, make clean our hearts within us,

And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

For the Nation; for the University; for daily needs;
closing with the Lord's Prayer (said by the Minister
and the People)

Hymn (the People standing).

Sermon

Offertory

The offering is devoted to the support of the University Settlement and other philanthropies for which the University has an immediate responsibility.

Sentences. *Presentation of Offering*

(The people standing until after the Benediction)

Anthem

Doxology

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

Congregational Hymn

Benediction

Choral Amen

3 A Canadian correspondent disagrees with my attitude towards America:

"Every foreigner who reaches these shores for the first time is a Columbus and shares in the thrills of Columbus.

"Your spirited talks as the Modern Columbus in America have give much entertainment and no little

CHICAGO

amusement at yourself. You surely appreciated the American attitude which resents criticism. Nothing of Lord Foulsham's constructive criticism after his recent 'discovery of America', 'If I were President.'

"Your fulsome flattery in the talk from Seattle, in which you advised the British youth to form something like the Junior League brought a mocking smile. The Junior League's plans for raising money for charity costs so much committee entertainment, costumes and entail expenses that any monetary result is a mockery. The First Lady of the Land—Mrs. Roosevelt—recently gave them some well-merited advice

"But when you reached Chicago it was evident that your voyage of discovery was as personally conducted as any in Russia. So your statement that there was little or no sign of drunkenness in Chicago on the night of Repeal caused a hoot of derision. A couple of hours later H. B. Kaltenborn, a newspaper man, war correspondent, student of economic and government conditions—who broadcasts several times a week over C.B.S.—went to Chicago the night of Repeal, spoke plainly to the large number of drunken men and women on the street and in drinking places and warned the thinking citizens of U.S.A. that they must prepare at once to combat this new menace.

"But it was your talk from Schenectady the next week that roused me to an outburst of indignation. Your unwarranted, gratuitous and surely unnecessary side-swipe at Canada and Canadians broadcast to our relatives and friends in Great Britain makes me so angry.

"Your journey from Detroit to Buffalo was started through Canada, but the railroad by which your travelled is United States owned and operated—head-quarters in New York—New York Central. So if the

A MODERN COLUMBUS

coach was so poorly lighted that you could not see to read it was not Canadian but American penny pinching economics. The shot through the coach window was surely accidental. We do not do such things in Canada. Enforcement of law here is too prompt and severe.

"My home is five miles from this railway. My brother-in-law has worked twenty years on this road as foreman engineer. We know the way the road is run.

"The clipping enclosed was in the daily paper a few days ago—the young generation you praised. Unhappy generation."

This is the clipping he sent:

"BOYS AND GIRLS WERE DRUNK

"Judge Henry Sweeny of Recorders' Court at Detroit is accustomed to handling a good many cases in a day, but he happened across one the other day which he asked be set aside until he could devote plenty of time to it. He classed it as one of the saddest cases which had come before him in a long time. He desires to have a thorough investigation and all manner of evidence. It has to do with thirty or perhaps forty boys and girls attending high schools in Detroit, their ages ranging from 14 to 18 years of age. Reports had come to the police that a drinking-party was going on at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nooney. Women from the police force were sent to investigate. They entered the premises and on one bed found four boys who were dead drunk. In another room there were three girls who had 'passed out', to use the phrase employed by the girl who was seeking to rouse them from their drunken stupor. Statements were taken from about a dozen, and all those who attended will be required to appear for the

CHICAGO

same purpose. One girl of 14 years was on the bed drunk and said she did not know what it was that had been given her to drink. 'Because I never had a drink before.' The judge remarked that if he were the father of that girl of 14 he might feel like taking matters in his own hands for her protection. Addressing the participants at the drinking party, he said: 'You think these things are smart. That's the trouble to-day, that attitude towards drinking. You do it because you think it is smart, while it is dirty and degrading. If this is the kind of leadership being offered to our children, then God help the City of Detroit'."

Here is a cutting from a Chicago paper, published the morning after Prohibition was repealed.

"As drinking passed from the repeal celebration stage and came to be accepted casually, public officials, police and hotel-keepers yesterday surveyed the results of the night before and morning after, and found them gratifying.

"Major Kelly and Police Commissioner Allman, both of whom made tours of inspection during the night, said Chicago celebrated in a dignified manner, a statement which was borne out by police records showing that only twenty-seven persons were arrested for intoxication.

" 'The celebration was quiet and conservative,' said the mayor. 'Nowhere did I see any rowdy or boisterous behaviour.'

"Hotel men joined in these expressions of satisfaction, declaring that even the comparatively few who overdid the business of celebrating were jovial and not belligerent.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"A different note, however was sounded by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, whose national headquarters issued a statement, decrying the return of legal liquor and predicting 'the doom of drink and the drink traffic and all its train of evils'.

" 'In this hour,' said the W.C.T.U. statement, 'we have greater confidence than ever in the ultimate victory of the truth we have championed for sixty years. The temperance cause, defining temperance properly as total abstinence from whatever is harmful, and the moderate use of things healthful, goes straight on.'

"Veteran bartenders, back at their old posts in the leading hotels after fourteen years, ceased polishing the glinting bars long enough to philosophise on the drinking habits of mankind. It is their opinion that after a few days of indiscriminate drinking, a sampling of all the fancy drinks on the list, the novelty will wear off and the people will adjust themselves to a saner course.

"John Burke, manager of the Congress Hotel, said that celebrants drank 100 cases of champagne, 75 cases of whisky, 75 cases of gin, and 100 cases of assorted wines at that hotel. Consumption at the Palmer House was reported as 150 cases of Bourbon, 50 cases of gin, 25 cases of Scotch, 75 cases of champagne and Bordeaux wines, 50 cases of liqueurs, and 40 half-barrels of the new full-strength beer.

"Frank Bering of the Hotel Sherman said that approximately 10,000 persons were served in the three hotel bars, the Bal Tabarin and the grand ball-room.

"The hotels were doing a good steady business yesterday and last night, but the drinking was more moderate and less noisy. An old custom was revived at the

CHICAGO

Palmer House. A lone patron walked in as the bar was opened at 7 o'clock, and ordered an 'eye-opener'.

"By 10 o'clock a dozen elderly men were sitting in the bar-room, sipping whisky and soda and discussing the world's affairs, before going about the day's business. J. A. Petrash, head waiter, said he recognised among the gathering three pre-Prohibition customers whom he had not seen during the long drought.

"The police had been instructed to be on the lookout for tipsy automobile drivers, and several arrests were made. Twelve of the persons arrested for plain intoxication were arraigned before Judge Alfred O. Erickson in the South State Street Court and he discharged all of them except Attorney Raymond Canaday, who was fined one dollar. Canaday hit a Congress Hotel waiter in the eye, according to a house detective who insisted on the fine.

"The other fifteen celebrants arrested by the police were arraigned before Judge Frank M. Padden in the Town Hall and Chicago Avenue Courts. All were discharged except Charles Dyer, a casual, who was sent to the Bridewell to work out a 200 dollar fine. Men like Dyer, the judge explained, need the cure.

"A dropping-off in the homicide rate, as a result of repeal, was predicted by Lieut. Otto Erlanson, veteran of the police homicide squad. He produced records showing that before Prohibition the number of homicides in Chicago averaged 200 a year, with the exception of 1919, the year of the race riots.

"The year 1920, which saw the beginning of Prohibition, had only 172 homicides, but the number passed the 300 mark in 1924 and has been there since. There were 337 homicides in the first eleven months of 1933, including fourteen policemen killed by hold-up men."

A MODERN COLUMBUS

And here is an Englishman writing to the *Northern Echo*:

"SIR,—

"Perhaps you will be good enough to allow me through the medium of the widely read columns of the *Northern Echo* to express my appreciation of S. P. B. Mais's remarks in his broadcast to-night re the effects of the repeal of the eighteenth Amendment to the Volstead Act.

"For the benefit of your readers who were not fortunate enough to hear him, I repeat his statement. 'The only difference I saw in Chicago since the repeal was a few bottles of wine in a shop window and a little child gazing on, but no one going in to buy. And even in the night clubs the majority were drinking water; they have formed the water habit.'

"How different from the vapid utterances of many of your contemporaries.

"Yours etc.,

"JOHN R. NIXON."

4. From the visitors' gallery the lay-out of the Chicago Exchange Hall is as follows. Along the side of the hall farthest from the gallery is a line of tables on which are paper bags containing samples of the grain being sold.

Immediately in front of these tables is the wheat-pit and the corn-pit. Between the corn-pit and the gallery is the oats-pit, and to the right of this the cotton future's market and the stock trading posts. On the far right against the wall are lines of telephone operators. On the left of the oats-pit is the small rye-pit and the provisions market, and all along the left-hand wall are more and more telephones. Below the visitors' gallery are the telegraph operators.

CHICAGO

There is plenty of the unusual in Chicago. Newberry Library treasures a book bound in human skin; the largest collection of firearms in the world is housed in George Harding's studio; the largest Persian carpet on earth is in the lounge of the Stevens Hotel; the largest pipe-organ ever built enlivens Chicago Stadium—the instrument has the "volume of a military band containing two thousand five hundred instruments"; and there is a leaning sky-scraper in Dearborn Street.

In England those with a grievance go to Hyde Park and hold forth near the Marble Arch, here they repair to Bughouse Square and let fly from a soap-box to the ever-present audience.

You can eat in Japanese, Arabic, Armenian, Turkish, and a dozen other different national restaurants. You can dine at the Rainbo Sea Food Grotto to the sound of wind whistling through rigging, and be served by ships' officers; or you can dine in "The Morgue" at Ye Olde London Bridge Club and discover skeletons under your plate; or if any of these fail to appeal to your taste there is Harrison's Log Cabin, a replica of a hunting-lodge, where there is a balcony got up as a shady lane, with squirrels and birds in the overhanging branches.

X. EASTWARD HO!

X. EASTWARD HO!

15th December, 1933

GOOD EVENING! I began this week of ice and snow and zero temperatures, fittingly, by attending lectures on Greenland and Russia.

Again I got a corroboration of my discovery that the American people are tremendously interested in the lives of all other nations, and that the outstanding leaders of modern America combine a sense of vision and a love of beauty with a boyish passion for physical action and a complete disregard of danger.

The talk on Greenland was given to the undergraduates of the University of Chicago by Rockwell Kent, perhaps the foremost artist of the day, who after years of adventuring into the unknown has now found the simplicity, solitude, colour and line that he has been looking for among the Eskimos.

He made no comment whatever on his art during his talk, but spent his time making a direct appeal to youth to adopt his way of life, to turn its back on materialism, and to set out in search of more abiding values in dangerous and isolated adventurings.

All the best American artists seem to be imbued with this Rockwell Kentian philosophy, and this Rockwell Kentian purity of mind.

Ernest Hemingway is in Central Africa; George Biddle works in Mexico; Robinson Jeffers broods

A MODERN COLUMBUS

on Carmel; Rockwell Kent finds happiness in the frozen North. The greater the artist the less likely is he to be found among the soft and safe. Greenwich village is as dead artistically as Chelsea. The men who matter are in the wilderness.

I found Carl Milles, the sculptor, working in a lonely studio in the Bloomfield Hills of Michigan.

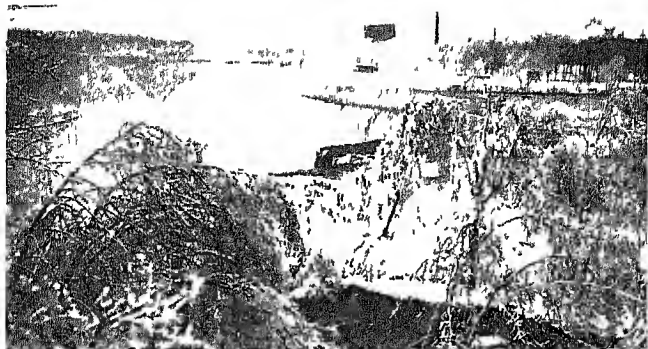
He certainly needs space for what he is doing, for he showed me a cast of a titanic Indian smoking his pipe of peace. It was about the size of Cleopatra's Needle.

The idea was to make it of glass, illuminate it from within, and place it in the Court House of St. Paul, but according to the sculptor each block of glass is going to take about thirty-five years to cool, so the St. Paulines will have to be content with a less exciting medium.

He also showed me an equally vast bronze of Orpheus which is to decorate a fountain in Stockholm, and a life-like image of his friend the explorer Sven Hedin, mounted on a camel.

And then with the engaging simplicity of a small child this eager-eyed visionary brought out ladders and cranes and vast wooden compasses to show me how the bigger image grows out of the small model.

Just outside Carl Milles' studio is a fountain shaped by him in the form of Jonah in the act of being swallowed by the whale.



NIAGARA FALLS



NIAGARA RIVER

EASTWARD HO!

And the view from this fountain, except for the depth of the snow and ice, reminded me exactly of the rolling country in Kent. And indeed that is why this estate is called Cranbrook. Its owner, Mr. George Booth, hails originally from our Cranbrook, and he has established on these beautiful Michigan hills five schools of quite amazing architectural beauty and aesthetic vigour.

His purpose is explicitly declared in the stone inscription over a quadrangle arch: "A life without beauty is only half lived."

The white-domed dining-hall of the boys' school is hung with amber glass lights from Sweden; the sculptural exterior ornamentations on the walls are the work of Maroti of Budapest; and a Finnish artist is responsible for the library frieze.

There is an Academy of Art, an Institute of Science, a Kindergarten, and, most beautiful of all, a long series of one-story buildings built round courts on the sides of a lake. This is Kingswood, which houses the girls, and as I moved from one sun-kissed colourful room to another watching the girls modelling, weaving, at work on ceramics, reading in the library, everywhere surrounded by experiments in decoration and harmonies of line and colour that are completely original, I found a complete vindication for my belief in the influence of beauty in a child's life.

It will be worth watching the creative result of

A MODERN COLUMBUS

this nursery of aesthetics. I doubt whether there is a more beautiful set of school buildings in the world. And it is only six years old.

I stayed so long at Cranbrook that I was able to do less than justice to the church called "The Shrine of the Little Flower" that I passed on the way. But here again I found further proof that the men of vision are remaining aloof from the cities.

"The Shrine of the Little Flower" is looked after by the most famous priest in the United States. His name is Father Coughlin. He is only 35, and yet all America appears to hang on his every word as he gives his fellow-countrymen over the radio his weekly message, which you will be surprised to hear, is on the topic of government and economics. His talks are so popular that I am told that his mail has to be delivered in trucks.

"The Shrine of the Little Flower" is by no means the only church on this road into Detroit. Within a few miles on one street I passed over a hundred churches.

Detroit is distinctly church-minded. But it is principally known to you, I imagine, as the birth-place and home of Mr. Henry Ford.

As I first caught sight in the distance of those tall, slender shining chimneys standing above that mighty plant at Dearborn I found it more than ever difficult to believe that it is only thirty years since Mr. Ford put his first car on the market. He has now sold

EASTWARD HO!

over 21,000,000 Ford cars, and they are still being turned out at the rate of 1,200 a day.

The works are so big that you actually drive through the interior of the buildings to watch the work going on. It is the first time I have ever done that.

There are 25,000 men in the works, and when I arrived, about half-past three in the afternoon, most of them were knocking off, for theirs is an eight-hour day.

Practically every industry in the country shuts down between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock, and nearly all stores at 5 or 5.30 in order to conform to the rules of the N.R.A. code.

It was a most impressive sight to see men in fur caps and lambskin coats bursting out in thousands to a hundred-acre park of closely packed cars and driving off in their own Fords—impressive, but a little confusing to my driver, who couldn't find the way in.

So we first drove right round the buildings, which occupy 1,100 acres, and are fenced off from the outside world by high barbed-wire fences with occasional railroad tracks and roads carefully guarded running in and out.

After encircling the grounds twice we eventually found the visitors' entrance, and had to leave our own car outside in order to be taken round by a guide in a Ford.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

What I remember best out of a maze of factories was a forty-acre park of snow-covered wrecked cars, falling to bits almost before my eyes, glassless, engineless, and tyreless, bought by Mr. Ford to mould to new uses, a dock full of freighters from the great lakes, one of them *Henry Ford II*, 600 feet long, great dumps of coal and iron ore, blast furnaces, pipes belching forth molten iron, and railroads everywhere—there are 157 miles of them inside the grounds—with locomotives bearing down on us from all sides.

At last we entered one of the many long, low factories, which seemed to be all windows outside and all metal machines within.

And the first thing that I heard on entering was the squeal of a pig. I thought I was back in the stock-yards. I was relieved to find that it was not a pig after all, but the screech of metal; but as I watched the long, slow procession overhead of the giant chain or bangle of hooks picking up one part of a car after another as it was cast I could not help comparing these two industries, so devastatingly efficient in output, so speedy in action, the one disassembling a functioning animal into a thousand edible parts in about the same time as the other assembled a thousand parts of metal into a functioning machine.

The processes in all these vast labour-saving, mass-production industries are exactly similar, and the

EASTWARD HO!

achievement in every instance leaves me gasping at man's ingenuity.

By means of these endless chain-conveyers running from every angle into the assembling-shops a new Ford car, complete in every particular, can be turned out in less than an hour.

It has not been easy to keep warm this week, but I had one moment in the train between Detroit and Buffalo when I was almost hot.

We had been running for some hours on Canadian territory with lights so dim that it was impossible to read or write, and even the bridge-players on the opposite side of the compartment were beginning to complain, when a sharp crack behind my ear caused me to look round. There was a neat round hole in the glass of the carriage window behind.

Some sportsman in the snow outside had put a bullet through the only window-pane with the blind up.

I don't know what the moral of that story is, but it certainly warmed me up for a minute or two.

I arrived at Buffalo at midnight in a blinding snowstorm and spent the next day exploring Niagara Falls.

Buffalo is a city of fine old-world houses standing among trees and surrounded by fair lawns, and in the snow looked very beautiful.

When I first saw a tent erected in one of these gardens I thought that these hardy people slept out

A MODERN COLUMBUS

of doors, even in the winter, but I discovered later that these tents act as a protection for the fountains against the severe frost.

Mothers were drawing their muffled-up babies along the sidewalks on sledges; newspaper boys were jumping up and down in front of watchmen's fires, and there were skaters on the ponds. Men and women were walking quickly in spite of their 'coon coats.

On the way north we passed through Tonawandas, where I should undoubtedly have got out had it not been so cold, for this town combines three industries that are among my three leading passions.

It is here that circus seals are trained, merry-go-rounds built, and the world's best card-indexes made.

If you want to give me a present for Christmas any one of these will do.

Niagara is at first sight unexpected.

The first unexpected thing was the sight of a man in a rowing-boat fishing on what looked to me like the flooded meadows of Christ Church, Oxford.

How he could keep alive in that temperature and fish I do not know, and I also did not know why he was not being swept into swirling rapids. But there didn't seem to be any rapids.

The second unexpected sight was that of a network of pylons and overhead wires. I had overlooked the fact that Niagara is the outstanding power-station of the world.

EASTWARD HO!

It is a very busy industrial centre. There are carbide companies, fertiliser factories, and a vast succession of chimneys and many mills. Indeed, one's first impression is not one of sight but of smell. Not all chemical scents are sweet.

But this doesn't in the least detract from the glory of Niagara when you get there. And this glory bursts on you quite suddenly. The placid green sheet of water fades into nothingness. And when you get nearer all you sense is a faint white mist beyond the nothingness. Then you are suddenly there, and there are no words for what lies below.

I saw Niagara under quite perfect conditions, under snow and alone—alone, that is, except for a couple of wild duck flying over it. No human being who could help it poked his nose out of doors last Tuesday.

I slithered down the icy path to the Cave of the Winds under trees whose boughs stood exquisitely draped in snow. Long icicles like great stalactites (or is it stalagmites?) hung from the rocks into the canyon. Above me were islands of snow-covered trees.

Then I peered out over the edge and the misty spume from the falls created more icicles on my eyebrows. Far below I could see boulders covered with frozen snow, and across the water the steamer *Maid of the Mist*, laid up for the winter.

The water was still falling over the edge, but in

A MODERN COLUMBUS

a muffled sort of way, as quiet as the falling hair of a girl, as if half-way down, where it disappeared into the mist of spray, it was being stilled by a magic wand and changed into ice

If I had stayed more than a minute I should have been changed into ice myself. I stayed just long enough to be certain that I was no Blondin or Leech. It was sufficiently frightening to stand near it. I had no wish to go over it either on a tight-rope or in a barrel. Then I climbed up to the top again, and drove along the cliff-edge above the river past the Catholic University and convent and the house where Fenimore Cooper wrote the *Spy* to Fort Niagara where the river joins Lake Ontario. The sentry on duty, an Irishman, refused to allow me to see the old fort unless I got out of the car, and this I refused to do, so I crossed over the Lewiston Bridge, which on the Canadian side is called Queenston, and drove along the Canadian bank past the tall monument to Sir Isaac Brock, the general who had four funerals, and got out of the car to look down on the great whirlpool which is called the geological timepiece of the world, I can't think why.

In the summer tourists cross the river here on a car suspended on a wire, called the Scenic Railway. But, as I said, I'm no Blondin.¹ I had no desire to do even that.

Soon I was standing at the edge of the Horse Shoe Falls, which are entirely different from those

EASTWARD HO!

which I had seen earlier in the day. In the first place, there are rapids, and very turbulent rapids, above the Falls. In them lay a large wrecked barge immovably fixed between boulders. In the second place, ninety-four per cent of the water falls on this side, and although the American Falls are four feet deeper, the Horse Shoe Falls are 163 feet high.

The water was greener, and fell with an unending, concentrated fury. The noise was quite deafening, and I was far more awed than before by the terrible power of the falling water, and felt a sort of odd force pulling me towards that never-stopping torrent. In spite of the intense cold I just had to stand and look. The rising spray had formed on each lamp-post on the roadside, a long, thin wraith of ice with witch-like strands of untidy hair of ice flowing behind. On the other side of the river there was a tinge of lavender over the whole of the American Falls and striking right through them a perfect rainbow. Behind stood the lovely white filigree network of trees in the snow.

At last I dragged my frozen body away and drove along the Canadian bank until I came to Fort Erie, where I crossed once more into the United States over the broad and handsome Peace Bridge which the Prince of Wales and General Dawes opened six years ago.

From Buffalo I came to Schenectady, probably the most fascinating place in the world for those

A MODERN COLUMBUS

who are interested in the modern developments of electricity.

It was here that Edison and Steinmetz² tried out and perfected their remarkable discoveries, and here to-day that some of the most famous scientists in the world are engaged upon further research.

For this one-time Indian settlement in "the land beyond the pine plains" is now the headquarters of the General Electric Company, and once more I was taken over a vast workshop of machines casting parts, and of conveyers carrying these parts to be assembled.

I watched flat strips of metal being coiled into cylinders and welded, heavy iron discs being pressed by a fifteen-hundred-ton hammer into what looked to me like a saucepan, and before I was ready for it I was watching the completed refrigerators on their way to the freight-cars. It was not a day calculated to make me enthusiastic about refrigerators. I wanted foot-warmers and hot-water bottles, so I turned with relief to the huge turbine shops where they are just starting a big order for the U.S. Navy.

But there was nobody at work. It was after half-past three.

In addition to shorter hours the employees of the General Electric have adopted their President, Gerard Swope's plan, by which they contribute one per cent of their wages into an unemployment insurance scheme. This plan is now under

EASTWARD HO!

consideration of the administration for general adoption throughout the country.

In the Research Laboratory I was lucky enough to meet three scientists of international fame, each of whom seemed to share that simplicity of outlook that has characterised all the men of outstanding talent whom I have met.

First there was Dr. Whitney, who is in charge of research. It was very difficult to recollect as this most charming of hosts drew one treasure after another from his toy cabinet for my inspection—now a two-headed baby turtle, now a tarantula, now a photograph of a peasant girl on the Matterhorn, and now Indian arrow-heads, that I was in the presence of a world-renowned scientist.

With him was Dr. Irving Langmuir, the second Nobel prizewinner I have met in this country, the inventor of the modern gas-filled lamp, whose work in electronics made possible the development not only of the radio-power tube, but also of the modern receiving tube.

And finally I met Dr. Coolidge, the Director of the Research Laboratory, who perfected the practical method for drawing Tungsten into wire. But you would never guess anything of his achievement from meeting him, for he talked to me solely and most enthusiastically about his recent visit to Russia, which he said is full of fine scientific discovery and research.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

He was specially enthusiastic about his visit to the eighty-year-old Pavlov, whose experiments on the conditioned reflexes of dogs have resulted in proving that dogs can count up to fifty.

In the presence of these three genial, modest scientists I felt even more overawed than I had felt at Niagara.

And in their laboratories I was more than ever awed as I watched the effect of X-rays upon the germ cells of petunias and gladioli, and the action of the electric eye which allows white celluloid balls to pass down a tube but diverts black ones down another passage.

I saw more odd happenings here than in the whole of the rest of my stay in this country.

I heard music produced by rays of light, and an organ played without pipes; I saw a door open automatically, cylinders of mauve change to white as the hand passed near them, snowflakes of sodium whirl about in a purple sky, and a revolving disc of black and white change to all sorts of colours and appear to change direction.

A tiny speck of radium had been lost on the laboratory floor and lay among a pile of dust that had been swept up. As this dust was brought near an electric detector ominous crackling showed that the radium was somewhere present and very powerful, even though we could not see it.

Schenectady is not wholly concerned, however,

EASTWARD HO!

with the odd behaviour of electricity. It stands on the threshold of the Adirondack Mountains, the playground of the east, and it is in the heart of a country famous for many battles, notably that of Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered in 1777.

I spent yesterday in the company of three winter sportsmen, who took me ski-ing on the slopes of the hills that run down to the valley of the Mohawk River.

I little thought, when as a boy I read Fenimore Cooper's grand yarns of Indian trails, that my first close association with these trails would be falling heavily on them on a day of sun, four inches of snow, and the glass standing at several degrees below zero.

It is strange to think that I have been in this country eleven weeks and have only twice managed to get any exercise—once underground in the Mammoth Cave, and once falling about in the snow on ski in the country of the Mohawks in the lowest temperature I have ever known.

And now outside my hotel window across the frozen river, within a stone's throw of the city streets, are two men out shooting.

More than ever is America to me the land of wild extremes.

Good night!

NOTES

1. Blondin, the French tight-rope walker was born at St. Omer in 1824.

He made his first appearance as the "little wonder" at the age of $5\frac{1}{2}$. He crossed Niagara on a tight-rope 1,100 feet long 160 feet above the water in 1859, once blindfold, then in a sack, then trundling a wheelbarrow, then on stilts, then carrying a man on his back, then sitting down midway, where he cooked and ate an omelet.

He gave performances at the Crystal Palace in 1862, retired in 1896, and died at Ealing in 1897.

2. Charles Proteus Steinmetz was born in 1865 in Breslau. His socialistic leanings drove him in 1889 to the United States, where he became engineer to the General Electric Company at Schenectady. He was given full scope to devote himself to the study of lightning, and made profound studies of the loss of power in electric currents of all kinds. Although Steinmetz had the mind of a genius, his body was shrunken and dwarfed.

XI. NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

XI. NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

22nd December, 1933

GOOD EVENING! I arrived in Boston on the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the Boston Tea Party, expecting to find some sort of celebration going on—a Guy Fawkes' bonfire, or something of that kind. They celebrate Thanksgiving and Independence Day pretty thoroughly, so I had looked forward at least to a pageant of tea-throwing in the streets. But Americans don't seem to care for tea. They neither drink it nor throw it about.

And they seem, in Boston, almost to have forgotten that wintry day in 1773 when they pitched 342 chests of tea into the harbour rather than pay that tax of threepence a pound that our Government at home tried to force upon them.

I can't say that they have forgotten it completely, because the Boston newspapers gave the event one line in the list of anniversaries.

As I began my tour at Jamestown and Williamsburg with memories of Captain John Smith's landing in 1607 so I expected to find in Boston an atmosphere of Pilgrim Fathers, the *Mayflower*, and 1620, a mixture of our own Boston in Lincolnshire and Williamsburg, Virginia.

Let me say at once that I have never been so surprised by any city as I have been by Boston.

It is not agricultural. It is not leisurely. It is no

A MODERN COLUMBUS

more like Williamsburg or our Boston than it is like Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is a city with close on a million citizens, with streets more congested with traffic than the streets of Los Angeles, a city as industrial and as busy as Manchester, with the greatest dry-dock on the coast, and the largest fish-pier in the world. Boston is a city with a subway, which is proof enough of activity. I was not in the least surprised to learn that it harbours more industries than any other American city.

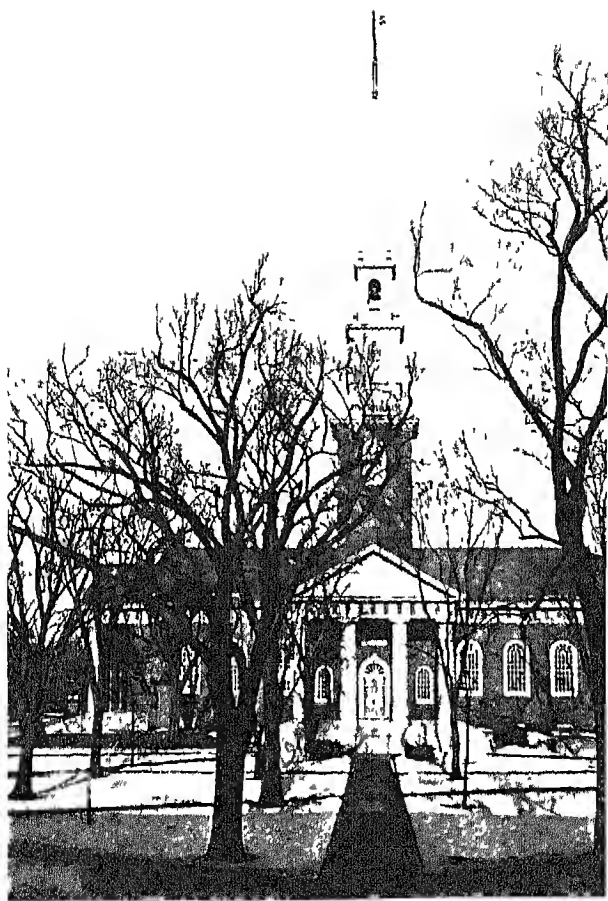
It makes no effort whatever to trade on its great and glorious past. All its oldest things are hidden away in Chinese, Italian or other quarters.

Even Bunker Hill would be hard to find were it not for the fact that its site is covered by what looks like a replica of Cleopatra's needle.

Boston's face is set towards to-morrow, and that is why it is as easy to miss its spirit as it is to miss the spirit of London.

I first found the Boston that I was looking for on the Common, a slope of bare trees, boarded walks, frozen grass and ice-covered ponds, which bears a strong likeness to the Green Park at one end and St. James's Park at the other.

I was first attracted to it by the sight of three boys skating on its pond. It is in the very heart of the city, with traffic buzzing all round it and across it, and yet its frozen pond attracts just this small



HARVARD, MASSACHUSETTS
The Chapel

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

number. I have never seen less than one or more than six boys on it during the whole of this week.

It is the queerest sort of common. It is full of green statues, one representing George Washington on a horse that lacks a tongue. The sculptor of this horse was so sensitive that when he was reminded of his omission he committed suicide.

On its steepest slope is a toboggan-run for children. In one corner is an old graveyard railed off.

I have, as you know, a soft place in my heart for all village greens and commons, and I lost my heart at once to this fifty-acre tract of land which was set aside just 300 years ago by John Winthrop for common use as a cow-pasture.

It was here that young Emerson tended his mother's cows, that the village girls came with their spinning-wheels, that four out of the fourteen duels on American soil were fought, that the School-mistress decided to share the long path of life with the autocrat of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and that the boy Benjamin Franklin came to escape from his harsh brother James.

The Puritans built a pen here for Sabbath-breakers—mothers who kissed their children on Sunday, and anyone who dared to walk or ride on the Sabbath. Citizens were allowed to smoke only on weekdays and then only on the banks of the Frog Pond.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

It was to the Common that they took the sixteen-year-old girl Cassandra Southwick and sold her as a slave because her family couldn't pay their fine for non-attendance at church.

There was a gallows on Boston Common until 1812 where over one hundred pirates, Indians, thieves, witches, highwaymen and Quakers were hanged.¹

But, as I said, Boston is most elusive, and whenever I wandered off the Common I kept on taking the wrong turning, and finding myself in an exceptionally busy industrial city; so I decided to leave Boston till last, and explore New England.

Now New England is just as simple as Boston is complicated.

Practically every single place is as English as its name sounds.

I was so excited on the way to Concord to see so many signposts directing me to Brighton, Hyde Park, Winchester, Lincoln, Bedford, and so on, that I forgot altogether that I was on the Mohawk Trail, or that this was the scene of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, who on seeing the two lanterns on the belfry of the old North church: "One if by land and two if by sea"—rode out, on 18th April, 1775, to warn the Middlesex villagers and farmers to arm themselves against the approach of the British forces.

It was only when I got to Lexington and saw that fine statue of the Minute-man, the New England farmer with horn on back and gun in hand ready at

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

a minute's notice to defend his home, that I realised that it was here that the first shot was fired in the war that gave the United States their Independence.

The house still stands at the edge of the village green where Jonathan Harrington, bleeding to death, dragged himself to his doorstep and died in the arms of his wife.

Just beyond Lexington lies Concord. John Bunyan would have called it Serene Meadow.

All the way along I had been wondering at the quiet lovely Englishness of the country-side. Everywhere were gentle knolls, small fields with low stone walls, apple orchards, grist mills, copses of elms and oaks, brown marshland with red withies and alders, crooked lanes going off to square white farms with green shutters, and big barns of dark red or grey shingle.

And then I came once more to a common with a few detached houses nestling among trees on the foot of gentle wooded slopes, with a horse trotting round a track in the snow, children tobogganing down the hillside, and in the distance a one-horse sleigh jingling along

It was in Concord, the home of so many people whom I have loved for so long that I felt almost at home again.

I called first at the tall chimneyed "Wayside" where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote *Tanglewood Tales*, but as I looked up the tiny crooked staircase it was

A MODERN COLUMBUS

not of Hawthorne that I thought, but of the Alcott children acting scenes out of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Louisa writing her first stories.

I have seldom visited a house with a happier atmosphere. It seemed to radiate children's laughter, and yet in appearance it is astonishingly like the rectory at Haworth, square, with a succession of neat polished low-ceilinged rooms, all kept very sacred.

I felt, as I turned each corner, as if I were just on the point of running into two small laughing girls, Emily Brontë and Louisa Alcott. Emily would have been happy in Concord.

But my main object in Concord was not to visit the house where the handsome Hawthorne peeled potatoes, and avoided the world in order to be alone with his "ownest Phoebe", not to sit at the feet of Emerson, whose words were "like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on", but to find the man who made three chairs—one for solitude, two for friendship, and three for society—the man who never found the companion who was so companionable as solitude, Henry Thoreau.

When I first read Thoreau as a small boy I looked on him as a sort of very ancient, white-haired Robinson Crusoe who lived the whole of his life alone on a deserted island just building things.

You can imagine my shock, therefore, to find that the pond Walden is only a mile from the placid Concord, and that Thoreau was not only very young

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

when he stayed here, but only remained in his hut among the woods for two years. His hut has disappeared, and in its place there is a high diving-board; but the trees still stand on the steeply shelving banks, and in the snow it was very, very quiet.

Thoreau found happiness in simple, everyday things—in knocking up a hut, in life out-of-doors, and in solitude—I shall always love him for saying, "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself." I suppose even now he is no best seller, but he is unlikely to be forgotten, if only for the fact that he is one of those rare philosophers whose philosophy works.

There can be few cemeteries in the world containing a braver dust than Sleepy Hollow, but of them all it is not Emerson's boulder of rose marble, nor Hawthorne's grove of pines, not even the Alcotts' tomb, but the lonely stone bearing the one word "Henry" that I remember with most affection.

From Concord I went to Salem to see the House of the Seven Gables.

Now Salem wears exactly the air that I expected Boston to wear.

It is almost unbelievably picturesque, and from its very rich-looking white frame-houses I expected to see red-faced sea-captains and frail elderly ladies in poke-bonnets and gingham gowns come down to the garden gate.

And at the first house I called at, the lady who

A MODERN COLUMBUS

invited me in seemed to have stepped straight out of Cranford.

Proudly she led me through the lofty, dignified hall to a white panelled drawing-room carved by John McIntire, whose designs have all the grace of the Adam brothers, and then pointed to two Chipendale chairs. "There were ten in the set my father left," she said, "and there were just ten of us children, so my sister and I got one each."

In the backyard, behind the washing on the line, the pump and the old walnut-tree, stood the family buggy in the open coach-house, and in it a cat asleep.

And when I reached the House of the Seven Gables I could hardly believe my ears on opening Hepzibah's little shop-door to hear the shop-bell tinkle exactly as it still tinkles in the village shop at home. And there behind the tiny counter was another little old lady from Cranford, who showed me the way up the secret staircase behind the fireplace to Clifford's room, where I looked out over the garden to the sea. In the attic I found an old sea-chest, a spinning-wheel, and a child's rocking-horse delightfully dilapidated, and the keeping-room² walls were hung with prints of old clipper-ships on Chinese wallpaper. In the Essex Institute I saw the actual desk where Hawthorne sat as an unhappy clerk in the Salem Custom House and wrote, as Charles Lamb wrote, something very different from what he was paid to write.

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

This was *The Scarlet Letter*, the story of the English girl who was branded with the scarlet letter "A" for bearing an illegitimate child to a Boston clergyman.

In the Essex Institute I got the whole history of Salem, not only from the exquisite brocades worn by its lovely brides and the uniforms of its sea-captains, but from the portraits of those thin-lipped Puritans whose sport it was to harry and to hang witches. The Witches' Jail still stands. You may if you wish read the records of the trials. I preferred to cross the road to the Peabody Museum and feast my eyes on the old figure-heads, models of the China tea-clippers and the portraits of their fine-looking sea-captains, among them Nathaniel Howditch, the greatest of America's mathematicians, and one of the rarest spirits who ever tried to steer humanity.

With the unspoilt beauty of Salem fresh in my mind I was at last able to visualise Boston as it must have been in the days of old.

The outskirts and country round the city are of quite astonishing beauty. I drove over the Blue Hills, where there are miles of bridle-paths among the woods. I drove up the Charles River estuary, on the banks of which stand the spires and tall red-brick halls of Harvard, a University that is nearly 300 years old and bears in many ways a resemblance to certain colleges at Cambridge, notably Clare. Its fame in law and medicine is world-wide.

Harvard undergraduates have no peculiarities,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

unless you count the odd habit of wearing shoes that look as if they had once been white.

The most striking feature of all this area is its atmosphere of material comfort.

One of the dormitories of the girls' college at Wellesley is about as big as, and looks exactly like, Hampton Court, and indeed most of the houses that I passed in this neighbourhood are large, detached country mansions standing in parks.

At South Walpole I had luncheon in an old posting-house called Fuller's Tavern, a two-storied, white-framed eighteenth-century inn with curved fanlight over the front door, uneven narrow passages, low-ceilinged rooms, with spinets, gate-legged tables, old rope beds, Dutch ovens, brick hearths, wheel-back chairs, and on the wall in the hall a list of old tolls: "A sley with more than one horse 12½ cents; a coach, chariot or phaeton 40 cents."

I looked out from the long, low ball-room overhead (in which the village still holds its revels and dances) across the village green to the white wooden church, general stores, and Polly Inn under the chestnuts and elms. And beyond lay the meadows and the tiny stone walls.

Outside the inn still hangs the old sign depicting the stage-coach that used to ply between Boston and Providence. This was the half-way house.

All these New England villages seem to have kept their beauty inviolate and their serenity intact.

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

At Norfolk I saw a new State prison which the men are building for themselves. The outside walls are high and topped with four strands of electrically charged wires like the wartime prison camps.

Inside the walls the men are free. There isn't a gun in the place. I saw them working in the carpenter's shop, building new dormitories, playing baseball, and reading in the library.

The aim of Mr. Gill, the superintendent, is to treat each case as remediable, and to endeavour to restore to society citizens capable of making good.³ The finished wood- and metal-work of the men is on sale in the entrance hall.

On the way home from here I saw the point-to-point course of the Norfolk Hunt. It was hard to believe that I was not in Norfolk, England.

There were so many things that held me in the countryside that I never got a chance of seeing the real Boston after all.

I got one all too brief glimpse of a busy harbour on which every sort of craft was sailing, from an Atlantic liner to tiny blue fishing-smacks. I saw at T Wharf a long line of picturesque yellow, flat-roofed black-windowed quarters, where the artists live, and on the top of the hill behind, with great difficulty, I found the old North church of red brick with its tall, white spire, still a guide to mariners at sea.

Inside are high horse-box pews all painted white,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

each with its own brass plate bearing the honoured name of a great sea-captain of the 1720's—Bedgood, Rideout, Savage, Coward, Crockford, Sleigh, Hyslop, Daniel, Blount, Bedford—grand old English names that ring in one's ears like a trumpet.

The interior of this church is very like the old church at Whitby just below the Abbey.⁴

From here I drove by way of the Fens, lovely little lagoons whose beauty has been ruined by wrecked cars left in midwater, to Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace, the home of a famous Boston lady who flouted convention to the extent of having a private bugler in life, and lying in state after her death.⁵

She collected some of the loveliest pictures in the world, notably Titian's "Europa" and some superb Rembrandts and Van Dycks, had herself painted by Sargent, and built her vast state-rooms in five stories all overlooking a central courtyard filled with growing flowers.

When I saw it yesterday it was a blaze of scarlet poinsettias.

Her red-tiled mansion is almost next door to the Art Museum, where I saw three astonishingly Adam-like rooms designed at the end of the eighteenth century by Samuel McIntire and even more enchanting plain oak and pine furniture of the seventeenth century, of the kind one sees in old farmhouses in Wales.

But the most interesting room is Paul Revere's room.

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

Revere was not only a great patriot, but the greatest silversmith of his time, and there is one room full of his coffee-services, flagons, pitchers and tea-sets.⁶

There is a fine engraving by him of the Boston Massacre.

He was also a dentist, a caster of church bells, of which seventy-five are still in use, the first printer of paper money, the editor of a newspaper, a carver of wooden frames for Copley's paintings, and a manufacturer of gunpowder, and on top of all this he found time to be a good family man, for he had no less than sixteen children, eight by each of his two wives. He lived to be eighty-three, the handsomest man of his day, both in youth and old age.

But the things that I shall remember longest about Boston are my first view of that staid, red-brick, tiny Louisburg Square, so exactly like Regency Square in Brighton, which still holds the atmosphere of the days of leisure and sedan-chairs, and the big house that is now up for sale on Beacon Street, in the park of which I am told the last owner, a little old lady, used until last year to tether her cow, and every day at the same time ride out into Beacon Street in her phaeton with her footman.

There is one other thing that I shall never forget about Boston, and that is her generosity.

We owe the restoration of our own Boston Stump largely to the kindness of the citizens of Boston,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Massachusetts. But I little thought when I broadcast that re-dedication service over the Atlantic from our side that I should ever have the chance to thank these citizens in person. Thank you, Boston!

I seem to have missed Boston's Baked Beans, but I have seen Boston's red heads. And I've seen Boston terriers everywhere except in Boston.

And whatever else Boston has lost she has not lost the spirit of Christmas. In the middle of every house door hangs a huge evergreen wreath tied with a red ribbon; in every window stands a candle or a row of candles.

At the street corners and in the middle of the Common—in fact wherever I turn—stand huge decorated Christmas trees, and the day after tomorrow carols will be sung on Beacon Hill.

We don't any of us really change much in essentials

This will be the first Christmas that I have spent away from home, but the sight of all this makes me feel much nearer to you.

You have been very good to me in writing letters of encouragement all through this long trip.

May I now, in my turn, wish you all the joy and happiness that Christmas can possibly bring.

God rest you merry, one and all.

Good night!

NOTES

"THE PURITAN 'BLUE LAWS'

1. "It is perhaps natural, but none the less unfortunate that Mr. Mais, visiting America, should accept popular legend about the Puritans, and use the medium of broadcasting to spread it even more widely on two sides of the Atlantic. The following passage occurs in his talk from Boston, as reproduced in *The Listener* of 3rd January. He is speaking of Boston Common:

'The Puritans built a pen here for Sabbath breakers, that is, mothers who kissed their children on the Sabbath. Visitors were allowed to smoke only on weekdays, and then only on the banks of the pond. It was to this common that they took a sixteen-year-old girl, and sold her as a slave, because her parents couldn't pay their fines for non-attendance at Church.'

"It would take too much space to analyse this amazing statement clause by clause, but I will deal with the clause which states that mothers who kissed their children on Sunday were put in a pen on the common. There never was any punishment for any such crime. This absurd story (and, indeed, the whole foolish legend of the 'Blue Laws') began at the end of the eighteenth century, in Peters' so-called 'History' of the neighbouring colony of Connecticut (London, 1781). Thence it was copied by Bishop Wilberforce in his *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America* (1844), and even by Charles Kingsley in *Plays and Puritans* (1873). Wilberforce and Kingsley did not trouble, apparently, to do more than pick out of the book what suited their purpose. If they had read the book as a whole they would have

A MODERN COLUMBUS

found it to be crammed with ridiculous invention—most amazingly imagined animals and a river that, flowing suddenly between narrow, rocky banks, is compressed ‘harder than marble,’ so that ‘no iron crow can be thrust into it.’

“The Connecticut ‘Blue Laws’ are all before me as I write, and at the Library of Congress in Washington I have made investigations into the alleged similar laws of Massachusetts and can assert positively that these remarkable stories about harsh and fantastic Puritan legislation in America are ridiculous inventions. The New England laws are much more humane than those of (probably) any European country at the period. I have now in front of me a law against cruelty to animals (1650), which I guess must be the earliest ever passed, anticipating our own Martin’s Act (1822) by nearly two centuries

“I venture to claim that I can speak with some confidence on the whole general subject, having just spent two years in the investigation of the alleged Puritan attacks upon music in England and in America, and having been compelled, in the interests of thoroughness, to follow up such side-tracks as the allegations that have unfortunately now come to the notice of Mr. Mais.

“PERCY A. SCHOLÉS.

“CHAMBY, MONTREUX.”

Perhaps when Mr. Scholes has cooled down he will explain to me the Witches’ Jail in Salem; the records of the Witches’ Jail in Salem; the whole of Miss Rose Macaulay’s “They Were Defeated”, and the faces in the portrait Gallery at Salem, particularly those faces, or perhaps Mr. Scholes has not yet seen them.

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

2. Another instance of the happy retention by the United States of lovely words that have disappeared from common usage over here:

A breath thou art,
Seivile to all the skiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou *keep'st*,
Hourly afflict

Measure for Measure

In the University of Cambridge they still talk of "keeping" a lecture or a chapel.

3. On 1st June 1927, twelve men were transferred from Charlestown to Norfolk and the work of constructing a new prison was begun. The first work to be done was to repair, renovate and make habitable ten old wooden buildings, some of them almost ready to collapse, to be occupied by inmates and officers while the new prison was being built near by. Small, but well-equipped, plumbing, paint, electrical and carpenter shops and a very serviceable sewing room were set up in the basements of these buildings. All this was done by the inmates themselves.

The largest building was turned into a kitchen and dining-room and headquarters for the officers, and was used as such for nearly five years. The other buildings were built over for dormitories and officers' quarters, and before the new prison was ready for occupancy there had been housed here 698 inmates; of these 349 have been released either because their term expired or they were paroled.

These buildings had no wall or fence around them—in fact, they were a prison camp. Of the different inmates lodged here during the period, thirty-five ran or walked

A MODERN COLUMBUS

away, five came back of their own accord, twenty-three were captured by the guard or other officers; one died; six are still at large. No one has escaped from the walled institution.

In the construction of the wall and buildings it was decided to use, so far as possible, inmate labour; not only for the sake of economy but also to teach many men useful trades, so that when they go out they will be better able to earn a respectable living and less likely to resort to those practices which brought them there. Work—hard work—but work in which they are interested and which will be of permanent value to them, is believed to be the best means of making them over into useful citizens.

The experiment has been most successful. Many of the inmates had never done any manual labour—in fact, lack of honest labour, with its attendant temptations, was what brought many of them here.

But most of these men had to be trained, and so skilled civilian workmen were engaged to teach them, to work with them, and constantly to direct and have charge of them. The various crews were made up about as follows:

- 1 civilian to 10 bricklayers and helpers
- „ „ 10 or 12 painters
- „ „ 4 carpenters
- „ „ 5 electricians
- „ „ 2 plumbers, steam-fitters and welders.

It oftentimes happened that when a man became a skilled workman his time expired and a new man had then to be taken on in his place.

There has been a vast amount of unskilled labour used

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

in putting in water and sewer-pipes, digging foundations and tunnels, laying electric cables and general grading. Many of the men who could not become skilled workmen did very well in this kind of work. Using the pick and shovel in the open air made some remarkable physical improvements in men who had been for a long time in prison at Charlestown before coming here

This is the main line of defence. If an inmate escapes from any one of the buildings, the wall is still in his road to freedom. It is as difficult to scale and as well guarded as it is possible to make it.

No building is within 100 feet of the wall on the inside, and nothing that will obstruct the vision within 200 feet of the outside of the wall. Powerful electric lights make the view from the watch-towers as clear at night as in the daytime.

There is a watch-tower at each corner and one over the main entrance. These towers are never without a guard, day or night. The watch-towers are entered from *outside* the wall, so that the guards are never in contact with the prisoners—a very important regulation.

When the construction work is completed a dead line will be established beyond which no inmate will be allowed to go without danger to his life.

The walls consists of 280 piers sunk to ledge or hard pan, erected eighteen feet apart, between which are built 280 panels; both piers and panels are built of reinforced concrete, and steel so placed as to form a double metal fence within the concrete.

The wall, inclosing about thirty-five acres of land, is 5,000 feet long, nine inches thick, nineteen feet high above the ground, and from four and a half to eighteen

A MODERN COLUMBUS

feet below the ground, as the nature of the land requires. It is equipped with wall lights, flood- and search-lights, with telephone and signal systems from the towers to the Guard House, and topped by three lines of barbed wire carrying 2,300 volts, stretching along its entire length.

The wall is unique in this modern age of wall-building machinery in that it was built entirely by hand, the only machinery at all connected with its construction being two small concrete mixers. It was built by inmate labour and in turn its construction was used to build the men who made it into better citizens.

Without the watch-towers, electric lights and electric wire equipment the wall cost £94,000. Based on actual estimate of cost, submitted by a private corporation, it would have cost under contract £180,000.

Total cost with equipment—£139,000.

To enter the prison one passes through what is called the "trap," an enclosure with doors of steel at each end that slide up and down like a roll-top desk.

There are two traps, one at the south-west corner near The Oval, forty feet wide, seventy-two feet long, and twenty feet high, open at the top, through which trucks and automobiles will pass. During the construction period all civilian workmen and inmates have used this entrance. Every vehicle and every person who passes in is counted and registered, and in the same way every one who comes out. While one door is up the other is down, and it is impossible to have both open at the same time.

The other trap is located at the inside of the Guard-House and is ten feet long and eight feet wide, and will be used only by pedestrians. Through this trap will pass every inmate, officer and visitor, and the same care

NEW ENGLAND: BOSTON

will be taken to check the number going in and out, as at the larger trap. Both traps are in charge of the armed and uniformed guards, and are controlled by one of their number located in a tower twenty feet above the floor, who can see everything in the trap, but cannot be seen by those passing through.

The wall, with its traps, surmounted by powerfully electrified wires, its emergency electrical control and signal system, and the armed and uniformed guards who man it, is an indication of that imprisonment which Warden Lawes of Sing Sing declares to be the most salutary punishment yet devised by man.

4. I was delighted to find that the minister of this church from 1655 to 1672 was John Mais.

5. By singular mischance my guide round Boston happened to hit on *nothing but hospitals and rubbish-dumps*. And really the sight of a wrecked car in the lagoon opposite *Mrs. Jack Gardner's house struck a most unhappy note*. These eyesores are easily remediable, but authority seems not to mind.

6. Paul Revere was born in Boston on New Year's Day 1735, the son of a gold and silversmith who taught him his trade.

In 1756 he was second lieutenant of artillery in the expedition against Crown Point. He then became a copper engraver.

He was one of the grand jurors who refused to serve in 1774, because Parliament had made the justices independent of the people for their salaries, and was a leader in the Boston Tea Party. But his most famous act was his midnight ride from Charlestown to Lexington on

A MODERN COLUMBUS

18th-19th April 1775 to give warning of the approach of British troops from Boston.

Later he was promoted colonel and received command of Boston Fort.

He then went on with his gold- and silver-ware until his death in 1818.

XII NEW YORK

XII. NEW YORK

29th December, 1933

GOOD EVENING! New York, whose shape is that of a leg of lamb—and a very young lamb at that—stands on an island called Manhattan, an Indian word meaning “place of the whirlpool” or “island of mountains”. Both interpretations suit it equally well.

This island is made of granite.

After seeing New Orleans and Chicago I fully expected New York, like them, to be built on a swamp.

It was discovered for the Dutch in 1609 by an Englishman, Hendrik Hudson, who was looking for something else, the North-West Passage. He was extremely disappointed. Nobody at that time wanted this island much, for the Canarsie Indians sold it to the Dutch in 1626 for twenty-four dollars' worth of trinkets.

I saw it first from the sea on an early misty morning in September, and the sight of the tops of those shining, sky-scraping towers rising out of their billowy bed of grey gossamer, exactly as my castles in the air used to appear in “Dream Days”, had me instantly in thrall.

As the hours passed they seemed to rise higher and higher with maddening deliberation, revealing, like Aphrodite from the foam, more and more of their

A MODERN COLUMBUS

nymph-like splendour, until at noon they stood at last in all their naked, glittering glory, sun-kissed, simple and altogether lovely.

As we passed up the Hudson river I had eyes for nothing else but these million-eyed pinnacles of bright stone. Staten Island, the green Statue of Liberty, New Jersey, even Ellis Island, meant nothing to me.

My eyes were fixed upon the sky-scrapers of New York. Their dissimilarity in height, material and design only added to their fascination.

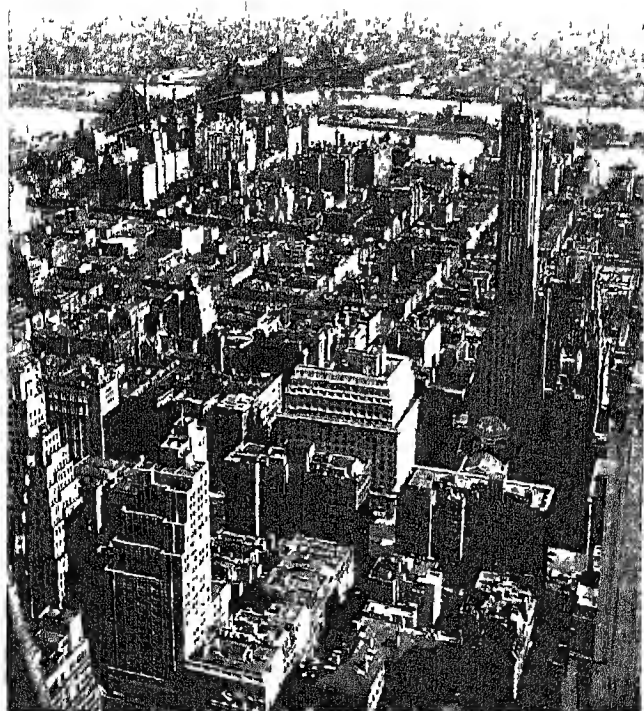
It was the ensemble, rather than any individual tower, that held me; their beauty rather than their height that kept me spellbound.

The heights are certainly imposing. The Empire State building, for instance, is five times as high as Salisbury Cathedral, but, after all, height is relative. The Empire State wouldn't be noticed in the Grand Canyon.

It is only beauty that is absolute, and I had not expected these heaven-pointing fingers of stone to be beautiful.

They are more than beautiful. They symbolise the whole spirit of this nation; its forthrightness, its love of experiment, adventure and extremes; its sublime faith in human endeavour.

After seeing New York from the sea I looked down on it from the top of Radio City, which is not quite 1,000 feet above the street-level, and found that my



NEW YORK
View from top of Radio City

NEW YORK

sea-impression was right. Like a ski-runner who has reached the top of the Männlichen I was now able to distinguish the shapes of the outstanding peaks.

I could compare the tapering spire of the Chrysler building with the tall thin rectangular mass of stone on which I was myself gently swaying, and realise that the tall mast on the summit of the Empire State building is for mooring dirigibles.

I looked down on over 500 buildings standing above twenty stories high, fifty of them over 400 feet; box-like hotels, cathedral-like banks, Gothic shops, and Gargantuan offices; and far, far below them, completely dwarfed, rose the spires of churches.

Suddenly by my side I caught sight of what I took to be a giant locust. It was a praying mantis. Have I said that New York could be hot?

After seeing the city from above I went round it in a boat, full of people eating pea-nuts.

We started up the East River, the most noticeable thing about which is its dirt.

Hooting steam-ferries kept on popping out from wharves on their way across to Brooklyn. On a long, thin, narrow island in midstream I saw a number of convicts at exercise.

As the waters grew narrower above Hell Gate, and we entered the Harlem River, I saw coloured men fishing from row-boats. The whole of the north end of the island is full of wooded walks and granite rocks that are always wet.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

We swung west through the ship canal into the Hudson River, and I felt as if I were going down the Bristol Avon under the Clifton Suspension Bridge in a dream where everything was magnified about ten times.

In the first place, the Hudson River is about a mile across, and on the New Jersey side the wooded banks rise vertically in a hexagonal rock-formation known as the Palisades. The only other places in the world where the rocks have this shape are at Fingal's Cave, Staffa, and the Giant's Causeway.

Below me spanning the river rose the loveliest bridge I have ever seen, a delicate grey network of vertical cables with an exquisite sweeping arc of steel dipping from two vast towers of open steel filigree to hold the longest roadway over water in the world.

Its length is 8,700 feet and the road runs 250 feet above the river. This is the George Washington Suspension Bridge.

Below the bridge on this hot sunny afternoon were men and girls paddling about in canoes, and on the banks I saw a long line of wooden shacks built by the unemployed, and then the wharves began again.

It is thirty-one miles round the island, but there are no less than 780 miles of docks, and there seemed to be no end to these grey, broad, wooden fingers jutting out into the Hudson River.

I passed the *Berengaria*, on which I crossed the

NEW YORK

Atlantic, and it is significant that whereas in Southampton Docks she looked gigantic, in New York I mistook her for a tug.

That's the effect New York has on everybody.

This city, that is shaped like the leg of a very young lamb, is carved up rectangularly into about eleven long avenues running north and south, and about 500 short streets running east and west.

The famous Fifth Avenue acts as a sort of central parting, all the streets on the East River side of it being known as E. 45th, E. 55th, and so on, while all the streets on the Hudson River side of it are known as W. 45th, W. 55th, and so on.

Only one road refuses to obey these mathematical rules, and this is Broadway, which takes a diagonal line of its own across the city, and then makes a bee-line for 150 miles to Albany.

In the very heart of the city is Central Park, a rectangular tract of 800 acres of woods, lakes, rocks and hillocks where 5,000 squatters used to live in a tangle of marsh and underbrush.

It now contains about thirty miles of walks, and they're so careful about exercise that white arrows mark the routes for the two-hour walks—blue for the forty-minute walks, red for the half-hour, and yellow for the twenty-minute trails.

Nearly everyone I meet in Central Park is either dashing about on roller-skates or in a car. A few ride. Scarcely anybody walks.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

I have now told you quite enough of the geography of New York to make you realise how simple a place it is to find your way about in compared with London.

But I am not so foolish as to imagine that on so slight an acquaintance I can interpret its spirit, which is as elusive as, but quite different from that of London.

There are many points of superficial resemblance between the two cities.

The shops on Fifth Avenue are like the shops in Bond Street; people throng Forty-second Street exactly as they throng Oxford Street; Broadway is like Leicester Square, and Wall Street is just Threadneedle Street over again.

There is no difference whatever between our Metropolitan and New York's subway. They are both dirty and both noisy.

St. Thomas's, Fifth Avenue, New York, and St. George's, Hanover Square, London, each attract society brides; the only difference is that whereas the doors of St. George's are riddled with bullets,¹ the ornamentation over St. Thomas's is of orange blossom ironically turned, according to someone, into dollars.

Gramercy Park, with its enclosure for use of residents only, has many London counterparts among the squares of Bloomsbury, but New York knows only one Gramercy Park. When the New Yorker wants

NEW YORK

to sit out of doors he goes to Riverside Drive, which is far handsomer than the Embankment at Chelsea, but those who live there bear no sort of resemblance to the inhabitants of Cheyne Walk.

New York has its stream of commuters converging on the city every morning from Long Island and the Bronx, just as London has its stream of suburban traffic flowing in from Croydon and Golder's Green.

But New York, in spite of its statues of Shakespeare, Scott and Burns, its wonderful museums, art galleries, big hotels and flourishing theatres, is not London.

London has no Harlem, a city within a city, entirely populated and policed by coloured people. London has no freight-trains running through her streets. London has no such railway station as Grand Central or Pennsylvania, centrally heated palaces of dazzling brightness. London has no white wisps of steam puffing continually out of the main highways. London is not on the sea. London is no melting-pot of all nations as New York is. Finally London has no Radio City.

New York's tempo is quicker, more exciting; its climate is quite different.

It is lucky that I saw it first in the golden glory of a hot September, for now it is so cold that I get an electric shock whenever I touch anything.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

There is electricity in the air here. There is excitement everywhere. You never know what is going to happen next.

On Christmas Day I saw a hansom and an open landau plying for hire on exactly the same spot that I saw a horse-drawn sleigh and a blue and white snow-plough on Boxing Day. It was as if a magic wand had been waved. On Christmas Day men walked up Fifth Avenue in top-hats and morning coats in spring sunshine, and the next day we were all slipping about in snow-boots, 'coon coats and fur caps in the worst blizzard I have ever known. Then the streets changed into uneven blocks of ice. New York is the city of extremes, both of climate and of living.

I have never been either so hot or so cold as I have been here. I have never seen evidence of luxury and of want so close together.

Just opposite a millionaire's house on Riverside Drive is a series of the poorest huts that ever man had to live in.

I have just been shown over the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank, carefully shepherded by guards armed with machine-guns and tear-gas bombs, and seen more tons of gold ingots than I thought existed in the world.

And I have seen men sleeping out on the granite rock of Central Park with only an old newspaper for sheet and covering.

NEW YORK

It is extremely difficult to get exact figures on unemployment, but it looks as if the corner was being turned. I have seen very few unemployed standing at the corners of the streets. Only when there is a traffic block *do men rush forward and try to sell you gardenias or toy pigs*—and then it is hard to distinguish between the pan-handlers,² ordinary traders and genuine unemployed.

On Christmas Day the Girls' Service Club offered a free dinner to any girl who was out of work, and when I arrived I found that only sixty-three girls had taken advantage of the offer, and all the unemployed girls that I talked to were well dressed and had only been out for a few months.

When this great fall of snow came 18,000 unemployed were immediately engaged to remove it, and there has been a *big drive to put men on to public works*.

I have a taxi-driver's evidence that men may be seen any morning at dawn going through the garbage in the trash-cans for something to eat, and I have myself seen these shacks of bits of wood pushed up in every rubbish dump and derelict plot.

But I have nowhere seen such distress as we have at home on the Clyde, Mersey and Tyne, though it was wonderful to hear from the King's own lips on Christmas Day across this vast distance that things are going so much better with England than they were when I left home.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

So far as I have been able to judge, conditions over here too are much better than they were, but you must remember that I did not come over primarily to feel the industrial pulse, nor had I the time.

I went round the United States in exactly the same way that I went round the United Kingdom on my "Unknown Island" tour, just looking at anything that came my way, without any knowledge, and with very little power of discernment. What I have seen I have described to you.

Some of you seem surprised that I have found it so good. Well, you can't be more surprised than I was. I didn't know until I got here that the scenery of Arizona and New Mexico was so colourful and majestic. I didn't know until I experienced it just how pleasant a thing it is to bask in the sun of Phoenix in November.

But it is neither the scenery nor the climate, but the people who have made this tour so memorable.

It was fun to see a succession of strange and lovely scenes, and to experience so many vagaries of climate; it was pleasant always to know both in hotels and on trains that the food would be infinitely various and perfectly cooked—the general standard over here in comfort is far higher than ours—but what really made this tour so inexpressibly happy has been, as I said, the people I met. I can't repeat that too often.

NEW YORK

They all have one trait in common—incomparable kindness and unfailing courtesy. Their one idea was to see how they could best help. I have indeed come near to being killed with kindness. They seem to have instinctively inherited Walt Whitman's spirit. They never stand on their dignity, nor wait to find out who you are.

No one I have met over here has had the slightest idea what I was doing, or really cared. It was enough for them that I was a stranger and in need of help.

And perhaps it is about time for me to explain what I have been doing.

I am like a fox-terrier attached, and deeply attached, to an old master from whose side I have never before strayed.

Just round the garden of England—and what a lovely garden it is—has been good enough for me.

In September I strayed for the first time and followed my master's grandchildren who had gone exploring unknown woods on the other side of the village pond.

It was a tremendous adventure for me, and I have sniffed much that is strange and a little that is familiar.

Each week I have rushed home to tug at the old man's trousers to try to make him come out and see for himself what sort of a place this is.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

I don't flatter myself that my barking has been always intelligible, but no one could fail to mistake its enthusiasm.

I shall have failed entirely if I haven't made many Englishmen decide to come to the United States for their next holiday.

I shall have failed entirely if I haven't made you realise how well worth knowing are the citizens of this country.

How I envy them their incorrigible, buoyant, almost flamboyant youthfulness—I don't believe there are any grown-up Americans—their impetuous generosity, their never-failing sense of fun; they laugh when they bump each other off the road in cars, and they laugh when it snows. How I envy them their insatiable curiosity about everything that goes on in the world, their zest for music, literature, art, science, travel and politics.

Don't imagine that I'm blind to their faults. I don't at all object to their speech. It is robust and more expressive than ours. They have given fresh life to an old vocabulary, but their spelling which they imagine to be phonetic succeeds only too often in being anaemic.

They are almost as literal-minded as Charles Lamb said the Scots are.

Their "yea" is "yea", and they know the exact price, size, weight, height, depth, width, and population of every place, and it's always the biggest in the

NEW YORK

world, and they're always right, which is extremely irritating to me.

And while we're at it, will no one ever teach them how to use a knife and fork together?³

And now, for good or ill, my job's done, or nearly so.

Just to redress the balance I'm going to tell America next Tuesday just exactly how good a place England is. As you very well know, I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world for a king's ransom.

But to my hosts over here, whose kindness I can never possibly repay, and to the whole American people, I would just say:

"Gee! you're swell."

That's the highest term of praise I know in any language.

It is with a good deal of reluctance that I bring myself to say good-bye, but the reluctance is tempered by the hope that in 1934 England will be crowded out with visitors from the United States and the United States crowded out with visitors from England.

That is the only way to ensure real understanding and good will.

And may your New Year be the happiest and most prosperous you have ever known.

Good night!

NOTES

1. St. George's, Hanover Square was the scene of serious disorder during the Gordon Riots of the eighteenth century, as the bullet marks on the main doorway still testify, but most visitors are too busily occupied in looking at the passing brides to pay any attention to a strange phenomenon of old London that has outlived so many generations.

2. Pan-handlers approximate to our professional beggars. The only pan-handler I met was on Christmas night in Fifth Avenue. He smelt strongly of drink and told me that he had just arrived on foot from Chicago. As practically the whole country was under snow he must have had a hard journey.

3. This letter on the use of knife and fork comes from an English correspondent:

"3rd February 1934.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will permit me to add my thanks to the grateful plaudits of the many fair-minded Englishmen who must have enjoyed and profited by your revelations as 'The Modern Columbus.' Undoubtedly you have done much to free Britain from the most expensive shackles with which she has bound herself since the days of Philip of Spain, namely, our indefensible prejudice against everything American. You will probably recall Victor Hugo's dictum, rather oracularly uttered, perhaps, but none the less sound in principle: 'Our vices are our only murderers; our prejudices are our only real robbers.'

"Almost the last thing you said, in the last of that delightful series of 'talks', was, 'Will no one ever teach them

NEW YORK

[the Americans] to use a knife and fork together?' Perhaps it will amuse you to know that an American girl (an Oxford graduate) with whom I had an entertaining and highly enlightening luncheon not long since, remarked to me during the meal, 'Will no one ever teach the British how to use a knife and fork together?' A striking cross-impression, which, if hers had not preceded yours by more than a month, might have appeared retaliatory. But she did not stop with that question. She elucidated it 'The very thought of turning a fork upside down,' she said, 'and crushing a lot of food on to it, or into it, with the flat side of a knife, then putting the fork, still upside-down, into the mouth, is positively revolting to me. Next to piling your plates to long-shoreman's proportions and invariably serving the wrong vegetables with the wrong meats, not to mention the world's worst soups and puddings, I think that the manner in which you British use the knife and fork is Britain's worst breach of good taste.'

"When I protested that we did many worse things, she asked, 'Do you use a pitchfork in the same awkward way? To turn a fork upside-down is as unreasonable as to turn a spoon upside down, and I suggest that the office of the flat side of a table-knife is to form the cutting edge, not to serve as a spatula to a pile of peas. Do you turn a shovel upside down too?' she went blithely and witheringly on. 'The most boastful and infuriating taunt one fencer can perpetrate against another is to slap his opponent with his sword, which is not the office of a sword, but may easily be a vulgar piece of braggadocio. Would I dare call the British use of the knife and fork a piece of impudent jactitation?'

" 'So far as I am concerned,' I replied, 'you would, for I haven't the slightest idea what—well, what you

A MODERN COLUMBUS

said—means. I suppose it's just one of those big American words.'

"'It isn't anything of the kind. I never heard it in America. I had to come to England to acquire that bit of sophistication.'

"Your mission to America strikes me as the most important enterprise ever undertaken by the B.B.C., and they are to be congratulated upon their penetration in selecting a man of your high qualifications for the extraordinary task. I know of no other Briton who would not have made a mess of it, either by an ingrowing mind or by club-feet."

POLICE RADIO

4. A very efficient radio patrol system has been worked out by the New York police. The city is divided into a large number of areas, and a patrol car fitted with a radio receiving set is assigned to each one. These cars are continually on the alert for messages from headquarters and at the same time keep continuously on the move.

At the Radio Division Office in Centre Street is a huge map of New York, and on this lie brass discs, each bearing the number of the patrol car it represents on the one side and painted white on the other.

Immediately a telephone call for assistance is received the message is repeated over the radio to the patrol car in the area concerned, and, as a rule, within a minute the car is on the spot. At headquarters the appropriate brass disc is turned white side upwards.

If within a quarter of an hour the patrol car does not ring up and explain what is going on, a second car is detailed off from an adjoining district to investigate. If still no news comes in a third car is sent to the spot, and

NEW YORK

the process is repeated until somebody can get away to report

Time signals are sent out every half hour. This serves as a useful check on whether the receiving radios are in working order.

Headquarters get some eighty calls a day on the average, and there is no doubt that the scheme is acting as a splendid preventive of crime.

5. Immediately after I had finished my last talk I was made to blush by hearing the Announcer continue in these words.

"You have been listening to Mr. S. P. B. Mais, the Modern Columbus, who spoke under the auspices of the National Broadcasting Company and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Mr. Mais, visiting America for the first time, has toured the United States from coast to coast, observing social conditions and points of interest in various localities, and reporting his impressions in a series of broadcast talks

"These talks have been transmitted to England and re-broadcast to listeners there by the British Broadcasting Corporation, while the American audience listened in through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company and associated radio stations.

"As to-day's broadcast from New York City was the final one of the series, we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Mais for his vivid portrayal of the American scene, and express our appreciation to the B.B.C. for sending us an observer so penetrating and at the same time so sympathetic.

"Many of his American listeners have assured us that Mr. Mais has given them a new insight into the life of their own country. We hope that those overseas will

A MODERN COLUMBUS

feel that they know America better as a result of these talks."

Another example of perfect American courtesy. They certainly know how to be nice to guests.

Meanwhile, by way of counterblast, lest my head should be turned, this comment came from one of my own countrymen, alas, anonymous:

"The last talk in the tour of 'The Modern Columbus'—Mr. S. P. B. Mais—given from New York, has brought to an end the most ambitious attempt yet made by the B.B.C. to brighten up their talks broadcasts. Can it be said to have succeeded? Personally I am conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment. Having greatly enjoyed Mr. Mais's previous 'Unknown Island' talks, I looked forward to his American broadcasts with keen anticipation. But, strangely enough, long before the end of his tour I found myself being bored by Mr. Mais, and it was only from a sense of duty that I tuned in to the final talk from New York. Partly this may have been because atmospherics had occasionally been very bad, making listening no easy matter. Mainly, however, I think my lack of interest was due to the fact that everything was so remote. Unless some remarkable change comes over my life—or, more important still, my income—in the future I am not likely to visit the places described by Mr. Mais, and therefore I, and I imagine many other listeners as well, could hardly be expected to get wildly excited about the almost lyrical word-pictures. In the 'Unknown Island' series Mr. Mais visited Cornwall, Cumberland, the East Coast and other places we know quite well, and this made us listen all the keener, but his American talks have taught me that I do not really care a brass farthing what Arizona looks like."

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

MR. GERALD CAMPBELL
British Consul-General in New York,

Introduces

MR. S. P. B. MAIS

Good evening everybody—and a happy New Year!

My fellow-countryman, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, well-known in Great Britain for his valuable work and radio talks on how to create interesting occupations for the unemployed until they can find financially profitable work again, is now concluding a novel and courageous journey in these United States.

Novel certainly, and courageous because he has been bearding the lion in its den, or doing the equivalent to the eagle, whatever the equivalent of that may be. So that I may not get in deeper I will now hastily explain that Mr. Mais has been travelling across this continent broadcasting, as you have just heard, to the people of Great Britain—while Americans actually listen-in—a description of the scenery, customs, inhabitants, food, football, insects, music, bathrooms, hitch-hikers and governments of the districts from which he spoke: whether it be Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, California (thank heaven he went right across—so many travellers think they have seen America after visiting New York, Washington and Chicago), also Oregon, Minnesota and Illinois.

He has been described as the “Modern Columbus”,

A MODERN COLUMBUS

and as such was introduced at the beginning of his talks by the American Ambassador to Great Britain; but now that the tour is over I would regard him more in the light of a carpet-weaver who took the carpet handed to him in London—just a lot of criss-cross lines denoting the boundaries of the forty-eight States—somewhat monotonous in form and colour, and into that he has woven the many little coloured strands he picked up as he went along.

So that, by this time, his hearers in Great Britain, the vast majority of whom have never had the opportunity or the luck to see this vast and interesting country, have a carpet worth looking at and worth retaining in the home of their memories.

This evening he talks only to you in America and Canada, and though I know not what he is going to say I have no fear in introducing to you Mr. S. P. B. Mais.

XIII. EPILOGUE

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

Not Broadcast in Britain

2nd January, 1934

GOOD EVENING! You have for many years paid us in England the very high compliment of visiting us frequently and getting to know us intimately. We in England are less enterprising, and our corresponding loss has been great.



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
New Year's Day, 1934

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

During the last three months I have been endeavouring to make my fellow-countrymen correct that, but I cannot pretend that I know as much about your country as you know about mine.

What I have discovered is that any man who adopts the same technique of travel in both countries will miss one of them entirely, and it is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that, with great daring, I propose to submit to you a picture of an England that you may not know.

You realise, don't you, that England is only the size of the State of New York, smaller than Michigan or Georgia, and that you could put five Englands into the State of Texas and still have plenty of room? The whole of Wales isn't as big as Massachusetts.

This is a most important fact, and we in England don't realise it, and I don't believe that you realise it. It means that when you visit us you must put out of your mind all idea of size, or you will be disappointed.

We have nothing as colossal as your Grand Canyon, nothing as majestic as your Rocky Mountains, nothing so vast as your Arizona desert.

If you start speeding you will only fall off the island.

You will never see England aright unless you realise from the start that she is only a tiny bit of a place whose contribution to humanity has nothing to do with bulk.'

Our crowning glory is our poetry, inspired almost

A MODERN COLUMBUS

wholly by combinations of colour and line that are subtle and elusive; so when you visit us lock all your guide-books away until you get home again, and take with you only the English poets.

One of the most depressing of all sights to me at home is the sight of you darting about feverishly, so full of knowledge, poking about among the dying or dead, as if there was anything more praiseworthy in vast age, *per se*, than there is in vast bulk, *per se*.

To gaze upon the fields that inspired Burns to sing is one thing; to look upon the plate on which he fed, or the bed on which he slept, is just flapdoodle and fantastic flummery.

Can't you and I make a bargain, and agree to let your great size and our great antiquity cancel each other out?

The question is not how big you are, or how old we are, but just how much beauty each of us has to offer the other.

It is a grand thing to find that this beauty is almost limitless on both sides of the Atlantic.

I have seen much of yours. Now let me show you some of mine.

In the first place, get your tempo right.

However much or however little time you have, go slowly. Don't try to see the whole of England, small as it is.

Never enter a car or a train unless it is unavoidable.

Those who have travelled to the greatest advantage

EPILOGUE. FAREWELL TO AMERICA

through England have been Cobbett, who discovered his England on horseback; W. H. Hudson, who discovered his England on foot; and Sinclair Lewis, who discovered his England in a caravan. Perhaps even better is Robert Louis Stevenson's way of travelling with a donkey, for then you will be forced to go the way of the donkey.

To make plans to go by this or by that route, to be in this or that place at a particular time, is quite fatal.

England never yet unveiled her beauty to the precise and rigid ticker-off of places.

Let the donkey lead the way. There are only two rules. Keep away from towns. Keep off main roads. Then things will begin to happen to you.

First, talk to everybody you meet.

You will make the astonishing discovery that the Englishman is not dumb. He is painfully shy, but get him on his own subject, and underneath the self-protective rough mask that he has adopted you will find a poet.

But remember that his subject is not old age. He takes his antiquity for granted. He has been old for a very long time. His subjects are flowers, birds, colour and melody. About these he cares with a passionate intensity that will probably surprise you.

I cannot repeat this too often. He is not a politician or an antiquary. He is just in love with beauty, a visionary, a poet inarticulate.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

If it is winter time you will almost inevitably find yourself caught up in a fox-hunt.

At one moment you will be just standing about, glowing with happiness at the sight of black filigree traces of naked branches; the fresh green of little fields; the squiggly, irresolute lines of hedgerows; the soft curves of bare knolls; the silence, lit up by the first rich cadence of the thrush's lovely music; then, far off, you will hear the horn, and soon over the soggy fields see the liver and white streak of hounds hot on the scent, hear them give tongue, and far behind, splayed over the landscape, see the pink and black dots of horsemen galloping, curves flung up behind.

Then is the moment to fling your bicycle into the hedgerow, and just run with the ploughboys in rear of the chase. Smells of horse and saddle, of freshly turned-up earth and old rotting leaves will drive you almost delirious. You squelch your way through green rides, now churned up into a quagmire, the horn fades into the distance, the cavalcade has swept past, and soon you have only the hoof-marks left to remind you that there ever was a hunt, and, breathless, you call a halt.

You are in England at last, lost in a tiny beech-copse, with a broken-down, lichen-covered gate at the end of the dark ride, and over your head one singing thrush.

You are in a place so lovely that it makes the senses

EPILOGUE· FAREWELL TO AMERICA

ache even to think about it, and yet a place so ordinary and so commonplace to the passer-by in the train or car that he doesn't see it at all.

It is exhilarating, even godlike, to stand upon a summit of the Alps and look down on a cloud-covered world, but that sensation of godlikeness is as real at 500 feet as it is at 5,000 feet.

Climb any day in June the tiny smooth, whale-backed chalk downs of southern England and wander slowly westward with your face to the sun, the mingled scent of crushed wild thyme and soft mossy turf rising from under your feet, and the music of ten thousand larks ringing in your ears. I'll warrant you'll envy no Alpine climber that day.

Here you get the right idea of old age, for these broad, green tracks running along the edges of the downs are the oldest ways known to man, and here still stand the symbols of his faith and strength, the round earthworks, the grass-covered, long barrows, the mysterious monoliths, granite stone avenues and circles wherein he first paid homage to the God of Beauty.

It was by no accident that our first ancestors invariably chose the loveliest landscapes. Our earliest saints did the same. The pagans of Stonehenge and Avebury, the Christians of Iona and Lindisfarne, were equally under the spell of the loveliness that is England.

The Englishman has never emerged from this spell.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

He hunts, not always because he wishes to destroy the fox, but because he is swept off his feet by the colour and movement of the chase. He plays cricket, not because of his desire to excel in a game, but because his senses are most sweetly stirred by this lazy pageant of men in white flannels moving on a field of green on hot summer afternoons. The tempo of cricket exactly fits the English temperament.

As a game you may find cricket indescribably dull. If you fail to find it beautiful you are only confessing your own dullness of vision.

But this cricket of which I speak is only played on village greens before a bench or two of old men and grass covered with sprawling children. On the English village green you will be very near the spirit of England.

At one edge of it stands the "Cricketers' Arms" or "George and Dragon", the inn where you will hear the Shakespearean idiom, Shakespearean humour and Shakespearean philosophy that long ago fled from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Here you may drink good beer, toast your toes in front of a roaring fire, and make staunch friends if you are a true man.

I would have you spend all your nights in England in these taverns.

I do not suggest that you will be comfortable, but you do not come to England to find comfort.

Your holiday with us is an adventure in search of

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

beauty To reach it you will have to undergo material hardships. The sybarite will have to become a spartan.

You will almost certainly dislike the limited range of our food. What there is is good, but it's nearly always out of season. You will probably dislike our big hotels, but big hotels are bad almost everywhere.

And I can promise you good weather.

You imagine that our climate is as bad as our food and hotels, not because you have found it so, but because we ourselves have done our best to make you believe it. It is the Englishman's habit to belittle everything that is his.

The truth is that the English climate is excellent. It is the best climate in the world for those who, like myself, spend their lives out of doors. We get an average of six hours' sunshine a day all the year round.

I have only been driven home by rain twice in the last year. I bathe in the sea from March to November. I am sunburnt for perhaps nine months out of the twelve.

London suffers from an occasional fog—it had one yesterday—and the sea-coast from an occasional mist, but the greater part of the land enjoys an eternal spring. To hear some Englishmen talk you would imagine that we spend all our days groping about in a miasmal swamp.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

The truth is that all months are good so long as you like exercise. Ours is a stimulating climate.

I said that the best way of seeing England is to have no plan at all, but to zigzag about like a snipe, and never resist the temptation to loiter.

But there are certain things I should like you to do in order to make quite sure that you see what I want you to see.

I should like you to make certain expeditions on foot and alone. I lay great stress on solitude in England.

Explore England alone if you really want to know her. She'll only run away if you look for her in a crowd.

Beauty flies at the voice of chatterers, and few walking companions have the gift of silence. Theodore Roosevelt and Lord Grey were unusual.

And start at Hexham.

Yes, I mean Hexham. Even if it means missing Stratford, Sulgrave, Clovelly, Winchester, all birth-places, historic buildings, cathedrals, and quaint (oh, God! how quaint) villages, start at Hexham.

Why? Because it is in the North Country, a glorious open land which you usually never reach. Because it is close to the Scottish Border, the home of the finest ballads ever sung; and because it is on the Roman Wall, a finer example of the far-flung might of Rome than anything you'll ever see in Rome.

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

And read *Puck of Pook's Hill* before you start your walk along those seventy miles of wall.

I want you to start at Hexham because it was the scene of Henry VI's final defeat. For a year after that bitter day he wandered lost over the wild Pennine until he was caught and betrayed at Clitheroe, and I would have you find your way as a fugitive from Hexham to Clitheroe.

That'll show you one England, the north land of desolate high moors, dark stone walls, and here and there an austere grey stone manor-house or farm nestling in a fold of the hills above a tumbling beck. Here are neither roads nor tracks. You find your way by compass or the sun. And the men you meet will be real men, gruff, but hospitable, and full of wisdom.

I want you to go to Worcester, and follow the tracks of another fugitive king, Charles II, from the moment that he left this battle-field until he escaped to France from Shoreham in Sussex.

This will take you through the softer woods and waterways of the south country, by crooked, hidden smugglers' lanes, along almost indiscernible field-paths. And the men you meet will be soft and slow of speech, but true men none the less.

And then I would have you follow in the tracks of Bonnie Prince Charlie from his defeat at Culloden till he, too, escaped to France from the Hebrides. And the men you will then meet will be the finest

A MODERN COLUMBUS

men of all, soft of voice, magnificent in physique, and gentle of manner, as are all men bred among the high hills of the western isles.

To visit England without crossing the border into Scotland is as unthinkable as coming to the United States without visiting New Mexico and Arizona.

The beauty of the Highlands of Scotland is probably not to be eclipsed in the world.

No Gaelic blood flows in my veins, but I never see the jagged blue Hebridean peaks, the amber-coloured water of a Highland burn, or the purple of the heather on Braeriach without a wild thrill. My heart always misses a beat when I hear the pipers over the hills or see a kilt come swaying down the glen.

Scotland is without question the most romantic country in the world. But to see it you must avoid her golf-courses, her fashionable hotels, her fake Highland gatherings, and her too excellent roads.

To find Scotland you must get lost in the mists on the Corriearick or the Larig Ghru, or battle your way in a storm over Schiehallion or Rannoch Moor.

You will soon know when you are in the real Scotland.

High above your head will be dark shadows of eagles peering down for the fleeing ptarmigan; herds of deer will be flaunting their proud heads in the black corries, and there will be no house in sight,

EPILOGUE· FAREWELL TO AMERICA

only the black waters of a loch below, and a world of boulders above.

In England you will be soothed by soft, lovely curves; in Scotland you will be awed by grandeur, terrified by sublimity.

The same in lesser degree is true of Wales. Try climbing Tryfan from Llyn Ogwen and then go over Crib Goch to Snowdon in February's snows alone, and if you do not at some time feel the wings of the red and black dragons hovering above, you must be singularly insensitive.

If you are, as I am, a lover of ballad and legend, you will linger long both in the misty isle of Skye, on the Scottish Border, and on the sides of Cader Idris.

But you may contend that you do not propose to come to my country to climb mountains, to follow the footsteps of defeated kings over moor and fell, or even to walk along the Roman Wall or the Icknield Way.

If you can't rise to these heights of strenuousness try a voyage in a horse-drawn coal-barge along the sequestered canals of the Welsh border, or, better still, settle down in any English village and go rabbiting with the poacher, drink port with the squire, discuss crops with the farmer and gardening with the parson.

Not content with the riot of colour and scents provided by the wild flowers in the hedgerow, every

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Englishman cultivates his garden with such a passionate fervour that in high summer the English village resembles a vast quilt of lupins, delphiniums, hollyhocks and sweet-peas.

The quickest way to an English villager's heart is to lean over his gate and praise his roses.

And when you are tired of trim lawns and flower-beds there is always the lure of the stiles, so beloved of lovers, leading to the paths over the stubble, through the cornfields or the meadows where you can be sure of a peace that is only accentuated by the quiet munching of cattle, the fluttering of rooks in the trees or a child's laugh in the farm on the distant hill.

The beauty of the English village lies nearly always in its complete lack of plan or uniformity.

It seems to have grown up round its medieval church, partly as barnacles grow on a ship in a sort of irregular cluster, and partly like strips of sea-weed irradiating from a common stalk.

All the higgledy-piggledy, high-hedged by-lanes as well as the main cottage-lined road lead to the church, which has usually been standing since the twelfth century, under the elms and among the yews, and contains mutilated stone effigies of lords of the manor, who fell in the Crusades, cheek by jowl with simpler memorials to the last lord, who fell in the Great War.

Practically every cottage lost someone in the War,

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

and if you want to know our names you will find them all inscribed in stone on the War Memorial near the ancient cross on the village green

The inn may bear the family name of the lord of the manor, and its sign flaunt his coat of arms, but the large Georgian and Tudor house in the park is now either shut up or turned into an hotel or school.

For good or ill the feudal system has gone for ever.

We are all poor together and probably much the better for it.

There is still cosiness; there is still the breathtaking beauty of the English domestic scene.

I would like to put you down in Eardisland, in Herefordshire, where the timbers of the magpie-coloured gabled cottages make the crazy pattern of a child's first drawing.

I would like to take you to Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds, where all the houses have grey shingled roofs, dormer windows and are built of warm yellow stone, saturated with the sunlight of centuries that still glimmer about their mullioned windows.

I would like you to visit my own county of Devon, where the cottage walls are made of cob, wattle and straw, glistening white, as thick as the adobe houses of Arizona, the roofs thatched, the porches covered, like the floors, with thick slabs of granite or slate.

I would like you to visit the austere limestone villages of Eyam, in Derbyshire, or Haworth in

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Yorkshire, where Emily Bronte lived and died; villages that reflect exactly the rugged fineness of the people who live in them.

I would like to take you to see the manor-house of Bingham's Melcombe, in Dorset (where every stone seems to have been carved into a different lovely shape), the moated grange of Stokesay in Shropshire, Ightham in Kent, Compton Wynyates and Haddon Hall; for these are the real English crown jewels, richly carven stones in a setting of peerless green.

I would like to take you to see the sources of our tiny, crystal-clear streams, Dovedale that so enchanted Izaak Walton, the wilder dales of Yorkshire, and the most wild dales of Cumberland, whose glory so moved the poet Wordsworth.

I would like to walk with you along the red sea-cliffs of Devon, the grim coast of Cornwall, and the soft slopes of many-coloured Dorset.

I would like to show you the castles of Pembroke and Carew, and watch your face as you catch sight on the signpost of the names Lurking Hope, Wig-Wig and Homer. English place-names have all the sweet music of hidden brooks in the leafy month of June.

There is no end to the number of places I want to show you. One thing I can promise you, and that is that you won't be bored. Whatever else we lack in England, we don't lack variety.

EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO AMERICA

Within fifty miles you will pass from houses of stone to houses of brick; from furze heath to peat bog; from one way of speech to a quite foreign one; from a race of stockish, fair-haired Saxons to lanky, dark-haired Celts

By all means see Oxford, Bath, Edinburgh and London, and compare their old-world leisureliness with your new-world business, but let nothing deter you from seeing the England of which the poets sing.

Let Burns, not Bacdeker, be your guide. Put yourself in the hands of the "Shropshire Lad" and you will find infinite riches in our little room

May your visit to my country be as happy as mine has been to yours. It couldn't be happier.

Good night!

APPENDIX

NOTES ON RADIO

I LIKE the American system of broadcasting. Indeed, I found the advertising itself often useful. It reminded me of commodities that I lacked, and (presumably) the best of their kind, for obviously inferior brands would soon be driven off the air by better brands.

I could listen if I wished to from 7.15 in the morning until midnight, and though I didn't altogether appreciate a change of programme every quarter hour, I was able by a skilful manipulation of the knobs to pick my way among 600 stations and select one that was presenting dance music.

The only irritating broadcast was one that I listened to in Seattle, where a perfervid enthusiast, describing a wrestling match of quite extraordinary interest had to stop in the middle of bouts and ask the absurd question, "What d' ye say, Frank?" which was the cue for another announcer to ask us whether we had bought our Christmas presents yet, and if not, why not at Boodle's Stores?

I heard very few talks, one or two indifferent sermons, excellent appeals from the President, who seizes the air-time often at short notice, and a great number of pseudo-comics who are beloved of all American people.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Ed Wyn, Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers left me cold, but the American people generally are almost infatuated by them

I liked the wistful human note struck in Amos 'n' Andy's interpretations of the coloured man's view of life, but Amos 'n' Andy are in a class by themselves.

There was not much classical music, though some firm presents all the operas given by the Metropolitan Opera Company, an expensive gesture in view of the fact that each opera occupies three hours.

"The Happy Family" is the title of a fairly good dramatic entertainment, in the course of which we hear of the humorous and dramatic development of an ordinary American family.

The announcers' voices are much deeper, more richly masculine and fuller of sympathy than ours are.

(Extract from the *New York Times*)

"Thousands of high school students throughout the country are debating the merits of the American broadcasting system *versus* the British plan. It is a lively topic because both systems are vastly different. In America broadcasting is a private enterprise; in England it is Government owned and operated.

"The American broadcasters make it clear that they understand 'the essential features' of the British plan as follows:

"1. The creation of a public, non-profit corporation under the Federal Government for the purpose of owning and operating the broadcasting facilities of this country.

APPENDIX

"2. The close supervision of the system by a governmental department, even to the point of possessing the power of censorship over programmes. In Great Britain this supervisory power is vested in the Post-office.

"3. The support of this system by means of taxes imposed upon radio-set owners.

"The essential characteristics of the present American system are outlined as follows:

"1. A privately owned and competitively operated system of stations and networks.

"2. The support of this system by means of the sale of broadcasting 'time' for advertising purposes.

"3. The safeguarding of the public interest under this system by means of a governmental agency, such as the Federal Radio Commission—which might be given increased authority if necessary—or a similarly constituted authority.

"It is contended that the inherent weakness of the British plan, as far as adoption here is concerned, is the 2.50 dollar tax each radio-set owner must pay annually to defray the expenses of broadcasting. Furthermore, those in favour of the American idea assert that under commercial sponsorship of programmes there is more competition and therefore greater liveliness and diversity in the performance.

"It is pointed out that British broadcasters with only twenty transmitters have the comparatively simple problem of serving an area of about 94,000 square miles, in which are located 44,000,000 people and 5,800,000 receiving sets. The latest statistics reveal 7,000,000 British homes are radio equipped.

"The American radio men declare their problem is not so simple. The territory to be covered is immensely

A MODERN COLUMBUS

larger. The population is less concentrated: less homogeneous. A vast variety of local interests cannot be disregarded. American broadcasting overspreads an area of more than 3,000,000 square miles; more than thirty-two times that of the British Isles. And the broadcasters like to estimate that there are 17,000,000 receiving sets served by 600 stations, 397 of which are generally in simultaneous night-time operation.

"Those in favour of the 'new American plan,' assert that it is more important that the people be informed than that they be entertained.

"They call attention to the fact that in the British Isles radio is a planned affair while broadcasting in the United States grew like Topsy. It began in 1920, but the law to govern it was not passed until 1927. It was a natural growth, unhampered by restrictions, so the American broadcasters declare, as they analyse the decade.

"The National Committee outlines the three fundamental principles of a sound nation-wide broadcasting system: First, that it shall be organised under a single government authority; second, that the programmes shall be planned under the general direction of this authority; third, that the services shall be financed directly by the people themselves.

"The American listener often complains of the announcer's ballyhoo as the great evil that lurks in the ether. Then, there is the American who visits in London and while there eavesdrops on the broadcasts. Usually he returns thankful that the English idea, which he admits may be all right over there, is not in effect on this side of the sea. On the other hand, there is the English visitor in New York who listens in and wonders how the populace can endure so much commercialism."

APPENDIX

(Extract from *The Times* leading article):

"To the British way of thinking a service privately conducted and indirectly financed offers no attractions. It seems no more natural to receive the amenities of the microphone as a by-product of publicity than to accept a book, a play, a film, a concert, or an educational course on the same terms."

(Extract from *The Times*)

"For nearly a year a discussion has been going on in schools and colleges of the United States over the respective merits of the British and American systems of broadcasting. It has become so keen and so widespread that the National Association of Broadcasters has issued a publication purporting to aid debates with 'a full and fair discussion of the issues involved'. Very little merit is allowed to the British system, and the document is, in effect, an attack upon the British method of control and operation.

"Broadcasting in America is conducted by competitive and commercial companies. In Britain it is entrusted to a single corporation chartered by the State. The American critics make much of the 'monopolistic' character of the service and of its supposed aloofness from the public. But, while the American companies exist by selling their programme time to advertisers, the British system is responsible to listeners, who themselves pay for the programmes. A direct test of its popular appeal is therefore possible. The licence fees paid by listeners in this country make them in effect partners in the concern. The number of licence-holders has risen from 600,000 in 1924 to 6,000,000 at the beginning of 1934. This represents one in every eight of the population in Great Britain. Denmark is the only country which

A MODERN COLUMBUS

shows a higher percentage of wireless sets. It may also be noted that one licence often covers several receiving sets in the same house. These facts do not make it appear that the British audience is dead-alive, apathetic, or disgusted, and its liveliness is notoriously attested in the post-box and on the telephones of Broadcasting House.

"The British system for example, is accused of restricting the discussion of public questions; of denying debate on political issues; of neglecting public events and largely ignoring international happenings; of devoting much time to purely cultural subjects and neglecting social, economic, and political issues; of offering musical programmes inferior to those of America; of generally omitting to discuss 'up to the minute' problems; of becoming, under a system of censorship, a colourless and wasteful means of mass communication; of becoming 'an agency of pontifical mugwumpery', of being guilty of continuous autocratic censorship; and, in fact, of being a Government bureaucracy removed from any real contact with the great body of listeners.

"It will be news to British listeners—and painful news to some—that controversy is absent from the broadcast talks. Unemployment, divorce, tariffs, currency and disarmament, which are definitely controversial topics in Great Britain, no matter how they may be regarded in the United States, have all found a large place in the discussions arranged by the B.B.C. Nor are these the only contentious subjects treated from time to time, as witness the spring debates on Fascism, Communism and Imperialism, to say nothing of talks on the drink question, betting, blood sports, the Press and British public school education, on Russia and Karl Marx, and on the Manchurian issue, which was debated by Chinese and Japanese statesmen.

APPENDIX

"Under the British system, says the booklet, freedom of speech is curbed in one of two ways. The broadcasting system 'may be made a propaganda agency of the Government,' as in Germany or Russia, or 'the discussion of live and controversial topics on which the public should be enlightened may be prohibited, as in the case of Great Britain.' In support of this generalisation the National Association of Broadcasters naturally fastens on the case of Mr Winston Churchill.

"American broadcasting, according to this association, is vastly superior in the discussion of 'up to the minute problems facing the community or the country as a whole, a type of programme lamentably lacking in Great Britain' It continues: 'There is very little in the way of public events broadcast, few international broadcasts, discussions of public questions, or similar types of programmes.' This takes little account of British taste, which might be excused for preferring say, the relay from abroad of a new Strauss opera to the broadcast of a political speech in a foreign tongue. The language difficulty explains, if it does not excuse, such a preference and helps to explain why many of the relays from abroad concern events in other parts of the British Empire or in the United States itself. Every important event in the world receives some notice by the B.B.C. either in the form of a relay from America or of a running description in English by a commentator on the spot. Notable instances of this policy were the relay from the Boy Scouts' Jamboree in Hungary, the relay of Mr. Roosevelt's address to Congress and numerous other relays from the United States, and the Empire broadcasts at Christmastime.

"A great deal of time, says the report, is devoted 'to talks on purely cultural subjects such as archaeology and

A MODERN COLUMBUS

anthropology and similar fields, to the neglect of social economic and political issues of the day' An analysis of last year's B.B.C. programmes shows that 15.3 per cent. of time available was devoted to talks, reading and education. Many of the 'cultural' subjects chosen were of urgent public interest. In elucidating unemployment, slum clearance and the agricultural crisis the B.B.C., it will be remembered, sent out special investigators to bring first-hand information to the microphone.

"The report asserts that American programmes show 'definite superiority in the quality of the musical organisations presented, in the calibre and variety of programmes brought to American listeners from foreign countries . . . and in the wealth and variety of entertainment presented.' Yet it complains that there is in British programmes more 'serious' music, very little dance music, and 'more music as a whole.' It is evidently no merit in the eyes of the National Association of Broadcasters that the musical activity of the B.B.C. includes the creation of a national orchestra and several other orchestras and choruses in various parts of the country.

"The companies speak with pride of the range and freedom of their own microphone talkers. These, the report says, 'represent a degree of freedom infinitely greater than is permitted by the British system of autocratic selection and suppression and of virtually continuous autocratic censorship'. It adds that the 'normal practice in Britain is censorship plus the reducing of all, even neutral, talks on fighting topics to a minimum of microphone time'. There seems here to be some confusion between two forms of supervision, that which exists to safeguard good taste and generally to ensure better presentation, and that which would curtail free

APPENDIX

speech In the latter sense censorship in Great Britain does not exist. It is to be noted that in America an obligation is placed upon the companies 'that no programme shall be planned as an attack on the Government, its officers, or otherwise constituted authorities of its fundamental principles' or 'shall be so conceived or presented for the purposes of deliberately offending the racial, religious, or otherwise socially-conscious groups of the community'. In a liberty-loving country, adds the report, this practice has surely the approval of the masses of our people

"A close and friendly contact has for some time existed between the B.B.C. and the more important broadcasting systems in the United States. The interchange of ideas between the bodies in the two countries has been valuable and it is desirable that the profitable association between them should continue. It is worthy of note that the strictures now under review have emanated from an association which represents the American broadcasting trade generally and has a vested interest to protect."

TWO SAMPLE PROGRAMMES

U.S.A.

wjz—760 kc.

7:30 A.M.—Yoichi Hiraoka

7:45—Jolly Bill and Jane

8:00—Morning Devotions

8:15—Don Hall Trio

8:30—Lew White

9:00—Breakfast Club

10:00—Edward MacHugh

10:15—Clara, Lu 'n' Em

10:30—To-day's Children

A MODERN COLUMBUS

- 10:45—Singing Strings
- 11:00—Southern Singers
- 11:15—Morin Sisters
- 11 30—Marine Band
- 12:30 P.M.—Farm and Home
- 1:30—Vic and Sade
- 1:45—Gale Page, songs
- 2:00—Wilson Orchestra
- 2:30—Smackout
- 2:45—Vin Lindhe
- 3:00—Rochester Orchestra
- 4:00—Betty and Bob
- 4:15—Mouth Health
- 4:30—Tuesday Serenade
- 4:45—Owens Orch.
- 5:15—Blanche Bates
- 5:30—Singing Lady
- 5:45—Little Orphan Annie
- 6:00—King Orch.
- 6:30—Gov. Lehman
- 6:45—Lowell Thomas
- 7:00—Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15—Radio in Education
- 7:45—Harris Orch.
- 8:00—Crime Clues
- 8:30—Horlick's Health Adventures
- 8:45—Shilkret Orch.
- 9:00—Musical Memories
- 9:30—Men of Daring
- 10:00—Musical Cruise
- 10:30—Major, Sharp and Minor
- 10:45—John B. Kennedy
- 11:00—Leadcrs
- 11:15—Poet Prince

APPENDIX

- 11:30—Madriguera Orch.
12 00 Mid —Sissle Orch.

ENGLAND

NATIONAL.—1,500 M, 200 KG.

- 10.15—Service
10 30—Time, Weather
10.45-11.—Musical Switchback, Philip Thornton
12.—Western Studio Orchestra, from Cardiff
12.45 —Records, Dance Music. Time at 1
1.15.—Orchestra, Commodore Theatre, Hammersmith
2.15—Records: miscellaneous
2.30—Elgar Memorial Concert, Royal Choral Society;
London Philharmonic Orchestra, B.B.C. Symphony
Orchestra; conductors, Adrian Boult and Sir Lan-
don Ronald; Astra Desmond. Steuart Wilson; Roy
Henderson; from Royal Albert Hall, London
4.45—Records; light orchestral concert
5.15.—Children: The Woodman (A Bonnet Laird).
Children's Hour has spot of real bother. Mr. and
Mrs. Clapham and Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer will make
their first 5 15 appearance this afternoon
6.—Time, Weather, News; Farmers' Bulletin
6.25—Interlude
6.30—Sports: Economic Running Speeds, discussion,
H. M. Abrahams and a doctor
6.45.—Welsh Interlude: Centenary of Birth of William
Morris, Edmund D. Jones
7.5-7.25.—Mr. Pewter Works It Out, A. P. Herbert
7.30.—In Town To-night
8.—Music-Hall: Roy Fox's Band; Collinson and Dean,
comedians; Stanelli and Edgar, fiddle-fanatics;
Clarice Mayne and pianist, Bobby Alderson, Nor-
man Long, song, joke and piano; Hetty King, male

A MODERN COLUMBUS

- impersonator; Eight Step Sisters; B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra
- 9.—Time, Weather, News
- 9.20-9 35.—Seven Day's Hard, Rev. Ronald Knox
- 9.40—Glasgow Orpheus Choir, conductor, Sir Hugh S. Robertson: soloists: Annie Tait, Alexander Hanna, from Queen's Hall, London
- 10 30—Reading from William Morris, David Tennant.
- 10.35-12.—Henry Hall's Guest Night; Layton and Johnstone, Doris Hare, Leslie Sarony, Ronald Frankau, and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra (Henry Hall)

WORDS

Simply from listening to film-actors I had taken an active dislike to English as spoken in the United States. It was only when I got there that I discovered that often their English is purer than ours. Is not "gotten" purer and more pleasant to listen to than "got"? And when they invent how virile is their invention. How explicit are "scram", "a whale of a time", "a swell joint", "and how", "You're telling me", and "out of the red".

I don't understand the omission of the final "i", in "aluminium", though I now find myself always saying "aluminum" after the American fashion, just as I always now say "sanatarium" and "planetarium".

It is odd that both nations should agree to pronounce all the letters of the alphabet the same way except the last letter. And for that I prefer our "zed" to their "zee".

APPENDIX

The American pronunciation of American place-names is more harmonious than ours. N'York, Borston, Arkansaw, Illinoy, Deetroit, Sh'cargo, Myammy, Conneticut, Mishigan, Flawida, Carlina, Utaw, Mizzour.

It took me some time to get used to commuters as a synonym for suburban ticket-holders, and a "tuxedo" sounds to me an odd word for a dinner-jacket. I quickly got used to "checking" my baggage instead of registering it, but to "page" a boy for "send a boy round" takes a bit of getting used to.

I prefer their "reccud" to our "record", and their "con cud" to our "concord" just as I prefer "trash-can" to "rubbish-bin", "skedoole", to "shedule", "address" for "addrèss," and I'm not sure that I shan't be saying "advertisement" after one more visit. But what is the defence for "futill" as a pronunciation of "futile"?

Alexander Woolcott, in a most delightful article entitled "Ye old Shoppe Gets a Kicksy-wicksy in the Pantsty-Wantsy" in the *New Yorker* gives a list of the more dreadful of modern misusages.

Apparently near Poughkecpsie there is a variety of "Hot dogs" made of rabbit meat advertised as "Bun-Buns". In Dallas there is a chain of twenty-nine "Helpy Selfy Stores". Near Miami there is "Ye Little Yum-Yum Eate Shoppe".

All too often I saw the word "Eats" writ large in signs, and there is a chain of very popular stores called

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"Wigly-Pigly". And there is a shop in New York that sells "Dog Sleepies".

THE PRESS

TO-DAY'S NEWS INDEX. MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1933

CHRISTMAS

President Roosevelt grants amnesty to 1,500 war violators. Page 1

Glad Christmas spirit reigns over city; snow is predicted. Page 1

Scene of the nativity is re-enacted at Bethlehem Page 1

Christmas weather ranges from mildness to sub-zero. Page 4

President Roosevelt plays Santa to White House force Page 26

Armenian Archbishop assassinated in procession to altar. Page 1

Three pedestrians are killed in automobile accidents. Page 2

Body of girl in potato sack is found on East Side. Page 2

Youth shot dead by a friend with "unloaded" pistol Page 3

Four drowned when sedan plunges into Manasquan River. Page 1

Girl, 8, is found battered to death in Hastings-on-Hudson. Page 3

Four men are shot dead in Hudson County, N.J. Page 3

Two policemen are shot to death in Providence, R. I. Page 2

Two women killed as slide buries farmstead near Seattle. Page 4

Europe is skeptical of results of recovery drive here. Page 35

APPENDIX

A FEW HEADLINES

**TOD SLOAN RIDES
ON INTO ETERNITY**

*'Jungle Tiger Man' Pretty Bored
Bagging Jaguar 119, He Hints*

Back in New York for a Thrill, He Tells of Quitting
Rifle for Bow and Arrow to Add Zest; Wishes
Puma Would Pep It Up

**Wed 50 Years
Steers Advises
Youth Go Slow**

Veteran of Family Court
Warns 'Hooray Drinking'
Ruins Many a Marriage

**Buxom Heiress Plans to Weld Yugoslav
Kingdom by Mixing Up Three Languages
in Talking Pictures**

**White House Exiles Dogs
For Nipping at Senators**

Prime Minister and Woman
Reporter on Victim's List

A MODERN COLUMBUS

When the Touhy Gang were acquitted in St. Paul, the whole of the top of the front page of the *Despatch* contained only four words "TOUHY GANG NOT GUILTY." Each letter was nearly 4 in. deep, and the sentence occupied a space 16 in. by 8 in.

EXTRACT FROM A BOSTON NEWSPAPER REPORT OF A MURDER

Take two cups of this and a spoonful of that . . . a small unlocated chicken farm . . . a rain-drenched man seeking 10 loaves of stale bread . . . two unwrapped cup cakes . . . and a long knife, without a fingerprint, transfixing the throat of an 18-year-old girl

All mixed up like the ingredients of a cake.

They were clues to-day in the baffling "bake shop murder" of pretty Ethel Zuckerman, an ambitious, home-loving South End girl, slain in the store where she was trying to earn enough for a college education.

The full force of Boston detectives, 62 in number, stirred them up and put them in the oven to bake—and hoped the finished product would be solution of a crime that is as great a mystery as it is an atrocity.

A FEW CRIME STORIES

FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS

A negro accused of attacking an aged white farm woman was dragged from the Somerset County jail to-night by a mob of more than a thousand men, women and children and was lynched.

He was hanged to an oak tree just outside the town

APPENDIX

after the mob had stripped him of part of his clothing, attached a rope to his neck, and pulled him behind an automobile through the main streets of the town.

As the mob made its slow progress towards the scene of the hanging, various members leaped at the negro, screaming and cursing, and repeatedly knocked him down. He apparently was dead when the crowd finally reached the oak tree.

Later, the body was cut down and was taken to the public square where it was burned. The rope was cut into small pieces and distributed among members of the mob as souvenirs.

John "Casey" Jones' dog suffered the fracture of a leg when it was struck by a motor-car.

Jones found Arthur Knapp, 23, in his parked machine to-day, police said, and asked him if he had run over the animal.

"I ran over somebody's dog," officers said Knapp replied.

Knapp was shot and killed. Jones was arrested.

Amid all the killings, bombings, machine and sawed-off shotgun executions in our crime wave, nothing is more interesting than the "insurance racket." The racketeers select a victim, usually some poor drunkard, insure his life under a false name for their benefit, and give him enough bad alcohol to kill him.

In New York, a judge listens now to the case of racketeering gentlemen, whose chosen victim, insured for £1,800, drank all they offered him, but would not die. He did die, however, when forced by racketeers to inhale gas from an automobile exhaust. That is the story of the police.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

They also tell of a young woman, addicted to drink, made unconscious with alcohol, stripped naked, taken out of doors, where cold water was poured over her. When she died of pneumonia the insurance was collected.

Joe Moss, 23, of 1439 Graham street, was shot and fatally wounded at a filling station in Hapeville Sunday night during an altercation with a negro who, police said, shot him when Moss complained that the negro had driven his car too close to that of Moss while both were waiting to be served.

Wash Bryant, a Coweta county negro, ran from the scene after the shooting but Fulton county policemen captured him and charged him with the slaying.

The police were told that the negro cursed Moss when Moss cautioned him that his automobile was too close, and that when Moss remonstrated with him he reached in a pocket of his car, took out a pistol and fired three times at close range. One shot took effect in Moss' chest, resulting in death a few moments later.

That the American underworld has a larger armed force than the Army and Navy combined—238,875 men—is the claim made by Mr. Homer S. Cummings, Attorney-General.

Mr. Cummings is appealing for stronger laws to wipe out the gangster menace.

He asks for powers to control that "twilight zone" of authority between State and Federal jurisdictions which is haunted by roving bands of criminals.

Mr. Cummings produced a photograph of a typical gangster's arsenal.

It contained machine-guns, automatic pistols, police

APPENDIX

uniforms, fake motor licences, and other first aids to crime.

While we deplore the persistence of crime in the United States it is well to remember how very young the country is.

Do you realise, for instance that the State of Oklahoma has only been in existence less than twenty-seven years? Some eighteen years before that, on 22nd April 1889, this great new territory was opened to settlement. Men with their wives and children in wagons, on horseback and on foot, had come from every State and lined up against a starting line that had been sketched along the border. At the hour of noon a bugle sounded, guns were fired and 20,000 men and women dashed into the prairie, staking their claims. There are now over 2,500,000 inhabitants in this State.

A dramatic version of this race was given on the radio while I was in the States, and it made one of the most thrilling stories I ever heard. It taught me to pause before condemning America for not having wiped out murder and kidnapping. Give her time.

AMERICAN FOOD

Here is a specimen dinner served on the *George Washington*. It is typical of the catering I encountered on trains all over the United States:

A MODERN COLUMBUS

Dining Service
The George Washington
CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO LINES

*

Mount Vernon Dinner \$1.25

—CHOICE—

Jumbo Olives Celery Hearts
Tomato Juice or Oyster Cocktail

—CHOICE—

Cream of Tomato Consomme (Hot or Jellied)

—CHOICE—

Broiled or Fried Fish, Lemon Butter
Lamb Chops Roast Long Island Duckling, Dressing
Dinner Steak Fried Oysters (6)
Roast Loin of Pork, Apple Sauce

—CHOICE OF TWO—

Potatoes, as desired Candied Sweet Potatoes
Fried Egg Plant Fresh Green Peas Fresh Spinach

Pineapple with Cheese or Lettuce and Tomato Salad

Assorted Bread

—CHOICE—

Ice Cream with Cake Grape Fruit (Half) Cocoanut
Pie Baked Apple, Cream Sliced Pineapple

Roquefort or Martha Washington Cream Cheese
with Wafers

Tea Coffee Milk Cocoa

Service a la Carte

APPENDIX

RELISHES

Green Olives 15 Tomato Juice 15 Mixed Pickles 15
Celery 25

OYSTERS

On Half Shell 35 Fried (6) 50
Stewed in Cream (6) 50 Stewed in Milk (6) 35

SOUP

Cream of Tomato 25; Cup 15
Consomme, Cup, Hot or Jellied 15

FISH

Broiled or Fried 75 French Sardines 50

EGGS

Boiled, Fried, Scrambled or Shirred (2) 30 Plain
Omelet 35 Ham or Jelly Omelet 50 Spanish
Omelet 50

FROM THE GRILL

Single Sirloin Steak \$1.25 Lamb Chop (1) 35, (2) 60
Bacon and Eggs 50 Ham and Eggs 50 Virginia
Ham, Broiled 75 Ham 30 Virginia Ham, with
Eggs 90 Bacon 30

VEGETABLES

Potatoes Hashed Brown 15 Home Fried 15 French Fried
15 Lyonnaise 25 au Gratin 25 Stewed Tomatoes 15
Stewed Sugar Corn 15 Peas 15 Lima Beans 15
Spinach 15 String Beans 15

SALAD

Lettuce with French, Thousand Island or Mayon-
naise Dressing 35 Lettuce and Tomato 35 Sliced
Tomatoes 25 Asparagus, Vinaigrette or French
Dressing 35 Roquefort Cheese Dressing, extra 25

A MODERN COLUMBUS

CHEESE

- Martha Washington with Wafers 20
Roquefort with Wafers 35 Philadelphia Cream
with Wafers 25

BREAD, ETC.

- Bread or Rolls 10 Corn Muffins 10 Dry or Buttered
Toast 15 Milk Toast 25 Cream Toast 30
Boston Brown Bread 10 Saltine Crackers 10

DESSERTS

- Cocoanut Pie 15 Pumpkin Pie 15 Grape Fruit (Half) 15
Ice Cream with Cake 25
Baked Apple, Cream 25 Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple 25

BEVERAGES

- Coffee, Single Pot 15 Tea, Small Pot (for one) 20
Cocoa, Pot 20 Milk, Half-pint Bottle 10
Instant Postum, Pot 20 Buttermilk, Half-pint Bottle 10
Kaffee Hag 20

INDIVIDUAL PRESERVES

- Marmalade 25 Strained Honey 25 Prunes 25; with
Cream 30 Strawberry Jam 25 Texas Figs 30; with
Cream 35 Raspberry Jam 25 Bar le Duc Jelly 25

EDUCATION

They have an excellent way in American High Schools of hanging round the class-room walls photographs of celebrities of all countries, dead authors well as living statesmen.

In one class-room I found a group clustered round a teacher arguing about the degree of humour

APPENDIX

manifested in the books they were reading at home. Most of them approved of Mr. Robert Benchley.

I found one class of beginners attempting to distinguish between the Italian and Elizabethan sonnet form. This seemed to me a bit stiff for boys and girls who had only been doing English for a fortnight.

It took me some time to get used to hearing a mistress address a girl as "Miss" So and So, but it is true that many of these high school girls look of marriageable age. This is partly due, I suppose, to their elaborate make-up and their smart frocks.

All American girls and quite a number of American boys at school wear rings on the third finger of their left hand, to mark, I suppose, calf-love engagements.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for October 1933 there was a most remarkable anonymous article from a college teacher bemoaning the whole system.

"My pupils," he writes, "not only lacked knowledge, but they had almost no idea how to acquire it. Nor did the majority of them care. A few frankly admitted that they weren't interested in poetry, mathematics, chemistry or anything else. They were in college because their friends were there, because it was the thing to do."

Further on I read:

"In America there are hundreds of thousands of

A MODERN COLUMBUS

boys and girls from homes of finest cultural tradition, but most unfortunately they are lost on the American campus, swallowed up by the mob. Now we can't make scholars of boys and girls who come to us from homes of dummy books, cheap prints, and certain types of radio entertainments."

I give this extract to show that there must be another side to what I saw. But I can only repeat that in every high school I entered I was struck by the good discipline, alertness and enthusiasm of the boys and girls. They seemed genuinely in love with their work.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

"BRITAIN INFERIOR TO U.S.A.

"A recent visit to the United States has emphasised in my mind how inferior we are here in many respects.

"Our radio service, when you can hear it clearly, is devoid of the attractions that you have in the United States, our radio using a number of singers, musicians, etc., who have never been heard of and whose claim to eminence is absurd.

"The contrast between the telephone service of the two countries still remains miles apart. In the United States you receive quick, prompt connexion, the possibility of clear conversations, and at a reasonable rate.

"The contrast in hotels still remains marked. Our establishments are lacking in the comfort and convenience of the American establishment, and the air at the desks of our hotels remains the same—indifferent,

APPENDIX

and an attitude as if you were not wanted, whereas a personal interest is taken by the management in those who stay at American ones

"Our shops continue to open late in the morning, and are disgruntled even then, if you visit them, as not being ready to make sales, are indifferent as to whether you purchase or not, and in the afternoon are getting ready to close, and do not want to see you

"Our Underground system is still years behind that provided in New York, where the carriages are clean, well lighted, as also are the platforms. Here we find the carriages are neglected, the stations badly lighted, while in addition our keeping on in many cases first and third-class is ridiculous, and only results in the first-class entrances being crowded with those who only hold third-class tickets, as well as the alley-way through the carriages, to the inconvenience and discomfort of those who still buy first-class tickets.

"These are the impressions formed, and may be worth your while to print "

"ATLANTIC TRAVELLER.

"*St. James's Park, S.W. 1* "

"AMERICA IS INFERIOR TO US

"Your correspondent who found that every American house had a bathroom, 'usually one on each floor or perhaps more', has been a whole lot luckier than I have, his experience with 'obligatory' central heating has been rather more fortunate than mine, too.

"It may seem odd, but there are slums all over America composed for the most part of small wooden cabins of three or fewer rooms; none of these are bathrooms, and plenty of these houses have external offices.

A MODERN COLUMBUS

"The conditions in the Philadelphia mining areas are only surpassed by the conditions in the Kentucky fields, where the fine old system of company houses and the company store is in force.

"The houses that I saw down there had two rooms, and you could look out into the open air plenty of ways, without giving a darn about the windows. There was an earth closet in the garden and all the water supply was from a single tap in the front room. The obligatory heating in this case was such coal as the miner could afford to have docked out of his pay at the mine, eked out by firewood his kids collected, or coal they snatched from the company dumps.

" 'Why don't you go some place else?' I asked. I was raw to America.

" 'I am twenty-three dollars in debt to the company store from the lay off last year,' said the proud tenant, 'three weeks' pay behind, they take my rent out of my pay, that leaves just enough to pay for just enough food; when we need shoes we go a little bit hungry, so we can never pay the debt, never move.'

"He was a typical Kentucky miner. His house was typical, too. I went all over it, but I never found a bath. There is beastliness and filth unequalled in the textile areas, too. Next time Mr. Nicholls is in New York, I recommend Passaic, New Jersey, to his consideration.

"Even near holy Boston there are some pretty lousy places, such as Lynn and Dedham and Boston's own North End. The Rhondda Valley in Wales is as bad as any place in England, but it is a rose garden to a whole lot of places in America.

"A. P. W."

"*Portman-square*"

APPENDIX

WHAT IT COSTS

Here are some more details of the Cunard tours:

TOUR NO. 1.—New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Wash- ington, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec		
	15 Days	\$180.00
TOUR NO. 2.—Same Itinerary as Tour No. 1.		
	22 days	\$245 00
TOUR NO. 3.—New York, Niagara Falls, Chicago, Detroit, Montreal		
	15 Days	\$170 00
TOUR NO. 4.—CALIFORNIA.—New York, Washington, Chicago, Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Grand Canyon, Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York		
	23 Days	\$339.000
TOUR NO. 5.—FLORIDA.—New York, Washington, Miami, West Palm Beach, Jacksonville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pitts- burg, Philadelphia, New York		
	16 Days	\$234 0
TOUR NO. 6.—COTTON FIELDS.—New York, Washington, Cotton Fields, New Orleans, Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York.		
	23 Days	\$286 00
TOUR NO. 7.—TEXAS OIL FIELDS.—New York, Washington, New Orleans, Texas Oil Fields, St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York.		
	15 Days	\$215.00
TOUR NO. 8.—UNIVERSITY TOUR.—Montreal, Boston, New Haven, New York—visiting McGill Harvard, Yale and Columbia Universities		
	6 Days	\$65 00
TOUR NO. 9.—New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Wash- ington, Baltimore, New York Motor Coach.		
	9 Days	\$65.00
TOUR NO. 10.—New York, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal		
	7 Days	\$80 00
TOUR NO. 11.—New York, Bermuda, New York		
	9 Days	\$60.00
TOUR NO. 12.—New York City only.		
	9 Days.	\$50 00
TOUR NO. 13.—New York, Atlantic City, New York.		
	9 Days.	\$60.00
TOUR NO. 14.—New York, Niagara Falls, New York.		
	9 Days.	\$90.00
TOUR NO. 15.—New York, Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York.		
	9 Days.	\$120.00
TOUR NO. 16.—Special Tour of New York City		
	5 Days	\$35.00
TOUR NO. 17.—AEROPLANE TOUR.—New York, Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York		
	9 Days	\$165.00

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ABSTRACT OF LOG OF THE
QUADRUPLE-SCREW R.M.S.
"MAJESTIC"

56,598.51 TONS

(THE LARGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD)

COMMANDER. E. L. TRANT, R.D.

(COMMANDER R.N.R., RETD., AND COMMODORE WHITE STAR LINE).

VOYAGE NO. 173 EAST.

NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON via CHERBOURG

Took Departure from Ambrose Channel L.V. at 00.06 a.m.
(E.S.T.), January 4, 1934.

Date	Lat	Long	Miles	Remarks
Jan. 4	40 20	68 12	259	Slight sea, overcast
" 5	41 20	57 03	510	Slight sea, overcast
" 6	43 25	46 17	502	Moderate sea, clear weather
" 7	46 49	35 12	512	Confused swell, cloudy
" 8	48 55	23 12	499	Rough sea, overcast
" 9	49 42	10 22	504	Rough sea, cloudy
To Cherbourg				
Breakwater			343	
Total Distance			3129	Arrived at 5 30 a.m. (G.M.T.), Jan. 10, 1934

OCEAN PASSAGE - 6 DAYS - 0 HOURS - 24 MINS.

AVERAGE SPEED-21.67 KNOTS

INDEX OF PLACES AND CHAPTERS

Acadia, 122, 131-3
 Albuquerque, 149
 Anaconda, 233
 Arlington, 67
 Avery Island, 125-6

Bad Lands, The, 234
 Barataria, 121, 129
 Berea College, 70-1
 Bismarck, 234
 Boston, 305-8, 315-8, 325-6
 Buffalo, 293-4
 Butte, 233

CALIFORNIA, 183-202
 Carmel, 205-6
 CHICAGO, 257-83
 Chicago University, 262, 274-6,
 287
 Concord, 309-11
 Cranbrook, 289-90

Daytona Beach, 97
 Dearborn, 290-3
 Detroit, 290

EASTWARD HO! 287-302
 El Paso, 146, 147
 EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO
 AMERICA, 349-65

FLORIDA, 89-110
 Fort Erie, 297

Grand Canyon, 52, 170-3, 177

Hanodsborg, 71
 Harvard, 313-4

Hollywood, 184-6, 196-7
 Horse Shoe Falls, 296-7
 Hot Springs, 149

Isleta Pueblo, 168

Jacksonville, 92-3, 99, 105
 Jamestown, 61-3
 Juarez, 147

Lexington (Kentucky), 29,
 68-9
 Lexington (New England),
 308-9
 Los Angeles, 183-4, 190-1, 196

Macon, 104
 Mammoth Cave, 89-90, 103-4
 Mandan, 231
 Maypoit, 100
 Mesa, 178
 Miami, 98
 MINNEAPOLIS, 231-53
 Minnesota University, 238-40
 Missoula, 232
 Mount Vernon, 66, 79-80

NEW ENGLAND. BOSTON
 305-26
 New Iberia, 122, 124-5
 NEW MEXICO AND ARI-
 ZONA, 163-80
 NEW ORLEANS, 113-36, 139-
 41
 Newport-News, 75-6
 NEW YORK, 21-6, 47-9, 329-
 46
 Niagara Falls, 294-6, 302

A MODERN COLUMBUS

PACIFIC COAST, THE, 205-28

Paradise, 231

Patterson, 123-4

Phoenix, 174, 176

Pontchartrain, Lake, 120-1

Puyé, 168

Randolph Field, 144

Rochester, 240

Roosevelt Dam, 174, 179

St. Augustine, 95-6, 106-7

St. Paul, 240-2

Salem, 311-3

San Antonio, 142-6

San El Defonso, 168

San Francisco, 191-5, 199-201, 207-9

San José, 44

Santa Clara, 168

Santa Fé, 149-52, 168-9

Schenectady, 297-300, 302

Seattle, 37, 209-12, 217, 218

Seattle University, 214-6

Snoqualmie Valley, 212-4

South Walpole, 314

Stanford University, 206-7

Taos, 163-7

TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO, 139-59

Tonawandas, 294

Tulane University, 121, 155-6

Vieux Carré, 128

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY, 61-85

Washington, 26-7, 66-8, 80-3

Williamsburg, 64-5

Yorktown, 65-6

Yellowstone Park, 233, 245

APPENDIX

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>American Food, 385-8</p> <p>American Woman's Association, 224-7</p> <p>Bibliography, 395-6</p> <p>California Institute of Technology, 187-8, 197-8</p> <p>Education, 388-90</p> <p>Florida Boom, The, 108</p> <p>Huntington Library, The, 188-90</p> <p>Junior League, the, <i>by Lady Adams</i>, 220-4</p> <p>Norfolk Prison 315, 321-5</p> | <p>Police Radio, 344-5</p> <p>Press, The, 380-5</p> <p>Prohibition, Repeal of, 265-6, 276-82</p> <p>Puritan "Blue Laws", The, 307-8, 313, 319-20</p> <p>Radio, Notes on, 367-78</p> <p>Roosevelt, President, 49, 66, 77-9</p> <p>Two points of view, 390-2</p> <p>What it costs, 73-5, 393</p> <p>Words, 378-80</p> |
|---|---|